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THE EPIC OF CHICAGO

By HENRY RAYMOND HAMILTON

*With an Introduction by
Caroline M. McIlvaine*



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To
GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD
1802-1886
CHICAGO'S GREAT PIONEER
IN REMEMBRANCE

■

FOREWORD

The last few years have seen an increasing interest, not only on the part of Chicagoans but of people all over the country, in the story of Chicago. Articles in the newspapers and magazines are eagerly read, but still the average person is quite ignorant of the history of Chicago. Indeed, the average person shies at the word history. He may read the history of Henry the Eighth or the history of the Crusades, but when it comes to anything so modern as the history of Chicago, he feels that it will probably be a recital of the growth of railroads, the development of trade and industry and the doings of men much like himself whose lives may have been useful but certainly not romantic nor particularly interesting. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The early life of Chicago was romantic and picturesque in the extreme and even the later period has not been devoid of romance.

If my readers should think that I have written too much about the early life of the city, I would have them remember that youth is ever more romantic than age. If they think that there is too much about the Indians and Indian traders, I would ask them to remember that for more than a hundred and fifty years after the first visit of white men to Chicago it had no inhabitants except Indians and Indian traders.

Incidents and Events in the Life of Gurdon Hubbard, edited by my father, Henry E. Hamilton, and printed for

FOREWORD

distribution to the family and close friends in 1888, was in 1911 re-issued by R. R. Donnelley and Sons' Company as the first volume of their Lakeside Classics. The edition was limited and was never placed on sale. There has been a constant and increasing demand for the book and I have drawn largely upon it in the preparation of this volume.

I am not a historian and should not think of attempting to write a history of Chicago. I have simply taken those incidents in the life of Chicago which seemed to me the most romantic and interesting and set them down in chronological order, avoiding as much as possible statistics and other matter which might prove uninteresting to the general reader. I hope that my readers will also find these incidents interesting and, if in reading the book they acquire a working knowledge of Chicago's history, this will be a by-product and not the main purpose.

H. R. HAMILTON

Chicago, Illinois

July 1, 1932

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THE EPIC
OF CHICAGO





INTRODUCTION

Looking north I saw the white-washed buildings of Fort Dearborn sparkling in the sunshine, our boats with flags flying and oars keeping time to the cheering boat song. I was spellbound and amazed at the beautiful scene before me. I took the trail to the Fort and thus I made my first entry into Chicago October 1, 1818.

GURDON S. HUBBARD

Thirty years ago there were at least a score of residents of Chicago living who had been part of the population of the village at the Forks in 1837 when the city was incorporated. These had made contact with that smaller group, the advance guard of civilization, who had occupied the Fort and the log houses near the mouth of Che-ca-gou Creek in 1833 when the town managed to number enough voters for incorporation by inviting in residents from nearby Hard-scrabble and more distant farms.

In consequence, at the beginning of the twentieth century, one could have consulted Alexander Beaubien and Frank Beaubien, August H. Burley, Silas Cobb, Nelly Kinzie Gordon, Mrs. Gurdon S. Hubbard, Fernando Jones, E. O. Gale and others if one desired to gain an idea of men and manners of the earlier period. Today but one of these precious human documents remains to us, Frank Beaubien, a son of Mark, the famous host of The Sauganash.

With the exception of Edwin O. Gale, unfortunately none

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of these early residents have put their personal recollections into print except for private circulation. Each of these men and women knew the part played by the other and was content to leave his own reputation in the hands of his friends.

The Great Fire of 1871 destroyed so many private papers and libraries as to make it difficult to reconstruct the first seventy years of Chicago history.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Hamilton presents a life-like portrait of the Chicago that was. It would be nearer the truth to say that the author has opened a door into the past, a door so long unused that it had become all but hidden by the sands of time. As it swings open, the scene that meets our eyes, long accustomed to dim uncertain light, impresses us at once, vivid, animated, clean-cut, in the clear atmosphere of the early day, actually idyllic.

The key that unlocks this door is an original manuscript unique in the annals of Chicago, the personal narrative of Gurdon S. Hubbard whose coming to Chicago antedated that of anyone who lived to see the modern city. The yellowed leaves of his hand-written narrative possess all the charm of an ancient saga, for they reflect as in a mirror the pageant of the fur trade of the Chicago region from 1818 to 1827 — the traders, voyageurs and Indians, the holiday revels, the canoes and pony trains, the heart-breaking hardships of frozen streams and trackless forests, the shining pelts of muskrats, beaver, deer, bear, and raccoon.

Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard, scion of an ancient house that boasted at least one governor of a New England colony, was sixteen years old when his keen eyes discovered beauty in the site of the future city where previous travelers had seen

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only two fur traders' cabins, a squat log fort guarding a portage, and a little stream that wound a tortuous course through a wet prairie until its waters met the lake. How much more the youngster visioned we can only guess, but from that ecstatic moment on he became the champion of the Chicago that was to be and the "official greeter" of the first and succeeding lines of eastern emigrants that advanced to this frontier when the Indians began to retire. The first man to realize the possibilities of eastern markets for Chicago commerce, he established the first regular steamship service and became the pioneer in so many of the enterprises that have drawn men and wealth to Chicago that one of his early contemporaries pronounced him "worth five hundred ordinary men to any town." Feared, loved, and trusted by the Indians, the Pottawatomies gave him the name of "Pa-pa-ma-ta-be," the meaning of which is "The Swift Walker," but which might well be translated "The Pace Maker," for he was that almost to the end of his long life.

In seeing early Chicago through the eyes of Henry R. Hamilton, one is sensible of an unusually long perspective. This is accounted for by the fact that the entire drama of Chicago has transpired within the one hundred and thirty years comprised in the lifetime of himself and that of his great uncle Gurdon Hubbard, whose life overlapped his own for a quarter of a century. Further, Mr. Hamilton is only third in descent from Richard Jones Hamilton who was born in 1799, and who in 1831 supervised the organization of Cook County.

Because Henry R. Hamilton grew up in the mental atmosphere of the frontier, he brings to the task of writing the

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story of Chicago unusual qualifications. A feature of this work that is quite unusual is the extensive quotation of casual comments of well-known travelers who visited Chicago in her infancy. The reader who has curiosity as to the actual beginnings of Chicago will find these verbatim quotations convincing.

Even in the selection of these word pictures by people who saw Chicago in its primitive aspects, Mr. Hamilton has profited by the critical judgment of Gurdon Hubbard. In the early editions of Schoolcraft, Keating, and other authorities which were in the library of Mr. Hubbard and have descended to his grand-nephew are found invaluable notes by the hand of the "Old Pioneer."

In the minute descriptions of treaties, council fires, marriage rites, feasts, burial customs, religious beliefs and manner of living of the Indians of the western Great Lakes is information of real importance, for there has been singular neglect of this region by writers on the aborigines of America. The vivid, intimate sketches of the lives of Black Hawk, The Prophet, Keokuk, Shaubensee, and others remove them from the realm of myth once and for all. The *modus operandi* of the fur trade is here set forth in all its phases with a scientific exactitude not to be found elsewhere. A case in point is the catalogue of more than a hundred standard articles used in exchange with the Indians for furs.

The lively correspondence with relatives and friends kept up by Gurdon Hubbard was good advertising for the settlement, and many who came west prospecting remained to take hold with him in building a metropolis. One of these was his cousin, Henry G. Hubbard, who brought with him

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young Roland Tinkham. Mr. Tinkham's letters appear in this volume and form a sprightly commentary on roads and means of transportation as well as on the sights to be seen in the village at the Forks in 1832.

Mr. Hamilton quotes the *Chicago Times* on the subject of the first boom in real estate which was started by Gurdon Hubbard's sale in New York of properties owned by him in partnership with others in the spring of 1835, and which precipitated the land craze of the following year. The authority quoted on the latter phase is no less a personage than Joseph N. Balestier, the grandfather of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.

The history of the city from 1837 to 1857 is presented in a condensed tabloid form, very easy to take, yet giving just the facts one wishes to know.

For the Civil War period, Mr. Hamilton has drawn largely upon certain interesting experiences of his father, Henry E. Hamilton. One of these is an adventure which young Hamilton had with his close friend, Elmer E. Ellsworth. Another, equally thrilling, involves the handsome young wife of the Honorable Buckner S. Morris, second mayor of the city, and certain Confederate officers who were prisoners of war at Camp Douglas. The author's earliest personal recollection is the funeral of President Lincoln.

Henry R. Hamilton was but ten years old when the city was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1871, yet his boyish recollection of the experiences of that terrific calamity are so distinct as to form a unique contribution to the history of the fire. In like manner, his memories of the national conventions held in Chicago from 1880 to 1892 have color and a sureness of touch often lacking in the writings of more

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mature politicians. Twenty years of age when the convention of 1880 met in Chicago, bringing together the most brilliant galaxy of orators assembled in convention before or since, young Hamilton's account has all the sparkle of an accomplished political journalist.

The last chapter, in some respects the most significant in the book, briefly summarizes "the great number of enterprises which were to make Chicago great in which Gurdon Hubbard was the pioneer." Here is no undue magnification of the importance to Chicago of this one man. Nor is the idea new that Gurdon Hubbard was the most useful citizen Chicago has ever had. During his lifetime and at the time of his death this was conceded to him by his contemporaries: John Dean Caton, Isaac N. Arnold, J. Y. Scammon, John Wentworth, Thomas Hoyne, Robert Fergus, the Ogdens, Jeremiah Porter and others. These men all came to Chicago later by fourteen years than did Mr. Hubbard. John Kinzie, who moved his fur trading establishment here from Niles, Michigan, in 1804, had but ten more years to live when Hubbard arrived in 1818.

When the reader scans the summary of "first things," he will see, in the fabric of success that *is* Chicago, the life of Gurdon Hubbard, like a brilliant red thread, running through every fold and lending continuity to the whole.

Destiny had been for ages preparing a gigantic task for someone at the meeting of the waters of the Great Lakes with the Mississippi river, but a man with the stride of a LaSalle or a Tonty was needed. Gurdon Hubbard elected himself the man of the hour when, leaving his companions to land their canoes, he climbed the tallest tree on the shore

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and beheld beauty and unlimited possibilities in the place, for which, to the last day that he lived, he felt personal responsibility.

But in eastern schools and colleges, in counting houses and on remote up-country farms, Destiny had been fitting other ambitious youths to take the trail to the West, with Chicago as their destination. It is plain that it was men who courted responsibility who took hold with Hubbard to build a city that would remain.

To become informed as to the orderly march of events that have advanced Chicago from a frontier fort to a world city one has but to turn to the chronological portion of this volume, noting that from the very day of the incorporation of the town there was no pause in the establishing of courts, churches and schools, the founding of banks, commercial enterprises, and newspapers, and the promotion of every variety of transportation.

Told in Mr. Hamilton's unadorned but eloquent prose the cumulative effect of this marshaling of known facts will, the present writer predicts, effect something of a revolution in the concept of our city's past entertained by many.

In the closing year of Chicago's first century, when her loyal sons and daughters look forward to an adequate observance of this event, it is reassuring to turn back the pages of the record and find written there so much of order, sincerity, dignity and beauty.

CAROLINE M. McILVAINE



EARLY EXPLORERS

*For we by conquest of our Sovereine might,
And by Eternal doome of Fate's decree
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright.*

EDMUND SPENSER

It is often said that Chicago owes its position as metropolis of the great Inland Empire to the genius and energy of its founders and early settlers.

It is true that it does owe much to these pioneers; indeed, if they had not been men of great boldness and enterprise they would never have got to Chicago, but Chicago was fore-ordained to greatness, centuries before the first white man ever saw the stream known to the Indians as the River Che-ca-gou.

In the days before the railroad, before the stage coach and before even the pack horse, the only means of travel and transportation, aside from walking, was by means of the waterways. Certain places where one system of waterways came close to another system, with a narrow space of land intervening across which canoes and goods might be carried, were known as "portages" and here were natural meeting places for travelers bound in either direction.

If you will look on your maps you will find three such portages, all intimately connected with the early history of Chicago, and all connecting the waters which flow into the Atlantic with those which flow into the Gulf of Mexico.

EARLY EXPLORERS

There is the Green Bay portage which begins at the mouth of the Fox River, on Green Bay, and proceeds by way of Lake Winnebago and a chain of little lakes and rivers, with a carry to the headwaters of the Wisconsin and down this river to the Mississippi.

Then there is the St. Joseph-Kankakee portage which begins at the St. Joseph River about two miles above the present city of South Bend, Indiana, and extends five miles due west to the Kankakee, this river joining the Desplaines to form the Illinois, and so on to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

But the greatest of all was the Chicago Portage. Here, the distance from Lake Michigan to the Desplaines River was short, and the route by way of the Chicago River and Mud Lake involved a carry of only five or six miles, and sometimes in the spring it was possible to paddle a canoe the whole distance without any carry at all; so that the meeting place of the waters became the meeting place of the trails, and Chicago's radiating lines of steel today are the logical successors of the trails used by the Indians and the fur traders.

The fact to which we have alluded, that the waterways were the only practicable routes of travel, explains why the French were the first to explore and settle all of this north-western territory.

The British Colonies formed a narrow fringe along the sea coast, cut off from the interior by mountains and trackless forests infested by merciless savages. The French, who controlled the water route by the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, beat them by more than a century in the exploration and settlement of the West.

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Controlling as they did this waterway, the French found themselves in possession of a comparatively easy route to the interior. The names St. Louis, St. Anne, St. Joseph, Joliet, La Salle, Wilmette, Des Plaines, Fond du Lac, Eau Claire, La Crosse, and many others remind us that our earliest pioneers were French.

While Chicago had doubtless been visited earlier by wandering trappers and *coureurs de bois* and while some historians believe that La Salle was at Chicago in 1670, the earliest protracted sojourn of which we have any record was that of Father Jacques Marquette, who spent the winter of 1674-75 in a hut or tepee on the south branch of the Chicago River.

In 1671, France took formal possession of the whole country of the upper lakes. In the spring of 1670, Marquette was appointed to the Illinois mission and desired to found a mission among the Illinois Indians at that time, but instead founded a mission among the Hurons at Point St. Ignace opposite Mackinaw. He remained at this mission until the spring of 1673 when under instructions from Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, he prepared to explore the Mississippi River. Frontenac and his intendant Talon were aware that Marquette was not the right man to look after the secular interests of New France, with which they were chiefly concerned. Frail of body and burning with spiritual zeal, secular matters were of no concern to the devoted priest, who thought only of how he might tell the savages of Christ and the Virgin Mary and perhaps save a few souls from the burning pit before the wasting disease which consumed his flesh brought him to his reward.

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While the rulers of New France had an academic interest in the souls of the savages, they were much more vitally interested in finding out whether the great river led to the Mexican Gulf or the California Sea, and whether one might journey thereby to China or perchance to the mythical Kingdom of Quivera, where gold and precious stones were reported to be in great abundance.

Therefore Louis Joliet was chosen as leader of the Expedition and Marquette was chosen to accompany him. No better selection could have been made. In the prime of his youth, being only twenty-eight, brave, sagacious and already an experienced explorer and fur trader, Joliet was an ideal leader.

On the 17th of May, 1673, the two explorers with one other Frenchman and four Indians left the mission at St. Ignace on their voyage into the unknown. They crossed to Green Bay and proceeded to its head where they entered the Fox River, following this to Lake Winnebago. Paddling across this lake they found guides to lead them through the maze of swamps, little lakes and portages to the Wisconsin River, and then floating and paddling down this stream the little party reached the Mississippi on the 17th of June, 1673, just one month after leaving St. Ignace.

Down the great river they journeyed for a month, making frequent stops to visit Indian tribes, until they came to within three hundred miles of the mouth of the river and satisfied themselves that it discharged into the Gulf of Mexico. Having accomplished their object and being afraid that they would be captured by the Spanish if they went farther, they turned back on July 17th.

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When they came to the mouth of the Illinois, they paddled up this river to the present site of Utica, where they found an Illinois village called Kaskaskia. A chief with a band of young Indians accompanied them thence to Lake Michigan by way of the Chicago Portage. Proceeding up the western shore of the lake, they reached the mission of St. Francis Xavier at Green Bay, the latter part of September, over three months from the time that they left.

One may read Parkman's account of this voyage with great pleasure and profit, but I have made brief mention of it here to illustrate the means of travel and the time required.

Father Marquette was detained at Green Bay by sickness for more than a year, but on the 25th of October, 1674, he again started for Chicago, being accompanied by two Frenchmen, Jacques and Pierre. It took them nearly two months to reach the Portage River, which was the name they gave to the south branch of the Chicago River. Here in a cabin about five miles from the mouth of the river, Marquette spent the winter of 1674-75 and thus became Chicago's earliest settler of record.

In May, 1675, Father Marquette died while on his return up the east shore of Lake Michigan to St. Ignace, and Father Claude Allouez was appointed his successor at the mission of the Illinois. We have few details as to the labors of Father Allouez, although he came to Chicago and was welcomed there by a band of eighty Illinois Indians who had come from their village to meet him.

The next detailed account which we have of the operations of white men in this vicinity deals with the great empire builder, La Salle, and his faithful lieutenant, Tonty., La Salle

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did not make any protracted stay at Chicago, although he was frequently here, sometimes passing to the Illinois River by way of the Chicago Portage and sometimes by way of the St. Joseph.

His principal post was at Fort St. Louis, which he built at Starved Rock, a hundred miles from Chicago. The account of his operations and those of Tonty is a fascinating story which may be found in Parkman's history of *La Salle and the Discovery of the West*.

As far as Chicago is concerned, the principal interest attaching to La Salle is in the reflection that if Louis XIV had been less engrossed in the follies of his court, and if the rulers of New France had been less occupied in feathering their own nests and so had given this potential empire builder proper support, La Salle might have made the whole territory of Louisiana so predominantly French that it might have been French to this day, and Chicago might have been a new and greater Paris.

CHICAGO UNDER THREE FLAGS

*And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

After the assassination of La Salle in 1687, nothing of particular interest to Chicago happened for a long time. The French incurred the enmity of the Iroquois, and these warlike savages blocked their passage by way of the upper St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and neither would the Foxes allow them to pass by the Green Bay and Wisconsin River portage.

The first half of the eighteenth century was marked by a succession of Indian wars, while the French were becoming more and more embroiled with the English, who were pushing over the Alleghany mountains and invading the valley of the Ohio in quest of profitable traffic with the Indians.

Louis XIV slept with his fathers, and his great-grandson, Louis XV, was King of France. Madame de Pompadour reigned at Versailles in the place of Mesdames de Montespan and de Maintenon, and France passed from its strongest and most brilliant reign to one of its weakest and most humiliating.

Meantime the Chicago River wound its sluggish course to the lake. In the spring, the wild crabapple and wild geranium adorned its banks and in the fall it crept through stately

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ranks of goldenrod and purple asters. The beavers built their dams unmolested in Mud Lake, deer and buffalo slaked their thirst in its waters, and occasionally roving bands of Indians or adventurous fur traders camped on its banks and dragged their canoes over the portage to the Desplaines River.

Finally, France and England found themselves on opposite sides in the Seven Years' War and their respective colonies in America became engaged in what has been known in this country as the French and Indian War.

When the intrepid Wolfe scaled the heights at the Plains of Abraham and captured Quebec in 1759, he broke the power of New France in America and, by the terms of the Peace of Paris signed in 1763, France lost all of her vast possessions on the continent of North America and the flag of Henry of Navarre was furled. All of the country east of the Mississippi went to the English and the territory west of the river was ceded to Spain. So Chicago passed under the banner of St. George, but remained British barely two decades.

The English colonies, embittered by the exactions of George III and Lord North, had become better acquainted by reason of their service in a common cause during the French and Indian War. They had also become accustomed to warfare and found that they were at least a match for the trained soldiers of Europe. Forgetting for the moment their rivalries and jealousies, or at least somewhat subordinating them to the necessities of the case, they joined in rebellion against the mother country. In the War of the Revolution, Chicago had no active part. There was no fort here and

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there were no white residents. The Pottawatomies, numbering about four hundred warriors, were grouped around the southern end of Lake Michigan with a village at Chicago, but the main portion of the tribe was across the lake on the St. Joseph River.

While Chicago itself had no part in the War of the Revolution, its future was of course bound up in the outcome of this contest. The British strongholds in the old Northwest, of which Chicago was a part, were in the main the old French posts. The principal ones among these were at Detroit, Mackinaw, Fort Gage and Vincennes. It is due to the foresight and valor of George Rogers Clark, the "Virginia Hannibal," his capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, his stubborn retention of these posts and his stockaded fort at the Falls of the Ohio, that the Americans held their grip on the region north of the Ohio, which later became the Northwest Territory. The result was that the treaty of 1783 which followed the Revolutionary War gave this territory to the Americans, and Chicago again found itself under a new flag.

The Indians used to say with great simplicity that the first "white settler" in Chicago was a Negro. This man was a San Domingan who came to Chicago in 1778 and built a cabin at the mouth of the river near where the *Tribune* Tower now stands. His name was Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable, and he lived at Chicago for eighteen years trading with the Indians, furnishing them whiskey and occasionally getting drunk with them. In 1796, he sold his cabin to Joseph Le Mai, who occupied it with his squaw until 1804 when he sold it to John Kinzie. We know very little about

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this John the Baptist of the wilderness, but an entry in the diary of Colonel Arendt Schuyler de Peyster, British Commandant at Fort Mackinaw, reads: "Baptiste Pointe de Sable, a handsome Negro, well educated, and settled at Eschikagaw, but much in the French interest."

The Northwest Territory, comprising the present states of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was created by the Ordinance of 1787 passed by the Continental Congress, and in 1803 the Louisiana Purchase added a great empire west of the Mississippi River to the region tributary to Chicago.



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*Lo, the poor Indian! Whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in the clouds, or hears Him in the wind
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way*

ALEXANDER POPE

Chicago is preparing to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation as a town. On the very ground where only a little more than a hundred years ago the Potawatomic war whoop brought terror to the hearts of the inmates of the lonely little fort on the river bank and on the soil once reddened by their blood, Chicago is erecting stately buildings in which to house the exhibits showing the accomplishments of a "Century of Progress."

Millions of feet tread the sidewalks, hundreds of thousands of automobiles speed through the streets, and around the "Loop" the elevated trains pound their noisy way. In this great melting pot which is Chicago, are gathered representatives of every race and clime except only representatives of that race which a few short years ago was lord of the soil and monarch of all it surveyed.

In the very year which saw the incorporation of Chicago, the Indians signed the treaty by which they relinquished all their land in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin.

In the short span since that time the Indian has not only vanished from the land, but his memory has almost vanished

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too. Who among the millions in the great city knows anything about our Indian predecessors?

Perhaps here and there a suburban gardener finds a flint arrow-head in his garden and picks it up, wondering if the man who fashioned it lived a hundred or a thousand years ago.

Perhaps a holiday maker, wandering through Chicago's great Forest Preserve, comes upon a sturdy tree bent in a curious fashion and wonders what could have caused the crooked growth. It does not occur to him that this is a "Rock-a-bye-baby" tree where an Indian mother hung her baby's cradle when the sturdy tree was a sapling.

Marvelous indeed has been the growth of Chicago during the last century, but almost equally marvelous has been the complete disappearance from sight and memory of the aboriginal inhabitants.

The Indians who lived in the immediate vicinity of Chicago, and with whom the first white settlers came in the most intimate contact, were the Pottawatomies.

The Pottawatomies were of Algonquin origin like most of the other western tribes, and had been driven from their ancestral homes farther east, either by the pressure of white settlement or by the forays of the warlike Iroquois. They were closely allied to the Chippewas and Ottawas, and when the treaty with the Indians was signed in Chicago in 1833 they were described as the "United Nation of Chippewa, Ottawa and Pottawatomie Indians." Friendly relations were sustained with the Miamis and Shawnees, of the Wabash river country.

They were also on terms of the closest friendship with the

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Sacs or Sauks and Foxes, who occupied the territory commencing on the Mississippi River at the mouth of the Illinois, extending up the Illinois to where the city of Peoria now stands, thence in a direct line to a point on the Wisconsin River seventy miles above its mouth, thence down that river to the Mississippi to the place of beginning; in addition to the entire state of Iowa and northeastern Wisconsin. This imperial domain comprised not less than fifty million acres, and embraced the fairest lands in the whole western country, whether considered from the standpoint of the Indian or the white man.

North and east of the Sac and Fox lands were the lands of the Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies, and adjoining them were the lands of the Chippewas and Ottawas, while to the south lay the territory of the Kickapoos. All of these tribes were interconnected by marriage and were similar in derivation as well as in habits and customs; so, in describing Indian customs and beliefs, we shall treat them as a whole, not dwelling on minor differences.

When Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chief, organized his confederacy which was designed to sweep the white man from the land, Shaub-e-nee and Billy Caldwell with their Pottawatomic braves and Black Hawk with his Sac warriors responded to his call and stuck by him to the end.

All of these tribes spoke substantially the same language with slight variations, but the Chippewa dialect was the court language which members of the diverse tribes used at their council fires.

The basis of Indian society was the gens or family which might be a large body of persons but was composed of those

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who were related to each other by ties of blood. Descent ran in the female line and intermarriage in the gens or family was not permitted. A gente or clan was composed of a number of families and each clan assumed a totem such as the bear, fox, eagle, hawk or turtle. Most of these tribes had a peace chief, or head-man, and a war chief. The office of peace chief was hereditary, although a father was not always succeeded by his son, but sometimes by some other member of the family. The peace chief was nominally the head of the tribe, presided at the councils and was called "Father" by all of the members.

He might be powerful and exercise great authority, but if he was of weak character his authority was apt to be usurped by the war chief.

The position of peace chief was no sinecure, and the incumbent of the office was usually poor in worldly goods as he was supposed to respond to all calls for assistance made by his children and to sustain his popularity by giving presents and frequent feasts to his people. The other members of the tribe often took his ponies or other property without asking his permission and he was supposed to view all such offenses against himself with a lenient eye, while administering strict and impartial justice as between other members of the tribe.

If he was a strong man, as was Keokuk, the peace chief of the Sacs, he might maintain his authority against the principal war chief, as Keokuk was able to maintain his authority and later to supplant Black Hawk, the great war chief of the Sacs. If, however, he was a man of weak character, he became a mere tool in the hands of the war chief who, having-

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the command of the braves and young men, had little difficulty in assuming control of a warlike community where there was but little law to restrain him.

The position of war chief was not hereditary and not necessarily elective although it might become so in case of emergency. The war chief attained his position by tacit consent and because of his personal qualities, of which, of course, bravery and proficiency in the arts of savage warfare were pre-eminent. If to these qualities he could add a pleasing address and the graces of an orator, he might become in truth the supreme ruler of his tribe as was Tecumseh, the Shawnee chieftain, or Little Turtle, the great chief of the Miamis.

It is not possible to make sweeping assertions about the Indians any more than it is about the Whites. There were idle, worthless Indians and there were Indians who would steal, but on the average it is fair to say that the Indians were more honest than the Whites, especially when they were in their native state and uncorrupted by white influence.

The traders very seldom locked their doors and did not hesitate to go to their meals no matter how many Indians were in the establishment.

It was the custom of the traders to supply the Indians with whatever they needed before they went on their winter's hunt, and rarely was this confidence misplaced. The Indians seldom contracted debts among themselves and had no means of enforcing collection except the public scorn for him who failed to keep his promise.

Civil injuries were settled by the old men of the tribe sitting in council, and in case of murder the relatives of the

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deceased had the right to take the life of the murderer without any formalities. This right was seldom claimed however unless the circumstances of the murder were particularly atrocious. The case against the murderer was usually settled by his paying to the relatives an agreed-upon property compensation, consisting of ponies, blankets or furs. If the parties to the transaction were unable to agree upon the amount of compensation, the old men of the tribe acted as arbitrators, and always succeeded in effecting a satisfactory settlement.

Cases of treason to the tribe were rare indeed, but if an Indian aided the enemies of his tribe or failed in his military duty his punishment was swift and sure. A sentinel who neglected his watch was publicly flogged by the squaws.

The Indians were deeply religious in their own way. To be sure they did not worship the white man's God but to their own Great Spirit, whom they revered as the author of their being and the source of all blessings, they brought burnt offerings and dedicated feasts with the sure conviction that he would aid them in this life and receive them in the "Happy Hunting Grounds" in the life to come.

The following is Black Hawk's description of the Crane Dance which his tribe held annually upon the completion of their corn planting, this being perhaps their most noted holiday, devoted to feasting, dancing and love making.

"Our women plant the corn and as soon as they are done we dance the Crane Dance, in which they join us dressed in their most gaudy attire, and decorated with feathers. At this feast each young man selects the woman he wishes to have for his wife. He then informs his mother, who calls upon

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the mother of the girl, when the necessary arrangements are made and the time appointed for him to come.

“He goes to the lodge where all are asleep, or pretend to be, and with his flint and steel strikes a light and soon finds where his intended sleeps. He then awakens her, holds the light close to his face that she may know him, after which he holds the light close to her. If she blows it out the ceremony is ended and he appears in the lodge the next morning as one of the family. If she does not blow out the light, but leaves it burning, he retires from the lodge.

“The next day he places himself in full view of it and plays his flute. The young women go out one by one to see whom he is playing for. The tune changes to let them know that he is not playing for them. When his intended makes her appearance at the door of the lodge, he continues his courting tune until she returns to the lodge. He then quits playing and makes another trial at night, which usually turns out favorably.

“During the first year, they ascertain whether they can agree with each other and be happy; if not, they separate and each looks for another companion. If we were to live together and disagree, we would be as foolish as the Whites. No indiscretion can banish a woman from the parental lodge, — no difference how many children she may bring home, the kettle is over the fire to feed them.”

Black Hawk describes another feast common to all of the tribes which he calls their national feast and dance.

“The large square in the village is swept and prepared for the purpose. The chiefs and old warriors take seats on mats, which have been spread on the upper end of the square; next

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come the drummers and singers, the braves and women form the sides, leaving a large space in the middle. The drums beat and the singing commences. A warrior enters the square keeping time to the music. He shows the manner in which he started on a war party; how he approached the enemy. He strikes and shows how he killed him. All join in the applause, and he leaves the square and another takes his place. Such of our young men as have not been out on war parties and killed an enemy stand back ashamed, not being allowed to enter the square. I remember that I was ashamed to look where our young men stood before I could take my stand in the ring as a warrior. What pleasure it is to an old warrior to see his son come forward and relate his exploits. It makes him feel young and induces him to enter the square and fight his battles over again. This National Dance makes our warriors."

Once every year, the Indians held what they called the "Feast of the Dead." On this occasion, the relatives of the deceased gave away their personal effects and reduced themselves to poverty in order to show their humility to the Great Spirit and to implore his pity. The Indians believed in the existence of a Good Spirit and a Bad Spirit. The Good Spirit ruled the day and was their friend and protector, while the Bad Spirit ruled the night and brought darkness and death. It was to placate the Bad Spirit that they offered feasts and burnt offerings.

They were superstitious and afraid of the darkness, consequently they never traveled or made an attack at night, but planned their undertakings for the day time, when they might have the blessing and protection of the Good Spirit."

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Hospitality has always been characteristic of all the tribes of Indians. When Columbus set foot upon the soil of the new world, the first thing that the Indians did was to offer him food. Charity too was an outstanding virtue of the Indian. He was always ready to divide his possessions with any one in need, whether friend or stranger. If he had two blankets, he would give one of them to his neighbor who had none, or if he had been fortunate in the chase, he would divide his spoils with the less fortunate.

The Indian usually returned thanks to the Good Spirit for all benefits and blessings which came to him. In speaking of the Great Spirit, Black Hawk said: "Every one makes his feast as he thinks best to please the Great Spirit who has the care of all beings created, believing that whatever is, is right. If the Great and Good Spirit wished us to believe and do as the Whites, he could easily change our opinions so that we could see, think and act as they do. We are nothing compared to his power, and we feel and know it. We have men among us like the Whites, who pretend to know the right path, but will not consent to show it without pay. I have no faith in their paths, but believe every man must make his own path. We should thank the Good Spirit for all the good he has conferred upon us. For myself I never take a drink of water from a spring without being mindful of his goodness."

Very similar to this statement of belief, but even more definite in setting forth the Indian's point of view is the following speech of Day-Kau-Ray, a Winnebago chief, as reported by Mrs. Kinzie in *Waubun*. Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky had become greatly interested in a school which

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had been established in his state for the education of Indian youths and children, and wrote a letter to Mr. Kinzie, the Winnebago Indian agent, asking him to use every endeavor to induce the Winnebagoes not only to send their children to the institution, but also to set apart a portion of their annuity-money to assist in sustaining it.

A messenger was sent convening the chiefs of the tribe to a council so that their Father might talk with them. On the day appointed, they all assembled. The proposition was laid before them and the advantages of civilization and education were described in glowing colors by Mr. Kinzie. They were told that if only a small portion of the younger members could be taught by the Whites and then return to the tribe to instruct its members in the arts, learning, manufactures and habits of civilization, it would be a great benefit to them.

When their Father's address was ended, Day-Kau-Ray, the most venerable of the chiefs, arose to reply and spoke as follows:

“ Father, — The Great Spirit made the white man and the Indian. He did not make them alike. He gave the white man a heart to love peace, and the arts of a quiet life. He taught him to live in towns, to build houses, to make books, to learn all things that would make him happy and prosperous in the way of life appointed him. To the red man, the Great Spirit gave a different character. He gave him a love of the woods, of a free life, of hunting and fishing, of making war with his enemies and taking scalps. The white man does not live like the Indian — it is not his nature. Neither does the Indian love to live like the white man — the Great Spirit did not make him so.

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“Father, — We do not wish to do anything contrary to the will of the Great Spirit. If he had made us with white skins and characters like the white men, then we would send our children to this school to be taught like the white children.

“Father, — We think that if the Great Spirit had wished us to be like the Whites, he would have made us so. As he has not seen fit to do so, we believe he would be displeased with us to try and make ourselves different from what he thought good.

“Father, — I have nothing more to say. This is what we think. If we change our minds, we will let you know.”

Perhaps the Winnebagoes were averse to contributing their money to educational institutions as are many of their white brethren of today, and were looking for an excuse. If so, they had not far to look, as it was ever the opinion of the Indian that the Great Spirit himself had taught the white man the ways of civilization and since he had not taught these ways to the red man, it would be unbecoming for the Indian to attempt to acquire them.

That the Indian could be humane as well as generous is shown by the following story:

In his younger days, Black Hawk was a thorough savage, and always scalped his victims in accordance with the Indian custom. He never tortured his captives, however, and as he grew older he discontinued scalping and did what he could to discourage the practice. He was absent from his tribe during 1812 and 1813, fighting under the banner of Tecumseh for the British against the Americans. After the war was over and Tecumseh had been killed at the battle of the

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Thames, he returned to his people and found a certain old comrade in arms in dire distress.

The old man's son had been killed and brutally mutilated by a party of Whites, leaving the father to perish of hunger. Now on the verge of starvation, the old man appealed to Black Hawk to avenge the death of his son, and this Black Hawk promised to do, the more readily because, having long before adopted the youth, he was greatly shocked at the circumstances of his death.

The young man had been out hunting and had killed a deer and hung it upon the branch of a tree after dressing it, when a white man, as shown by his tracks in the snow, came upon him, captured him, and took him across the river down towards Fort Armstrong and there shot him, tearing and mutilating his face. After this, he stabbed him several times and finished by scalping him.

On leaving the lodge of his old friend, Black Hawk perceived that he was being followed by a white man who was in the act of shooting him when he was discovered. The gun snapped but failed to discharge, and Black Hawk took the shooter prisoner. He turned him over to his young men and told them to treat him as a brother, as he intended to adopt him into the tribe. This man, Elijah Kilbourne, lived with the Indians about three years, when he escaped and returned to his own people. Nineteen years later he was serving as a scout at the time of the Black Hawk War and was captured by Black Hawk at Stillman's Run.

Mr. Kilbourne tells the sequel to the story in an article published in the "Soldiers Cabinet," Philadelphia, in 1855.

"Gideon Munson and myself were taken prisoners. Mun-

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son during the afternoon seeing, as he supposed, a good opportunity to escape, recklessly attempted to do so, but was immediately shot down by his captors. I now began to wish that they would serve me in the same manner, for I knew that if they recognized me, I should be put to death by the most horrible tortures. Nothing occurred, however, to give me any real uneasiness on this point until the following morning, when Black Hawk, passing by me, turned and eyed me keenly for a moment or so, then stepping close to me he said in a low tone, 'The white mole digs deep, but Mucketaimeshekiiahkiah * flies high and can see far off.'

"Stepping away with a dignified air he now left me, as you may suppose, bordering on despair, for I knew too well the Indian character to imagine for a single instant that my life would be spared under the circumstances. I had been adopted into the tribe by Black Hawk, had lived nearly three years among them, and by escaping had incurred their displeasure, which could only be appeased with my blood. Added to this, I was now taken prisoner at the very time that the passions of the savages were most highly wrought upon by the mean and cowardly conduct of the Whites. I therefore gave up all hope, and doggedly determined to meet stoically my fate. Although the Indians passed and repassed me many times during the day, often bestowing on me a buffet or a kick, yet not one of them seemed to remember me as having formerly been of their tribe. At times this infused me with a faint hope, which was immediately after extinguished as I recalled to mind my recognition by Black Hawk himself. Some two hours before sunset, Black Hawk again

* Black Hawk's Indian name, literally Black Sparrow Hawk.

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came to where I was bound and, having loosened the cords with which I was fastened to a tree, my arms still remaining confined, bade me follow him. I immediately obeyed him, not knowing what was to be my doom though I expected none other than death by torture. In silence we left the encampment, not one of the savages interfering with us or offering the slightest harm or indignity. For nearly an hour we strode on through the gloomy forest, now and then starting from its retreat some wild animal that fled upon our approach. Arriving at a bend in the river my guide halted, and turning toward the sun, which was rapidly setting, he said, after a short pause: 'I am going to send you back to your chief, though I ought to kill you for running away a long time ago after I had adopted you as a son, but Black Hawk can forgive as well as forget. When you return to your chief I want you to tell him all my words. Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many suns, but they shall not see many more, and that his back is no longer straight as in his youth, but is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirit has whispered among the tree tops in the morning and in the evening, and says Black Hawk's days are few and he is wanted in the spirit land. He is half dead, his arm shakes and is no longer strong, and his feet are slow on the war path. Tell him all this, and tell him too,' continued the untutored hero of the forest, with trembling emotion and marked emphasis, 'that Black Hawk would have been a friend to the Whites, but they would not let him, and that the tomahawk was dug up by themselves and not by the Indians. Tell your chief that Black Hawk meant no harm to the pale-faces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to raise

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corn for his starving women and children, and that even then he would have gone back, but when he sent his white flag the braves who carried it were treated like squaws, and one of them inhumanly shot. Tell him too,' he concluded with terrible force, while his eyes fairly flashed fire, 'that Black Hawk will have revenge and will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him come away.'

"Thus saying he loosened the cord that bound my arms, and giving me particular directions as to the best course to pursue to my own camp, bade me farewell and struck off into the trackless forest to begin that final struggle which was decided against the Indians."

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*I love the wigwam home,
Its brands so cheerful burning,
Wherever I may roam,
I love the sweet returning,
And when this life shall end,
When calls the Great So-wan-a,
Southwestward shall I wend
To roam the broad Savana.*

LEVI BISHOP

The Pottawatomies seem to have had the earliest settled community at Chicago of which there is any record, and as they were the Indians with whom the first white settlers came in the closest contact, their chief, Shaub-e-nee, being always the firm friend of the Whites, it might be well to examine some of their characteristics.

In the report of Major Long's expedition to the source of St. Peter's river in 1823, there is a long account of the Pottawatomies. I shall not undertake to quote all of this account, but only enough to give some idea of what they were like. Most of the information concerning their customs was supplied by a chief of the tribe named Metea, which signifies in the Pottawatomie language "Kiss Me."

"Metea was a man forty to forty-five years of age, and a full blooded Pottawatomie. His stature was about six feet, and he was of forbidding aspect, by no means deficient in dignity, his features strongly marked and expressive of a

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haughty and tyrannical disposition, his complexion dark like most of the Pottawatomies. His nose was low, aquiline, and well shaped, his eyes small, elongated and black, set closely together, his forehead low and receding. His hair was black with a slight tendency to curl, his cheek bones high and prominent. On first inspection, his countenance would be considered as expressive of defiance and impetuous daring, but upon closer scrutiny it is found rather to announce obstinate constancy of purpose and sullen fortitude." Not an altogether unattractive picture, but not such as to cause an unreasonable hurry to comply with the invitation implied by his name.

This same Metea by the way was a signer of the treaty of 1821, at Chicago, by which the Indians surrendered an empire to the United States government. The consideration received by the Pottawatomies is given as follows in Article Four of the treaty: "and the United States also engage to pay to the Pottawatomie nation five thousand dollars in specie, annually, for the term of twenty years and also to appropriate annually, for the term of fifteen years, the sum of one thousand dollars, to be expended as the President may direct, in the support of a blacksmith and a teacher." This treaty may be taken as an illustration of the pitifully small amounts which the Indians received for their lands. It is to Metea's credit that he was against this treaty, and his speech against it was a mournful protest against the inevitable fate which awaited his people. His speech closed as follows: "Behold our warriors, our women and children. Take pity upon us and on our words." Notwithstanding his opposition to the treaty, finding himself out-voted by the other chiefs,

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Metea finally signed. Perhaps he thought that the Great White Father in Washington would miss his "X" when he looked over the document, or perhaps pride led him to wish to inscribe his mark for the benefit of posterity.

The Pottawatomies believed in the existence of a supreme being whom they called Kashamaneto, or Great Spirit, Kasha meaning Great and Maneto an irresistible, almighty being. They never applied the adjective Kasha to any other word except as connected with the Supreme Being. They also recognized an Evil Spirit whom they called Matchamaneto; Matcha meaning bad. This word they applied to all unpleasant or disagreeable objects. Their worship was addressed principally to the Evil Spirit, whom they thought it necessary to propitiate; the Good Spirit needed no prayers, for his natural goodness always induced him to assist and protect men without his being reminded of it by petitions. Among the Pottawatomies, polygamy was not only allowed, but was encouraged; a man might have two or more wives according to his skill and success as a hunter. They kept as many wives as they could maintain; consequently an Indian was respected in proportion to the number of his wives, as the ability to maintain more wives showed him to be a better hunter. They trained their children, especially the boys, very carefully, the education of the boys commencing when they were ten or twelve years old. They accustomed them early to the endurance of cold by making them bathe every morning in the winter, and they caused them to become habituated to the privation of food. Parents used no compulsory means to compel obedience, but succeeded in obtaining a powerful influence over their children by acting on their fears; they

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told them that if they did not behave themselves as they were bid, they would irritate the Great Spirit, who would deprive them of all luck as hunters and warriors. The Indian impressed upon his off-spring a permanent and unshakable belief in the existence of the Great Spirit, ruler of the universe, whose attributes are kindness to men and a desire to relieve them from all their afflictions. The necessity of doing all that is pleasing to Kashamaneto is often recurred to in those exhortations by which every Indian parent instructs his sons morning and evening.

I have a copy of a life of Shaub-e-nee, published in 1878. I do not attach any particular value to the book, except that it once belonged to Gurdon Hubbard, and is copiously annotated by him. The author says, "Polygamy is common among the Indians. Chiefs and great warriors frequently have a number of squaws who live together in perfect harmony. With young squaws, the lack of chastity is a small offense, but the married ones are punished for each transgression, sometimes by cutting off one ear or branding on the forehead. No odium is attached to the males for transgressing the rules of propriety, and all priests or spiritual advisers are considered privileged characters, and most of them are libertines."

In the margin opposite this quotation, Gurdon Hubbard has written, "I have never found this conduct; women, young or old, generally chaste, nor are the males libertines." Inasmuch as Mr. Hubbard lived among the Pottawatomies for several years and was a member of the tribe by adoption, his testimony should acquit them of the charges made by the author of the book in question.

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The practice of polygamy undoubtedly existed among all of the tribes although many of the Indians had but one wife. Black Hawk, for instance, whose prowess as a hunter and whose ability to maintain a number of wives was unquestioned, never had but one wife, and in speaking of her said, "She is a good woman and teaches my sons to be braves. I shall never have another wife." Shaub-e-nee, too, lived with the wife of his youth, until increasing years caused her to ask him to take another wife to help her with the household tasks.

It should be remembered that there was an economic reason for plurality of wives among the Indians. In the first place, the Indians had no system of hired help such as eases the household burdens for many white women, and in the second place it was the custom in all the tribes to cause the boys and young men to fast two or three days out of each week in order to inure them to hardship. This so weakened their constitutions that many of them never reached maturity and it was a case of the survival of the fittest.

The young squaws, however, ate as often and as much as they pleased, and grew plump and healthy, so that there was always a large surplus of women in every tribe. There was no place in the Indian economy for "bachelor maids," and spinsters must either cling to the parental stem until they became sere and withered, a prospect by no means pleasing to them, or accept any available offer of marriage. That the triangle sometimes existed among the Indians and led to tragedy, as it has so many times among the Whites is shown by the story of Kapas.

Kapas was the chief of a small band of Pottawatomies, .

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whose village was located on Sycamore Creek in De Kalb County, Illinois. This village was situated on the margin of a large grove by the side of a spring and contained about forty lodges. Their cornfields were near by in a small bottom prairie, and below them was a big sugar camp where they made large quantities of sugar each year. Their furs, pelts and maple sugar were carried every spring to the trading house at Chicago, and exchanged for goods, and to all appearances Kapas' band was prosperous and happy.

Notwithstanding that Kapas had three squaws and many grown children, he was frequently found poaching on the preserves of others. A young hunter of his band had a beautiful squaw to whom he had been married but a short time when he discovered that she was unfaithful to her marriage vows. One night the young hunter returned to his lodge, after spending all day in the chase and found Kapas occupying his place. Without waiting for explanations, he sent a bullet into the brain of Kapas, and the chief fell dead at his feet. The hunter made no attempt to escape, but hastened to Kapas' lodge, told his son what he had done, and presented his bare breast that the son might kill him according to the Indian custom. The following day, the band gathered around the lodge of their fallen chief to celebrate his funeral rites. At the appropriate moment, the young hunter, with his face blackened, presented himself for execution, and the son of the murdered chief sent a rifle bullet into his heart.



FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

*There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

At the close of the Revolution, the British had evacuated all but a few of their forts in the territory ceded to the new Republic, but this meant nothing to the Indians, who had a lively recollection of scalp bounties and other favors received from the British and who continued to make annual pilgrimages to Fort Malden, in Canada, to receive presents from their Great White Father across the big sea water.

The British, too, were not above inciting the Indians against the American settlers, and the Indians, always looking for trouble, responded with a series of forays and depredations.

It became necessary to do something to protect the settlers, and President Jefferson selected the mouth of the Chicago River as a site for one of the forts planned to protect the new frontier.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1803, the soldiers came to Chicago. They came on foot, fifty-four privates, four sergeants, three corporals, four musicians, a surgeon's mate, and an ensign, with Lieutenant James S. Swearingen in com-

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mand. Captain John Whistler, an Englishman who had fought with the British during the Revolution and who had entered the military service of his adopted country in 1791, was appointed commandant. Captain Whistler, his son, Lieutenant William Whistler, with their wives and a younger son, sailed down the lake on the Government schooner "Tracy." They were met by Chicago's first reception committee: Joseph Le Mai, who had bought Pointe de Sable's cabin, Mike Le Pettel, another fur trader, Antoine Ouilmette, and his halfbreed squaw, Archange.

These comprised the whole population, but they were assisted by a number of Pottawatomies who had flocked from far and near to see the "big canoe with white wings." These Indians had a still greater treat in store for them, however, as they saw white women for the first time.

The elder Mrs. Whistler and her charming daughter-in-law were the first white women of record to set foot in Chicago, and, appropriately enough, they brought civilization with them. Le Mai made room for the Whistlers in his little cabin, and the private soldiers pitched their tents by the river side.

Work on the fort, which was called Fort Dearborn after General Henry Dearborn, the Secretary of War, was started immediately. At this time, the river did not discharge directly into the lake where its mouth now is, but made a sharp bend to the south, about where the Link Bridge is, and discharged into the lake near Madison Street.

The site chosen for the fort was on the south side of the river where it bent to the south, so that the fortification had the river to the north and also the east of it. Directly across

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the river from the fort was the Le Mai cabin, afterwards occupied by the Kinzie family.

It was a great day for the budding metropolis in the early spring of 1804 when the Kinzie family came. John Kinzie, his wife, young step-daughter, and infant son came on horseback from Parc aux Vaches, now called Niles, Michigan. With their servants and pack horses they made an imposing cavalcade, and, when they had taken possession of the Le Mai cabin and equipped it with their scanty belongings, the first real family life in Chicago began. Chicago society, too, began as the ladies at the fort and the Kinzie ladies exchanged visits.

John Kinzie was a silversmith by trade, "Shaw-nee-aw-kee," the silversmith, the Indians called him. He established his workbench on the verandah and here he would be surrounded by an admiring ring of savages as he wrought the ornaments which so greatly appealed to them. Kinzie was a man of great experience and thoroughly understood the Indian nature. Fair and square in his dealings, he pursued his avocation of fur trader, exchanging his silverwork and other merchandise for furs which the Indians brought in. By his fair dealings, he earned their respect and friendship, a friendship which was to stand him and his family in good stead during the awful days of the massacre in 1812.

Life flowed peacefully enough at the fort, although there were frequent Indian scares when the alarm gun would be fired and everyone would flock to the fort for protection. The officers played cards and handball, or fished or hunted. The privates drank, smoked and gambled, and once in a while one of them married a young squaw. The women, as

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was the custom in those days, busied themselves with their household tasks and the care of the little ones who came in increasing numbers.

Captain Whistler's eighteen-year-old daughter, Sarah, the belle of the fort, was married to James Abbott in 1804 and left with him on horseback for Detroit, camping in the woods on the way. In 1810 Captain Whistler was relieved by Captain Nathan Heald, the garrison numbering at this time sixty-nine officers and men. The next year, Captain Heald went to Kentucky, married Rebekah Wells, a daughter of Samuel Wells, and brought his bride back to Fort Dearborn.

Early in the year 1812, the Indians showed manifest signs of hostility. Raids were made on settlements near Peoria and at Kaskaskia and Vincennes. Horses were stolen, settlers were killed, and their women and children dragged away to captivity.

On the south branch of the Chicago River, about four miles from its mouth, was a large farm extending on both sides of the river, the farmhouse being on the west bank. The farm belonged to a settler named Charles Lee and was known as "Lee's Place," afterwards called "Hardscrabble." Lee did not live on his farm, but with his family occupied a cabin on the lake shore. The farm was occupied by a man named Liberty White who, with two men and a boy, lived in the farmhouse and worked the farm. On the sixth of April, 1812, a party of eleven Winnebagoes entered the farmhouse without being invited and seated themselves. One of the men, a French Canadian, became suspicious of them and said to the others, "I do not like the looks of these Indians, they are none of our Indians and are not Pottawatomies."

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One of the other men, a soldier from the fort, said to the boy, who was Mr. Lee's son, " We had better get away if we can. Say nothing but do as you see me do."

It was nearly sunset when the man and the boy started toward the canoes, telling the Indians that they were going to feed the cattle on the other side of the river and that they would return for supper. They gained the other side of the river without molestation, made some show of collecting the cattle, but gradually worked their way into the nearby woods, and started for the fort. On their way, they notified the family of Burns, whose home was on the north side of the river, a short distance above the fort (about where State Street now is). They had scarcely got out of sight of the farmhouse before the Indians shot and scalped the two men who had remained behind.

The Burns family was now considered to be in great danger, and a party of soldiers under Ensign Ronan was sent to their rescue. They ascended the river in a scow, carried Mrs. Burns and her day-old baby on her bed to the rude craft and conveyed her and the other members of the family to the fort.

A party of soldiers, consisting of a corporal and six privates, had obtained permission that afternoon to go up the river to fish and they had not yet returned when the fugitives from the farm reached the fort. Fearing that they might be surprised and massacred, Captain Heald ordered a cannon to be fired to warn them of danger. When they heard the cannon, they were up the river about two miles above the Lee farm, and immediately started for the fort, dropping down the river as silently as possible through the darkness which

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had now fallen. When the fishing party reached the Lee farm, they stopped to warn the inmates to be on their guard as the gun indicated danger. All was dark and perfectly still. They groped their way through the darkness towards the house, and as the corporal jumped over the small enclosure around the house, he placed his hand on the dead body of a man. By feeling, he soon learned that the man had been scalped and otherwise mutilated. The soldiers retreated to their canoes and reached the fort about eleven o'clock that night. The next morning a party of settlers and soldiers went to the Lee farm to learn further of the fate of the occupants. The body of Liberty White was found pierced by two balls and with eleven stabs in the breast. The Frenchman lay dead with his dog still guarding his master's body. The bodies were brought to the fort and buried in its immediate vicinity.

The inhabitants outside of the fort, consisting of a few discharged soldiers and some halfbreeds, either came into the fort or entrenched themselves in the Agency House. This building stood in close proximity to the fort and was built of logs. There was a hall running through the center with a large room on each side. Porches extended the whole length of the building, front and rear. These were now planked for greater security, port holes were cut, and sentinels posted at night. An order was issued prohibiting any soldier or citizen from leaving the vicinity of the fort without a guard. While there were frequent Indian scares, the inmates of the fort experienced no serious trouble for the next four months.

On June 18, 1812, the United States declared war against

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Great Britain. The white settlers did not learn of this until two months later, but the Indians probably knew it sooner. They had always been friendly with the English and looked with suspicion and resentment upon the establishment of strongholds such as Fort Dearborn in their country. They regarded them, doubtless with reason, as a preliminary to depriving them of their lands and forcing them to new hunting grounds farther west.

On the ninth of August, Winnemeg, or Catfish, as his name was translated, a friendly Pottawatomie, arrived at the fort with dispatches from General Hull. These told of the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain, of Hull's arrival at Detroit as the head of the Northwestern army, and also conveyed the information that the Island of Mackinaw had fallen into the hands of the British. General Hull's orders to Captain Heald were to evacuate the fort and to destroy all arms and ammunition, but to distribute the United States goods in the fort and in the United States Agency Building and factory to the Indians.

Winnemeg, who knew the nature of the dispatches, counseled holding the fort as the garrison was provided with ammunition and provisions for six months. To this Captain Heald would not consent; indeed, having received definite orders from his superior officer, it would seem that he had no option but to obey. He announced that it was his intention to evacuate the fort, but inasmuch as he had received orders to distribute the United States property he should not feel justified in leaving until he had collected the Indians in the neighborhood and divided the stores among them.

Winnemeg then urged that if the fort was to be evacuated,

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the garrison should march out at once and leave everything behind, in the hope that while the Indians were engaged in parting the spoils the troops might make good their retreat. This suggestion was seconded by John Kinzie, who well understood the temper of the Indians, but it was rejected by Captain Heald, and the order for evacuating the fort was read the next morning on parade. During the day the junior officers waited upon Captain Heald and strongly remonstrated with him on his program. They urged the following reasons:

First: It was highly improbable that the command would be permitted to pass through the country in safety to Fort Wayne. Although some of the chiefs had opposed an attack upon the fort, planned the preceding fall, their opposition was based more on friendship for the Kinzie family than on account of any kindly feelings for Americans in general; besides which, war had broken out between the United States and Great Britain, and the Indians, always friendly with the British, were now allied with them. It could hardly be expected in any event that the few chiefs who were opposed to an attack could control the tribes which were thirsting for blood.

Second: Their march, of necessity, must be slow on account of the number of women and children to whose ability the speed of the detachment must be accommodated. Of the small force at the post, some were superannuated and others were invalid. Therefore, it was the unanimous opinion of the junior officers that the best thing to do was to fortify themselves as strongly as possible and remain where they



COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OLD FORT DEARBORN, 1803-1812



COURTESY OF CHICAGO

NEW FORT DEARBORN, BUILT IN 1816



COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CHICAGO IN 1830



COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY
THE KINZIE HOME

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were in hopes that they might be able to hold out until reinforcements arrived.

Captain Heald, upon whom responsibility for decision rested, rejected these arguments and deemed it best to call the Indians together, distribute the property among them, and ask of them an escort to Fort Wayne. He professed entire confidence in the friendly promises of the Indians, a confidence which subsequent events did not justify. Perhaps if he had acted promptly upon the advice of Winnemeg and John Kinzie, the outcome might have been different, but from Braddock down it was never the habit of the regular soldier to take advice from backwoodsmen and irregulars.

He was really in a desperate predicament; his force consisted of fifty-four privates and two officers, Lieutenant L. T. Helm and Ensign George Ronan. Twelve militiamen were also under his orders. There were a large number on the sick list, besides about a dozen women and twenty children. Altogether, he did not have more than forty effectives.

If he had elected to hold the fort he would have found himself besieged by not less than a thousand savages and it seems improbable that he could have held out very long. If he had abandoned the fort immediately upon receipt of his orders from General Hull, his chances would have been better, but he delayed for six days, in the meantime telling the Indians that he was going to distribute the goods in the United States factory and the provisions in the fort among them. During this six days' delay, the Indians flocked in from the nearby villages so that there were not less than five

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or six hundred warriors surrounding the fort before it was evacuated.

On the thirteenth of August Captain William Wells, Indian Agent at Fort Wayne, arrived at Fort Dearborn with thirty friendly Miamis. Captain Wells was born in Kentucky and belonged to a family of Indian fighters. When a boy twelve years of age, he was stolen by the Miamis and adopted by their Great Chief, Little Turtle. He lived with the Indians and fought with them at the battle where St. Claire was defeated. He then began to realize that his proper place was with his own people and resolved to leave the Indians. He asked Little Turtle to accompany him to a point on the Maumee about two miles east of Fort Wayne, long known as the Big Elm, where he thus spoke: "Father, we have long been friends. I now leave you to go to my own people. We will be friends until the sun reaches the midday height. From that time we will be enemies; and if you want to kill me then, you may, and if I want to kill you, I may." He then joined General Wayne's army and was made captain of a company of scouts. He fought under Wayne until the treaty of Greenville, after which he removed to Fort Wayne, where he was joined by his wife, who was a daughter of Little Turtle. He was Mrs. Heald's uncle, and when he heard of the intended evacuation of Fort Dearborn, he volunteered to go there and act as escort to the soldiers. He arrived at the fort, however, too late to have any influence on the question of evacuation.

Among the Government stores were large supplies of muskets, ammunition and whiskey, and it was these supplies that chiefly interested the Indians. Captain Wells and John

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Kinzie strongly represented to Captain Heald that it would be madness to turn the whiskey over to the Indians to infuriate them and then to supply them with arms and ammunition with which to wreak their fury upon the garrison.

Captain Heald finally ordered the destruction of these supplies. On the thirteenth the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloths, calicos, paints, etc., were distributed as agreed. The same evening, the ammunition was destroyed and the whiskey was transported as secretly as possible through the northern gate, the heads of the barrels knocked in, and the contents poured into the river. The muskets were broken up and, together with bags of shot, flints, gun screws, and everything else relating to weapons of offense, were thrown into the well.

Notwithstanding the precautions which had been taken to preserve secrecy, the noise of knocking in the heads of the barrels attracted the attention of the Indians, and they crept as near as possible to the scene of action and saw enough to verify their suspicions. This destruction of ammunition and liquor infuriated them, and the older chiefs now professed that they could no longer restrain their young men.

The destruction of these supplies, which the Indians considered had been promised to them, was the subject of considerable controversy, and certainly there is much to be said on both sides. Black Hawk, who was not a Pottawatomic and who had nothing to do with the affair but was familiar with the circumstances, said that if Captain Heald's promises to the Indians had been kept, the massacre would not have occurred. Perhaps he was right, who knows? Captain Heald was a brave soldier and was in a terribly hard situation

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where almost anything that he did might be proved wrong by the logic of subsequent events. He undoubtedly did what he thought was best at the time, and the chances are that his garrison was doomed no matter what he did.

On the evening preceding the massacre, Black Partridge, a chief who had been friendly to the Americans, came to Captain Heald and spoke as follows:

“Father, I come to deliver up to you the medal which I wear. It was given to me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy.” *

The morning of the fifteenth of August dawned, and gloomy indeed must have been the anticipations of the little company within the beleaguered fort. As the red rim of the sun emerged from the bosom of the lake, many a watcher must have reflected that he was probably looking at his last sunrise. If anything was needed to deepen the apprehension felt by all of the inmates of the fort, the action of Black Partridge certainly furnished the material. The hour for departure was set at nine o'clock, and promptly at that hour the gates were thrown open for the last time, and the forlorn array marched forth.

Only twenty-five rounds of ammunition besides one box of cartridges in the baggage wagons had been reserved for the soldiers, which must in any event have proved inade-

* This is a free transcript of Black Partridge's speech as given by Mrs. John H. Kinzie in *Waubun*. His actual speech was no doubt shorter and simpler but none the less significant —

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quate. Captain Wells, in accordance with the Indian custom and in premonition of his fate, had blackened his face. He led the advance with fifteen of his Miami braves whom he believed to be trustworthy. The other fifteen brought up the rear. Early in the morning, John Kinzie received a message from To-pee-nee-bee, Chief of the St. Joseph band of Pottawatomies, informing him that the Pottawatomies were bent on mischief and warning him not to accompany the troops. To-pee-nee-bee promised that the boat containing Mr. Kinzie and his family should be permitted to pass safely to St. Joseph.

Mr. Kinzie entrusted his family to the care of friendly Indians to be conveyed to St. Joseph, but bravely determined to accompany the troops in the hope that he might be able to exert some restraining influence upon the Indians.

By some strange and perhaps prophetic choice of the bandmaster, the band struck up the strains of the "Dead March" as the soldiers left the protection of the palisades and marched on to the open plain.

A well-beaten Indian trail ran along the lake shore and this was the path pursued. Westward from this at about one hundred yards distance and commencing about a quarter of a mile from the fort was a ridge or range of sand hills which separated the lake from the prairie. When the troops started, an escort of five hundred Pottawatomies accompanied them, but when the sand ridge was reached the Indians took the western or landward side of it so that their movements were concealed from the troops. Improving this advantage they hurried forward and prepared an ambushade for the troops.

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The little army had marched perhaps a mile and a half from the fort, with Captain Wells and his Miamis somewhat in advance, when Wells came riding furiously back.

"They are about to attack us," he shouted, "form instantly and charge upon them."

The company charged up the bank, firing one round, which the Indians returned. The savages, getting to the rear of the troops, were soon in possession of the horses, baggage, and provisions, slaughtering many of the women and children in the meantime. One young savage climbed into the baggage wagon containing the children of the white families, twelve in number, and tomahawked the entire group with the exception of one who was concealed in the blankets.

Against terrible odds the officers, men and many of the women fought hand to hand with the Indians; but the odds were too great and the struggle was soon over.

Withdrawing his little remnant of survivors to an elevation on the prairie, Captain Heald, who was himself wounded, proceeded to examine the situation. The Indians did not follow, but after consultation among their chiefs made signs for Heald to approach. He advanced alone and met the chief, Blackbird, who promised to spare the lives of the Whites if they would surrender. Upon these terms Captain Heald complied with the demand.

Among the killed were Captain Wells, Ensign Ronan, and Surgeon Van Voorhis. Captain and Mrs. Heald and Lieutenant and Mrs. Helm were wounded. In the hurry and confusion of the moment, specific mention of the wounded prisoners was omitted in the agreement with the Indians,

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and the savages took advantage of this omission to kill all of them.

Of the whole company which left the fort but one short hour before, there remained only twenty-five non-commissioned officers and privates and eleven women and children. The number of Indians engaged was between four and five hundred, and their loss was about fifteen. The Miamis fled at the first onset and took no part in the attack. Captain Wells, after fighting desperately, was stabbed in the back and killed, his head cut off and his heart taken out and eaten by the savages who thought that thereby they might acquire some of the courage of the intrepid scout.

Mrs. Helm, the wife of Lieutenant Helm, and the daughter of Mrs. John Kinzie, had a narrow escape from death. Being assaulted by a young Indian, she avoided the blow of his tomahawk while she struggled with him for possession of his scalping knife. While so engaged, she was dragged from his grasp by an older Indian who bore her, despite her struggles, to the lake, where he plunged her into the water but did not submerge her head. Perceiving that he was not trying to drown her, she looked more closely and recognized him through his paint as Black Partridge, who was trying to save her. When the battle was over, she was taken to a place of safety and afterwards conveyed to St. Joseph with the Kinzie family.

The scene of this encounter was approximately at the corner of Prairie Avenue and Eighteenth Street where in 1892 a beautiful bronze monument was erected through the generosity of the late George M. Pullman. This group is well worth a visit and careful study. One sees the slender

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girl — she was only seventeen — the beautifully proportioned figure of the Indian stripling who assailed her, and the more mature proportions of Black Partridge, who rescued her. The group tells its story so plainly that he who views may read.*

Fort Dearborn stood on the site at the southwest corner of Michigan Boulevard and Wacker Drive approximately where the great building of the London Guarantee and Accident Company now stands, John Kinzie's residence being across the river and a little farther east.

Start, if you will, at the site of the old fort and follow this Via Dolorosa southward to its end. Remember that in 1812 the lake came to the east line of Michigan Boulevard and that Grant Park, the Art Institute, the Field Columbian Museum, and other buildings and monuments are on made ground.

Perhaps you may be able to picture for yourself the little company of soldiers with their women and children issuing from the stockaded fort, the hundreds of painted savages already gloating wolfishly over their intended victims. You may see the band bravely blaring forth its ill-chosen selection and the horses straining at the traces to pull the heavily laden baggage wagons through the sand. You may see the women perched on top of the wagons or astride the extra horses. You may note their anxious faces as they listen to the happy laughter of their children, pleased as children always are at any change. At Monroe Street you may think: here the Indian escort passed behind the ridge of sand; at

* This monument is now in the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society in Lincoln Park.

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Twenty-first Street: here they prepared their ambush; at Eighteenth Street: here Captain Wells came galloping back to the main body; here he was killed and his heart torn from his body while it was still warm; and here the merciless savage massacred the happy children. Look toward the lake as its sparkling waters ripple to the shore, unchanged and unchanging since that sunny August day in 1812. Turn and look at Michigan Boulevard with its towering skyscrapers, each housing ten times as many people as Fort Dearborn housed; look at the thousands of hurrying automobiles and the thronging multitudes. Remember that August 15, 1812, was only the space of two ordinary lifetimes away. Then shall you marvel, indeed, and ask yourself, is the present or the past a dream?

After the battle was over Mrs. Helm was led back by her rescuer. Her clothes were heavy with the lake water, her shoes and stockings full of sand, and as she took them off to empty them one of the squaws snatched them from her and made off in triumph. Picking her way bare-footed along the pebbly beach, she came upon her step-father, John Kinzie, who assured her of her husband's safety.

Another Indian now joined them and helped Black Partridge, who was supporting Mrs. Helm as she limped along. The newcomer was none other than Pee-so-tum, one of the slayers of Captain Wells. His lips were still stained with Captain Wells's heart's blood, and at his girdle she saw with a shudder Captain Wells's scalp which she recognized by the black ribbon tied around the short queue.

Why this savage chose to assist her is not apparent, but it was probably because he recognized her as a member of

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John Kinzie's family, with whom the Pottawatomies had always been friendly.

Her shoulder had been cloven to the bone, and her feet were bruised by the stones. She was scratched and bruised by her encounter with the young Indian, and she was soaked to the skin by her immersion in the lake. She was indeed a forlorn object as she dragged herself along between her strange escorts.

Her protectors took her to the Indian tepees, and that night Black Partridge paddled her across the river and secreted her in the Ouilmette cabin.

Mrs. Heald, the Commandant's wife, had ridden out from the fort on her bay mare. The Indians had long coveted the animal, and as soon as the combat started there was a general scramble to secure it. They fired at Mrs. Heald, taking pains not to injure the mare. Her body pierced by several bullets, she finally fell from the saddle and was led away captive.

She was down but by no means out, for when a squaw tried to snatch her blanket, Mrs. Heald slashed her across the face with her riding whip. This spirited action so impressed the Indians that they formed a guard to protect the "brave white squaw" from further indignities.

The next day Chandonnais, the half-breed who had been holding Captain Heald a prisoner, offered to ransom her from her captors and succeeded in doing so. That same evening, apparently with the connivance of Chandonnais, Captain Heald and his wife escaped and eventually reached Detroit, where Captain Heald gave himself up to the British.

Mrs. Heald passed the night after the massacre in the

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Indian camp where she was the witness of many heart-rending scenes. One soldier who had fallen exhausted was stabbed repeatedly with a pitchfork by an infuriated squaw, and Mrs. Heald's ears were tormented by his shrieks and dying moans. A woman was dragged into the woods by young braves and her baby was tied to a tree to prevent it from following its mother.

In the Kinzie cabin, the little company of fugitives looked across the river and saw the Indian camp fires and the dark figures of the savages dancing in glee around the prisoners, while their ears were assailed by the shrieks of the tortured victims. In ignorance of the fate of Mrs. Kinzie's daughter, Margaret, and her husband, Lieutenant Helm, and uncertain as to their own fate, they passed the long night in fear and trembling, expecting every hour that they might be attacked.

Mr. Kinzie's friendship with the Indians served them well, however, for they were not molested and neither were their neighbors, Antoine Ouilmette, his squaw Archange, and their brood of half-breed children.

Mr. Kinzie and his family owed their safety mainly to Black Partridge and Wau-ban-see, Pottawatomies, and to Billy Caldwell, the "Sau-ga-nash," a half-breed.

Caldwell, one of the most notable personages connected with the early history of Chicago, was the son of Colonel Caldwell, an Irish officer of the British army stationed at Detroit, and his mother was a Pottawatomie, said to have been remarkable for her beauty and intelligence.

Billy was born about the year 1780 and received a good education in the Jesuit schools of Detroit, where he learned to speak and write the French and English languages

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fluently. He also spoke a number of different Indian dialects. He was large and commanding in appearance and possessed of great strength and endurance. On account of his appearance he was called by the Indians "Straight Tree," but is better known as the "Sau-ga-nash," the latter name signifying in the Indian dialect, "The Englishman."

He fought against the Americans in the War of 1812, and was a friend and follower of Tecumseh, being present at the battle of the Thames, October 13, 1813, where Tecumseh was killed. He was a captain in the British Indian Department as late as 1816 and took up his residence in Chicago about the year 1820.

In the year 1826, Caldwell was appointed Justice of the Peace for Peoria County, in which county Chicago was at the time included. He was a voter and his name appears on the poll lists of 1826 and 1830, and he usually officiated as one of the clerks of election. From the time of his coming to Fort Dearborn, he was the firm friend of the Whites, and it was due to the influence of Caldwell and Shaub-e-nee that the Pottawatomies refused to join the Winnebagoes in their projected war upon the Whites in 1827. This intervention probably prevented a second Fort Dearborn massacre.

Again, in 1832, it was the influence of Shaub-e-nee, Caldwell and Alexander Robinson which prevented the Pottawatomies from joining Black Hawk in his desperate raid upon the white settlements.

When the time came for the removal of the Indians under the various treaties made with them, it was the influence of the "Sau-ga-nash" that made the removal successful and peaceful. He determined to leave his white friends and cast

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his lot with his own people, sharing their privations and hardships. Accordingly, in 1835, when the Indians to the number of twenty-five hundred assembled at Chicago for the last time to receive their payments, it was under his leadership that they took up their line of march to their new home at Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. He never returned to his early home, but died at Council Bluffs on the 28th of September, 1841.

On the roll of honor which Chicago keeps for its heroes and benefactors, the name of Billy Caldwell the "Sau-ga-nash" should be inscribed in letters of gold.

But now to return to the Kinzie family — Black Partridge and Wau-ban-see had gone to the Kinzie house to do what they could to protect the family, and while they were there a party of Indians arrived. They entered the room in which the family was assembled with their two protectors and seated themselves on the floor in silence.

Black Partridge perceived from their looks what it was that they had in mind, but dared not remonstrate with them. He spoke in a low tone to Wau-ban-see and said, "We have tried to save our friends, but we can do nothing. They can not be saved now."

At this moment a whoop was heard from the other side of the river indicating the arrival of newcomers. Black Partridge sprang to meet their leader as their canoes touched the bank near the house.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A man. Who are you?"

"A man like yourself, but tell me *who* you are?"

"I am the Sau-ga-nash."

THE EPIC OF CHICAGO

"Then hasten to the house; your friend is in danger, and only you can save him."

By saying that he was the "Sau-ga-nash," he meant that he was a white man and the white man's friend. If he had said he was a Pottawatomie, the interpretation would have been that he was an Indian and that his sympathies were with his people.

Caldwell entered the house with a calm step and with no trace of agitation in his manner. He took off his accoutrements and placed them with his rifle behind the door, then saluted the hostile savages.

"How now, my friends!"

"Good day to you."

"I was told there were enemies here, but I am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Is it that you are mourning for the friends that you have lost in battle? Or is it that you are fasting? If so, ask our friend here and he will give you food. He is the Indians' friend and never yet refused them what they needed."

Thus taken by surprise, the savages were ashamed to acknowledge their purpose, especially to Caldwell who was a chief of the tribe. They therefore said that they had come to beg of their friends some white cotton in which to wrap their dead before burial. This was given to them with some other presents.

The Indians, after fighting over the spoils, departed for their several villages, some of them heading south to participate in the attack on Fort Wayne.

Lieutenant Helm was carried to Kankakee where Black Partridge found him and notified Kinzie's half-brother,

FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

Thomas Forsythe. Negotiations for his release were conducted through Black Partridge who, after considerable chaffering, threw in a pony, a rifle and a nose ring from his own assets and the bargain was consummated.

Lieutenant Helm made his way to Detroit where he was joined by his wife. They were arrested by the British commander, Detroit having fallen to the British in almost the same hour that the flames were destroying Fort Dearborn.

The Helms were sent on horseback during the winter to St. George on the Niagara frontier, and were finally exchanged and reached friends in New York State.

Mrs. Lee, the widow of the man whose farm, "Hardscrabble," was raided by the Indians four months before the Fort Dearborn Massacre, was carried with her baby to the village of White Partridge at Peoria. She was ransomed by a French fur trader named Du Pin, later married him, and they returned to Chicago where they lived in the Kinzie cabin during the absence of its owner.

The Kinzie family remained in hiding for three days and were joined by Quartermaster Sergeant William Griffith, who had been absent when the troops left the fort, engaged in collecting the baggage horses of the surgeon. Upon his return, he was made prisoner by the chief of the St. Joseph band of Pottawatomies who was friendly to the Whites, but escaped in the boat which conveyed the Kinzie family to St. Joseph.

The day after the massacre, Fort Dearborn and the Agency house were burned to the ground.

Of the busy prosperous little community at the mouth of the river, there remained only four or five deserted cabins.

THE EPIC OF CHICAGO

Ouilmette, the squaw man, after whom the suburb of Wilmette was named, Archange, his squaw, and their half-breed children were the sole inhabitants.

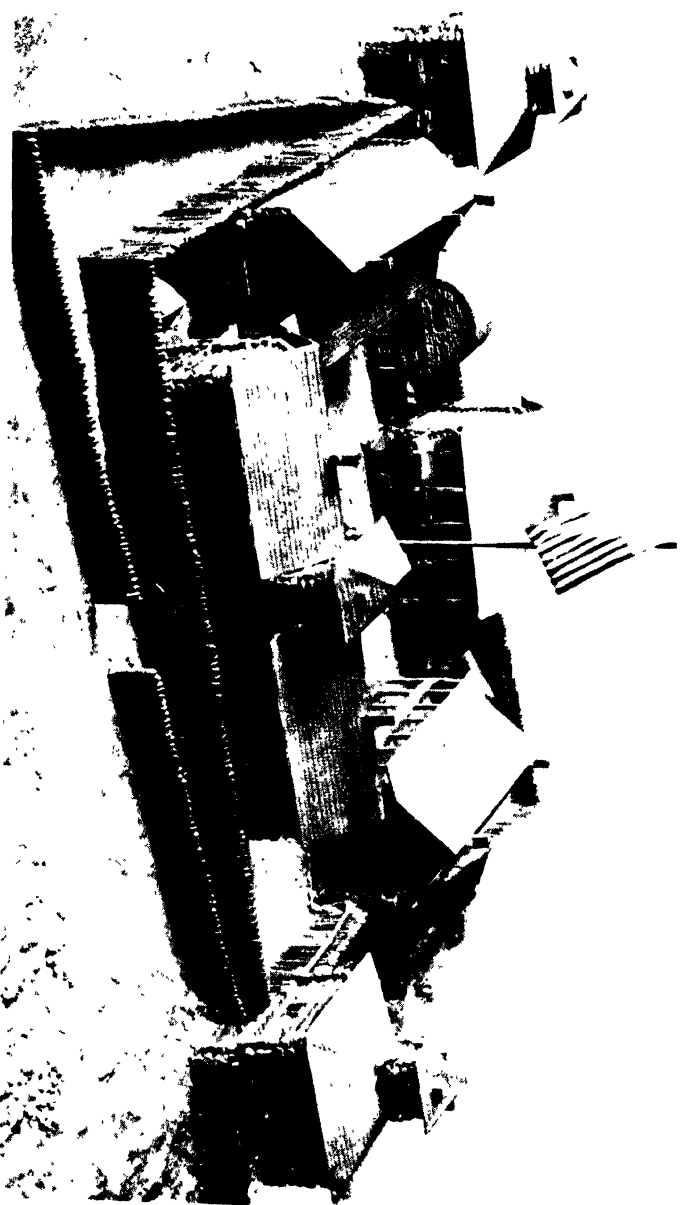
Soon after the massacre, Jean Baptiste Beaubien, Chicago's second permanent settler, arrived. He had been operating a trading post at Milwaukee where his squaw-wife, Mah-maw-bun-no-quah, had borne him two sons. In 1814, he married Josette La Framboise, daughter of another fur trader and erstwhile nursemaid to the Kinzie children.

Chicago was a better place for a trading post than Milwaukee, and heretofore John Kinzie's popularity with the Indians had given him a monopoly of the trade. With this competition removed for the time being, Beaubien transported his goods and chattels and his family to the mouth of the Chicago River, where he set up in business as the successor to Shaw-ne-aw-kee, the silver man.

The Beaubiens were famous in the early annals of the city. Mark, Jean Baptiste's brother, came to Chicago in 1826 and was the most celebrated of the early inn keepers. He built the "Sauganash," the first frame building in Chicago, at the corner of Lake and Market Streets. It was suggested to him that he should name his inn after some great man. He said that Billy Caldwell was the greatest man that he knew, so he named his inn after him.

It speaks well for the attractiveness of Chicago as a place of permanent residence that descendants of both the Kinzie and Beaubien families still live in Chicago.

As we have heretofore heard much of fur traders, who up to this time were Chicago's only business men, perhaps this is as good a time as any to give a list of the articles in



OLD FORT DEARBORN

From model owned by Chicago Historical Society

COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY



MONUMENT DEDICATED TO FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE
Scene shows Black Partridge saving Mrs. Helm

FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

which the fur traders dealt and which they exchanged with the Indians for bear, wolf, fox, beaver, raccoon, muskrat and other skins on a regular basis according to quality.

Silver fox skins were the most valuable, and next to them came marten or sable.

Each kind of skin was also graded, and the prices varied greatly with the grades. Marten, for instance, was graded as either fine dark, number one dark, number two dark, number one fine brown, number two fine brown, number one fine common, number two common, number three common, good, out of season, inferior, damaged and worthless.

Bear skins were graded extra fine she, number two ditto and fine, coarse and numbers one two and three he bear.

The successful fur trader had to know his furs, and while the Indians might squabble over the prices paid them, the trader knew that his consignments would be carefully sorted at the American Fur Company's warehouse in Mackinaw and would be paid for only at the established rate for the various grades.

Doubtless the Indians were cheated by dishonest traders, but honesty here, as in the copy books, proved to be the best policy, and the honest traders were the most successful.

Here is a list of the goods sent from Mackinaw to Chicago for the fur trade:

Arm bands, blankets, broad cord, blue cloth, brown Russia sheeting, blue bernagore handkerchiefs, black silk do., black ribbon, boxwood combs, barrel buiscuit, black bottles, boys' roram hats, brass jewsharpes, beads, blue cloth trowsers, blue cloth capotes, beaver shot, balls, black wampum, barrel salt, colored ribbon, colored gartering, crimson bed-lace, cartouche knives, colored cock feathers, cod lines, colored wor-

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sted thread, cotton-wick balls, cow bells, covered copper kettles, common needles, cotton bandanna handkerchiefs, duck shot, darning needles, embossed serge, English playing cards, embossed brooches, ear wheels, furniture cotton, fox tail feathers, flour, fire steels, gun flints, girls' worsted hose, gorgets, gunpowder, gurrachs, highland striped gartering, hawk's bills, hair trunks, half axes, highwines, hose, hand sleds, Irish linen, Indian calico handkerchiefs, ingrain ribbon, ivory combs, ingrain worsted thread, ink powder, japanned quart jacks, kettle chains, knee straps, London Scots gartering, large round ear bobs, looking-glasses, mock garnets, maitre de retz, men's shirts, men's imitation beaver hats, moon paper, narrow cord, nuns' thread, nails, northwest guns, printed cotton shawls, plain bath rings, pen knives, pierced brooches, portage collars, pepper, pins, pipes, pork, scarlet cloth, shoes, spotted swan skin, silk ferrets, scarlet milled caps, scalping knives, St. Lawrence shells, stone rings, sturgeon twine, stitching thread, snuff, snuff boxes, snaffle bridles, stirrup irons, tow sheeting, therick, tomahawks, tobacco, vermilion, white crash brushes, white molton, waist straps, white wampum, whiskey.

In looking over this list, one wonders what was the use of some of the articles and who bought them. Of course there are the good old staples for the Indian trade — beads, shot, balls, wampum, mock garnets, scarlet cloth, scalping knives, vermilion and whiskey.

Ever since the white man had landed on the shores of America, these had been the currency which he had used to trade his red brother out of his furs, his squaws, his lands, and everything else that was his brother's. The traders sold to the trappers and fur traders as well as to the Indians and many of the articles were intended for their consumption.

One wonders what use they had for many of these articles, and one also wonders what some of the articles were. What was crimson bed-lace and what was it used for? Gorgets,

FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

gurrahs, moon paper, nun's thread, spotted swan skin, therick intrigue the imagination.

Ear wheels were, no doubt, big round hoops similar to those that many women wear today, and waist straps were presumably belts. Articles with a modern sound but with a forgotten meaning are plain bath rings. In a country where baths were a luxury, dispensed with except in the summer time and then enjoyed under the most primitive conditions, "bath-rings" certainly meant something altogether different from the modern use of the term, and doubtless something that had nothing whatever to do with baths.

Soap is not included in the list of supplies, but soap was not an article of commerce at that time. The Indians had no use for soap, and if the white men wanted any they made it themselves, using the fat of the beaver or the bear and lye made from the ashes of their wood fires.

"Maitre de retz," I learned more than fifty years ago from Gurdon Hubbard meant cord for nets. One wonders who bought the "girls' worsted hose." There were practically no white women in the country. Perhaps they were a special order for Maria Kinzie, or perhaps some of the young squaws found them comfortable to wear during the Illinois winter. Equipped with ear wheels, vermilion and stockings, they would have a good start towards the equipment necessary for modern society.

THE TOMAHAWK TRIUMPHANT

Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!

EDGAR A. POE

The next four years after the massacre were a blank as far as the recorded history of Chicago is concerned. Two or three French Indian traders still lingered in the vicinity. The Indians were always more friendly with the French than with the English or Americans, especially with those Frenchmen who had Indian or half-breed wives.

The Kinzies had gone, and the busy life of the fort was stilled. The wolf picked the bones of the victims and the lonely cry of the loon sounded their requiem. The Great White Father in Washington was asleep, or his arm was too short to reach so far. "Wilderness was again King," and the red man rejoiced that he had stopped the onrush of the pale-faces and saved his hunting grounds. But in 1816, the Great White Father awoke, bethought himself of his ruined fort at Chicago and determined to rebuild it.

In July of this year, Captain Hezekiah Bradley arrived with two companies of infantry. He was charged by President Madison with the building of a new fort which should prove a bulwark for white settlers and a point of departure for the canal which was to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. The building of this canal had been recommended by him to Congress.

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So the project of a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, which had intrigued the imagination of Joliet and La Salle, seemed a step nearer accomplishment, although a long time was to elapse before even a beginning was made.

When Captain Bradley arrived, he was welcomed by the whole population, some twelve or fifteen of them, comprised in the four families of Du Pin, Ouilmette, Beaubien and Robinson.

John Kinzie soon heard of the building of the fort, and in 1816 brought his family back to occupy their old cabin, and the Du Pins were forced to seek new quarters.

Captain Bradley's first task was to gather the bones of the victims of the massacre and give them burial in the space which had been set aside as the garrison cemetery. The wind and water which continually swept the lake shore brought these rude coffins to view later.

Long John Wentworth, who came to Chicago in 1836, said that one of his earliest recollections of the city was the sight of these coffins projecting from the steep banks of the lake, south of Lake Street.

Having discharged his pious duty to the dead, Captain Bradley purchased the half-grown corn crop which had been planted in the grounds of the deserted fort by Antoine Ouilmette and Chief Alexander Robinson, and turned his attention to the building of the fort.

The new Fort Dearborn was a square stockade, enclosing barracks, officers' quarters, powder magazine and provision store-house. Bastions of earth were thrown up on the north-east and southwest corners and a block-house was built at the southwest corner.

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This block-house was the last landmark of early pioneer days and stood until 1857. It was a familiar spectacle to my father, Henry E. Hamilton, who died in 1924, and there are people still living who remember it.

The next few years are a twilight period as far as Chicago is concerned. It had no history worth recording, and only a few inhabitants outside the fort. For five years, from October 1822 to October 1828, the fort was without a garrison, and Chicago was merely a port of call and a brief camping place for fur traders and trappers who made the portage by way of Mud Lake to the Desplaines and so down the Illinois River to the Mississippi. When Gurdon Hubbard came to Chicago in 1818, he said that there were two and one-half houses outside the fort. The half house was Antoine Ouilmette's which was about one-half fallen down.

One other traveler came to Chicago in 1818 and has left a written record of his trip. This was Colonel Abram Edwards, who published an article in the Janesville Standard, August 30, 1855. He made a trip to Chicago in May of 1818 with the army paymaster who was ordered to pay off the troops at Mackinaw, Green Bay and Fort Dearborn.

His narrative proceeds as follows:

"We left Detroit in the month of May in a small schooner for Mackinaw, and from thence by the same mode of conveyance to Green Bay.

"At Green Bay we purchased a bark canoe and had it fitted up for our voyage. Major Z. Taylor, afterwards President, commanding the post, furnished us with seven expert canoe men to manage our frail bark.

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"We left Green Bay after dinner and went to the head of Sturgeon Bay, forty miles and encamped for the night.

"The next morning we carried our canoe two and one-half miles over the portage to Lake Michigan, and after getting our baggage over were willing to encamp for the night.

"The next morning found us in our canoe afloat on the waters of the lake, paddling our way to Chicago where we arrived on the third day from our Lake Shore Encampment.

"On our passage, although we frequently landed, we did not meet with a white man. We were, however, informed that one was trading with the Indians at Milwaukee.

"At Twin Rivers, Manitowoc, Sheboygan, and Milwaukee the shore of the lake was lined with Indians. Near Manitowoc many were out in canoes spearing white fish.

"I am reminded of these reminiscences, having recently noticed in the public prints a census of the inhabitants of the cities and towns that have grown upon this very lake shore, which for beauty and population are equal to many of the cities and towns of the old states, and which shores, when traversed, were then peopled by savages, and indeed, from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River was one wide waste of unoccupied territory.

"Indeed from Detroit to Chicago you had no track, but the Indian path from one city to the other, and without any shelter for the weary traveler; where now in Michigan there are nearly one million inhabitants with all the facilities of conveyance and comfort one may find in the older states.

"Chicago in 1818 was only a garrison commanded by

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Major Baker, with no settlements near; now it probably contains a population of over 70,000 or 10,000 more than can be numbered in the old city of Albany."

The next visitor who has left us a written account of Chicago came in August 1820. This was Henry R. Schoolcraft, mineralogist, assigned to accompany an exploring party sent out by the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun.

The party came from Detroit in three large bark canoes. In his account, Mr. Schoolcraft says that the party arrived at Chicago on August 29, 1820, and found four or five families living there. The Pottawatomies, he says, appeared to be the lords of the soil, if laziness and utter inappreciation of the value of time be a test of lordliness.

Mr. Schoolcraft continues: "The river is ample and deep for a few miles, but is utterly choked up by the lake sands, through which through a masked margin, it oozes its way for a mile or two till it percolates through the sand into the lake. Its banks consist of a black, arenaceous, fertile soil which is stated to produce abundantly in its season the wild species of cepa or leek. This Circumstance has led the natives to name it, the place of the wild leek."

As to the derivation of the name Chicago, there has been much discussion on this point. The writer once asked Gurdon Hubbard the meaning of the word. Mr. Hubbard was familiar with all of the Indian dialects, and in replying he pronounced the Indian words for skunk and wild onion. He pronounced them with an explosive utterance as if he spat some distasteful thing from his mouth, and the words sounded so nearly alike that only a trained ear could note the difference. He explained that the Indians have not so

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many words in their language as the Whites and that the same word, with different inflections, has various meanings. He gave it as his opinion that the word Chicago meant "smelling thing" and might have been derived from the skunk or from the wild onion.

"The country around Chicago is the most fertile and beautiful that can be imagined. It consists of an intermixture of woods and prairies, diversified and gentle slopes, sometimes attaining the elevation of hills, and it is irrigated with a number of clear streams and rivers, which throw their waters partly into Lake Michigan and partly into the Mississippi River.

"As a farming country, it presents the greatest facilities for raising stock and grains, and it is one of the most favored parts of the Mississippi Valley. The climate has a delightful serenity, and it must, as soon as the Indian title is extinguished, become one of the most attractive fields for the emigrant.

"To the ordinary advantages of an agricultural market town, it must add that of being a depot for the commerce between the northern and southern sections of the Union, and a great thoroughfare for strangers, merchants and travelers."

Mr. Schoolcraft was evidently a man of vision and not to be misled by superficial appearances.

In 1823 came another visitor who has recorded his impressions of Chicago.

William H. Keating, A.M. etc., professor of mineralogy and chemistry, as applied to the Arts, in the University of Pennsylvania, was geologist and historiographer to the Ex-

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pedition sent out by the Honorable J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, to discover the source of St. Peter's River.

The Expedition was under the command of Major Stephen H. Long, and the results of the observations made during the journey were published in two volumes in 1824, the work being dedicated to His Excellency, James Monroe, President of the United States. Coming overland by way of Wheeling, Columbus and Fort Wayne, the travelers reached Chicago on the fifth of June, 1823, taking eight days for the journey from Fort Wayne, a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles.

Nature should have been at its best at this time of the year, but Mr. Keating might have paraphrased Heber's lines and made them read:

Every prospect displeases
And man is also vile.

Read his description and marvel that Chicago ever grew to be a city.

"We were much disappointed at the appearance of Chicago and its vicinity. We found in it nothing to justify the great eulogium lavished upon this place by a late traveler [Schoolcraft], who observes that 'it is the most fertile and beautiful that can be imagined.' 'As a farming country,' says he, 'it unites the fertile soil of the finest lowland prairies with an elevation which exempts it from the influence of stagnant waters, and a summer climate of delightful serenity.' The best comment upon this description of the climate and soil is the fact that, with the most active vigilance on the part of the officers, it was impossible for the garrison, con-

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sisting of from seventy to ninety men, to subsist themselves upon the grain raised in the country, although much of their time was devoted to agricultural pursuits. The difficulties which the agriculturist meets with here are numerous; they arise from the shallowness of the soil, from its humidity, and from its exposure to the cold and damp winds which blow from the lake with great force during most part of the year; the grain is frequently destroyed by swarms of insects; there are also a number of destructive birds of which it was impossible for the garrison to avoid the baneful influence, except by keeping, as was practised at Fort Dearborn, a party of soldiers constantly engaged at shooting at the crows and blackbirds that depredated upon the corn planted by them. But, even with all these exertions, the maize seldom has time to ripen, owing to the shortness and coldness of the season. The provisions for the garrison were, for the most part, conveyed from Mackinaw in a schooner, and sometimes they were brought from St. Louis, a distance of three hundred and eighty-six miles up the Illinois and Desplaines rivers.

“The appearance of the country near Chicago offers but few features upon which the eye of the traveler can dwell with pleasure. There is too much uniformity in the scenery; the extensive water prospect is a waste unchecked by islands, unenlivened by the spreading canvass, and the fatiguing monotony of which is increased by the equally undiversified prospect of the land scenery, which affords no relief to the sight, as it consists merely of a plain in which but few patches of thin and scrubby woods are observed scattered here and there.

“The village presents no cheering prospect, as, notwith-

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standing its antiquity, it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians from whom they are descended. Their log or bark houses are low, filthy and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort. Chicago is perhaps one of the oldest settlements in the Indian country; its name, derived from the Pottawatomie language, signifies either a skunk, or a wild onion; and either of these significations has been occasionally given for it. A fort is said to have formerly existed there. Mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671 by Perot, who found "Chicagou" to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miamis. The number of trails centering all at this spot, and their apparent antiquity, indicate that this was probably for a long while the site of a large Indian village. As a place of business, it offers no inducement to the settler; for the whole annual amount of trade on the lake did not exceed the cargo of five or six schooners even at the time when the garrison received its supplies from Mackinaw. It is not impossible that at some distant day, when the banks of the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population, and when the low prairies which extend between that river and Fort Wayne shall have acquired a population proportionate to the produce which they can yield, that Chicago may become one of the points in the direct line of communication between the northern lakes and the Mississippi; but even the intercourse which will be carried on through this communication will, we think, at all times be a limited one; the dangers attending the navigation of the lake, and the scarcity of harbours along the shore must ever prove a serious obstacle to the increase of the com-

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mercial importance of Chicago. The extent of the sand banks which are formed on the eastern and southern shore, by the prevailing north and northwesterly winds, will likewise prevent any important works from being undertaken to improve the port of Chicago."

John H. Fonda of Prairie du Chien came to Chicago in 1825. He says: "At that time Chicago was merely an Indian Agency; it contained about fourteen houses, and not more than seventy-five or one hundred inhabitants at the most. An agent of the American Fur Company, named Gurdon S. Hubbard, then occupied the fort.

"The staple business seemed to be carried on by the Indians and run-away soldiers, who hunted ducks and muskrats in the marshes. There was a great deal of low land; and mostly destitute of timber. The principal inhabitants were the Indian agent, Dr. Wolcott, Mr. Hubbard, a Frenchman by the name of Ouilmette and John B. Beaubien."

Chicago at this time was a part of Peoria County and the assessment roll for this year shows fourteen taxpayers at Chicago, although Jonas Clybourne and John K. Clark lived several miles up the North Branch of the river and the two La Framboise brothers lived an equal distance up the South Branch.

It would appear that Mr. Fonda's estimate of the population was exaggerated, because in 1827, two years later, Fort Dearborn was struck by lightning and a portion of it was burned. The population, which was stated by an eyewitness to be about forty persons, turned out en masse to help extinguish the fire.

The Clybourne family came to Chicago in 1823, and Mark

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Beaubien, the younger brother of Jean Baptiste Beaubien, in 1826, and descendants of both families are living in Chicago today. In the main, however, the settlement made very little progress during the eighteen years between the Fort Dearborn massacre and 1830.

THE YOUNG FUR TRADER

IN MEMORY OF
GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD
1802-1818-1886

*In boat-songs of the daring voyageurs
He caught the pæns of a mighty mart;
In rushing waves along these wind-swept shores
He felt the beating of swift Commerce's heart;
The flower-bright prairie to his inward eye
Rustled in gold to feed the million's need;
And silent trails he followed till the sky
Revealed vast streets alive with Traffic's roar.
For faith was in his soul and cleared his sight;
And strength was his, as of the oak he blazed;
And largeness, like the generous sky that raised
Its roof above him; and love of right
That made this man a man of peace and might.*

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard was the greatest of the Chicago pioneers, the only one of the old fur traders who kept step with the march of civilization, and was as successful in the latter-day business world as he had been in the days of primitive barter with the Indians.

From the time that Mr. Hubbard came to Chicago in 1818 until his death in 1886, he practically belonged to Chicago. Whether at his camp on the Illinois River, at his trading post at Danville, on his trips around the lake to Mackinaw, on his visits to Fort Dearborn or to the Indian tribes in the

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surrounding country, or in his great packing house or shipping office in the growing metropolis, Chicago was the hub around which his activities centered. For sixty-eight years, his life was an epitome of the life of Chicago, and the complete story of his life for these sixty-eight years might fittingly be called *The Epic of Chicago*.

Caroline McIlvaine, for many years librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, wrote of him as follows:

“Intimate as a brother with the Indians, and yet able to defend the Whites from their treachery, possessed of the strength and skill of the former, with the diplomacy and aplomb of the later, swift of foot, huge of stature, Hubbard seems as he looms up in history like the survivor of some former race, — a giant whose youthful adventures might have been passed on by tradition, as of a being more than human.

“Something he undoubtedly imbibed from the Indians, which added to his own firm fibre, made him the hero that he was in the estimation of his contemporaries and rendered him, in a very true sense, a representative American. That he was able to adapt himself to civilization, and to infuse into others something of the fire which burned within him, is in large part, we believe, the secret of much of Chicago’s extraordinary advance. If we have moved at a rapid pace, it is perhaps because that pace was set by ‘Pa-pa-ma-ta-be,’ ‘The Swift Walker.’”

Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard was born in Windsor, Vermont, August 22, 1802. He was descended on both sides from families which had a long and distinguished career in Colonial history. Both his grandfathers were officers in the

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War of the Revolution. His father's brother, George, at the age of twelve accompanied his father to the war and, becoming a drummer boy, was one of a drum corps which drummed at the execution of Major André. He spent the terrible winter of 1778-79 at Valley Forge, and during the entire seven and one-half years of the war saw his home but once.

Gurdon's father, Elizur, was born in 1775 and was, of course, too young to take part in the war. Descended from a race of Puritan ancestors who had braved the wrath of King Charles in the old country and who had faced the wilderness perils of the new country, the boy Gurdon was admirably fitted by heredity and native qualities to take that leading part which he afterwards assumed in the building of Chicago.

His father, by profession a lawyer, unfortunately went into business in Windsor and, during the War of 1812, lost all of his property and became bankrupt.

The family was exceedingly poor, having surrendered all of its possessions to creditors, and there was but small opportunity for a lawyer in Windsor. Accordingly, in May 1815, Elizur Hubbard took his family to Montreal, intending to engage in the practice of his profession there.

He found, however, that a new law had been passed in Canada, by which a lawyer might not practice in the Canadian courts until he had taken an oath of allegiance to his Britannic Majesty. This was an insuperable difficulty. A Hubbard might starve without disgrace, but to take an oath of allegiance to the King of England was something that he could not do. He earned a little money as Consulting

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Attorney, and his wife kept boarders, but it was hard to keep the wolf from the door.

The boy Gurdon, now thirteen years of age, engaged in business on his own account. His capital was the sum of twenty-five cents which was loaned him by a friend. With this he bought from Vermont farmers remnants of their loads of poultry, butter, cheese, etc., and peddled them. By this means he earned, during the winter of 1815, between eighty and one hundred dollars which was all turned in to the family treasury. Thus early did he betray that genius for trade which was to make him the foremost merchant of the budding metropolis of the west.

In the spring of 1816, his father procured for him a position in the hardware store of John Frothingham, where he received for his services his board. He slept on the counter, swept out the store in the morning, ran errands, delivered packages and did such work as a boy could do. He worked hard and won the favor of his employer and his fellow clerks.

Gurdon had but one intimate friend outside the store, a youth a couple of years older than himself named John Dyde. This young man's father kept a boarding house where William Matthews, agent of the American Fur Company, was one of his boarders. About this time, Mr. Matthews had received instructions from John Jacob Astor, the head of the American Fur Company, to engage twelve young men as clerks and one hundred Canadian voyageurs, and to purchase a quantity of goods for the Indian trade.

The goods were to be transported in batteaux manned by these voyageurs, and delivered to Ramsay Crooks, Manager of the American Fur Company at Mackinaw. Young Dyde

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told his friend, Gurdon Hubbard, of this and that he was trying to prevail upon his own father and mother to procure an engagement for him as one of the clerks. As he was but eighteen years of age, his parents opposed his wishes, and Mr. Matthews also discouraged the idea.

By persistence, however, he finally gained the permission of his parents, and was enrolled as one of the party. Gurdon became fired with a desire to join this party, and his friend John Dyde was anxious to have him as a fellow clerk. However, John said that there was no use in trying to persuade Mr. Matthews to take him, as he himself had had great difficulty in persuading Mr. Matthews to overlook his youth. He was four years younger than the next youngest member of the party; moreover, the number was complete, he being the twelfth.

Gurdon being not yet sixteen, it would appear to be fruitless for him to seek a position with the party. Besides this difficulty, Gurdon's father and mother were resolutely opposed to his engaging in such an enterprise. In spite of all opposition, Gurdon persisted in his efforts and importunities.

His father had been employed by Mr. Matthews to draw up articles of agreement for the voyageurs to sign and knew that the roster of clerks was complete. Being quite confident that Gurdon would not be accepted, he finally told the boy that he might go if Mr. Matthews would take him.

Gurdon, with the assistance of John Dyde, now went to work on Mr. Matthews. Mr. Matthews told him that he was too young and that the complement of clerks had been filled, but he finally said, "If you can get your parents' consent I will engage you for five years at one hundred and twenty

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dollars per year, more on John Dyde's account than anything else, as he wants you to go."

The agreement was soon thereafter signed, and Gurdon received fifty dollars advance payment with which his mother purchased his outfit. A part of this outfit consisted of a swallow-tail coat, pants and vest, all much too large and designed to be filled by future growth.

Orders had been issued for the voyageurs to report at Lachine on the first of May, and the clerks were to report at the same place at 10 o'clock A.M., May 13.

On the thirteenth of May, 1818, having bid adieu to his mother and sisters, Gurdon started for Lachine, accompanied by his father and brother. He arrived about 9 A.M. and reported for duty. The boats were all loaded, the clerks and voyageurs were there, and everything was ready for departure.

The boats or batteaux, known as "Mackinaw boats," were made on the same model as the Indian birchbark canoe, except that they were much larger and were decked over at the stern. They were made of bark stripped from the birch, sewed together with spruce fiber, and waterproofed by pouring hot pitch over the seams. The bark was held in place by a light skeleton frame of cedar. The batteaux were from thirty to fifty feet long and, in addition to their crew of eight men, could carry three or four tons of freight stacked in the center and covered with skins which were secured to the sides of the craft. Notwithstanding their great size, they were so light that they were easily carried on the shoulders of two men. In making portages from one waterway to another, the boats were unloaded and carried

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across the portage, while the packages of freight were strapped to the backs of others and carried in this fashion from one waterway to the other. If the boat was heavily laden, it was often necessary to make several trips across the portage, and where the distance was eight to ten miles, it often took two weeks or more to make the portage.

In the water, the boats were propelled by paddles made of light red cedar, and sometimes, especially in navigating the lakes, a small sail was hoisted. The steering was done by a man who stood on the deck at the stern and wielded a very long oar. The men were easily capable of paddling at an average rate of forty strokes to the minute, which made a speed of about four miles an hour, or forty miles a day. Of course, when paddling against the current and through rapids, the work was harder and the speed much reduced. Under such conditions, a distance of three or four miles might be all that it was possible to achieve in a day. The endurance and hardihood of these paddlers was marvelous. One traveler tells of his men paddling from three o'clock in the morning until half past nine at night, accomplishing a distance of seventy-nine miles.

The Canadian voyageurs or engagés have long since passed from the scene. The extinction of the fur trade and the adoption of other means of transportation put them out of business.

Mrs. Kinzie says of them in *Waubun*:

"They were unlike any other class of men. Like the poet, they seemed born to their vocation. Sturdy, enduring, ingenious and light-hearted, they possessed a spirit capable of adjusting itself to any emergency. No difficulties baffled,

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no hardships discouraged them; while their affectionate nature led them to form attachments of the warmest character to their 'bourgeois' or master, as well as to the native inhabitants among whom their engagements carried them."

Montreal, or according to their own pronunciation, "Mari-alle," was their depot. It was at that place that the agents commissioned to make up the quota for the different companies and traders found the material for their selections. The terms of engagement were usually from four to six hundred livres (ancient Quebec currency) per annum as wages, with rations of one quart of lyed corn and two ounces of tallow per day or its equivalent in whatever sort of food was to be found in the Indian country. Instances have been known of their submitting cheerfully to fare upon fresh fish and maple sugar for a whole winter when cut off from other supplies.

It was a common saying, "Keep an engagé to his corn and tallow, he will serve you well — give him pork and bread, and he soon gets beyond your management." The voyageurs always sang when rowing or paddling; the bourgeois or "boss" singing the air and the crew joining in a boisterous chorus.

Their songs were of a light and cheerful nature, usually having some central witticism or joke, the more obvious the better.

The time for leave-taking having expired, the bourgeois gave the command, "To boats all," and in a few moments all hands were aboard and pushing off from the shore amid cheers and farewell shouts.

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The voyageurs in Mr. Matthews' boat started the boat song:

Bourgeois — Michaud est monté dans un prunier,
Pour trellier des prunes.
La branche a cassé —

Chorus — Michaud a tombé?

Bourgeois — Où est-ce qu'il est?

Chorus — Il est en bas.

Bourgeois — Oh! reveille, reveille, reveille,
Oh! reveille, Michaud est en haut

Translation:

Michaud climbed into a plum tree to gather plums.

The branch broke.

Michaud fell?

Where is he?

He is down on the ground.

Oh, wake up! wake up!

Michaud is up in the tree

The joke in this case is that one supposes that Michaud fell when the branch broke and is surprised to find that he is still in the tree. Michaud climbed peach trees and pear trees and all other kinds of fruit trees before the first stopping place was reached, and every time with the same surprising result.

It was the custom for the voyageurs to stop every five or six miles for a ten-minute rest and smoke, so that the distance was often referred to as so many pipes, instead of so many miles. Accordingly, after an hour or two, the shout of the bourgeois was heard, "À terre — pour la pipe!"

At noon, the boats stopped for lunch, which for the clerks consisted of wine, crackers and cheese. A half-hour was allowed for lunch, and the expedition was again on its way.

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About four in the afternoon, camp was made for the night. The clerks messed with Mr. Matthews in a tent provided for the purpose, and a small sleeping tent was allotted to each group of four clerks.

The voyageurs had no shelter except tarpaulins, which in stormy weather were placed upon poles, thus forming a roof. Log fires were kindled at either or both ends, and each man was provided with one blanket. The voyageurs kept their clothing and tobacco in linen or tow bags provided by the company for that purpose. The clerks were supplied with a thin mattress upon which two slept with a blanket each. A small tarpaulin was provided in which to roll up their mattress and blankets, the tarpaulin also serving as a carpet for the tents.

The voyageurs were fed exclusively upon pea soup and salt pork, and on Sunday an extra allowance of hard biscuit. The tables of the clerks were also supplied with salt pork and pea soup, and in addition thereto, with tea, sugar, hard bread and such meats as could be procured from time to time.

All took breakfast at daybreak, and soon after sunrise the boats were under way. One hour was allowed at noon for dinner, and at four or five o'clock camp was made for the night, which made a long day of hard work for the men, with only the brief intermittent periods for pipes.

The boats were heavily laden and progress up the swift St. Lawrence was necessarily slow. At places where the rapids were heavy, the crews of three, and sometimes four boats were allotted to one. Seven or eight men would stay in the water, pushing and pulling to keep the boat from sheering into the current. Two men remained in the boat,

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one in the bow and one in the stern, each with an iron-pointed pole to aid the men in the water, and to steer and keep the bow heading the current. The remainder of the men on shore pulled on a rope which was attached to the bow. With all this force, the current at times was so strong that the boat would scarcely move; and the current would raise the water to the very top of the "cut-water" and sometimes even over the sides of the boat. On several occasions, the boat and men were dragged backward until they found an "eddy" where they could stop and rest for another effort.

The work was very severe on the men, as they toiled from early morning until night, with only an hour's interval at noon, and an occasional respite when stemming a swift current. Great dissatisfaction prevailed among the voyageurs, and desertions were frequent in spite of the fact that guards were posted at night.

The expedition moved steadily forward, however, making a daily average of about fifteen miles, and reached Toronto, then called "Little York," in about a month from the time it left Lachine.

Little York at this time was a small town of about three hundred inhabitants, mostly French Canadians, and gave no evidence of the fact that it was to become a great city. Indeed, in view of the fact that for one hundred and fifty years the course of traffic had been by way of the Niagara portage to Lake Erie, and through Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River to Lake Huron, it might have been supposed that the mouth of the Niagara River would be a better location for a city.

There was a much shorter route to the upper lakes, al-

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though a more difficult one. This was the wilderness route which led straight across from Little York to Georgian Bay, a part of Lake Huron.

Mr. Matthews had intended to proceed by the former route, but being influenced perhaps by the fact that his men could not very well desert if they went by the wilderness route, he decided to go this way. Accordingly, ox teams were hired, the goods were loaded into carts and hauled to Lake Simcoe. Here the expedition encamped for two weeks until all of the boats had been brought across, launched on the waters of the lake and reloaded.

Two yoke of oxen were taken aboard the boats for use in future portages and the party proceeded to the other end of the lake. Here with the help of the oxen, the goods and boats were transferred across the portage to the Not-ta-wa-sa-ga river. Although this portage was only six miles long, it took a week to get the goods and boats across, the party in the meantime being nearly devoured by mosquitoes and gnats.

It was with lightened hearts that the expedition found itself launched upon a current flowing towards their destination instead of away from it. The voyageurs again lifted up their voices, and keeping time with their paddles to the melodious strains of "Le Rosier Blanc" they paddled down the little stream until they reached the shores of the big lake, along which they coasted.

Early in the afternoon of July 3, they reached Goose Island and encamped in sight of Mich-il-i-mac-i-nac, "The Great Turtle." The wind being too strong for them to cross the

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open lake, they spent the evening around their camp fires, feasting on gulls' eggs which were abundant on the island.

The morning of the fourth they spent in washing and dressing in their best clothes, and in the afternoon, in spite of the high wind, they succeeded in making the passage and landed on Mackinaw Island at the foot of "Robinson's Folly" at about five o'clock July 4, 1818, having taken fifty-two days to make the journey from Lachine.

The letter which Gurdon wrote to his mother announcing his safe arrival is in the possession of the writer. It was not written until three weeks after he reached Mackinaw, and he explains that it is not possible to send letters very frequently and that this one is sent by the kindness of a gentleman who is going to Detroit, and who will mail it there. Written in a boyish, unformed hand with many words misspelled, it describes the portage from Little York to Lake Simcoe, as a "pleasant walk through the woods." There is no mention of hardship or peril during the voyage; in fact, he dismisses the whole subject with the sentence, "We saw quite a few rocks and a lot of Indians."

Rather an unsatisfactory letter, one would think, for a mother to receive from her son after such an eventful trip. But it is evident that his omission of details of the strenuous journey is dictated by the consideration of a devoted son, for he concludes with the words: "Do not feel anxious about me, Dear Mother, for I assure you I shall do very well. We are treated better than I expected by our employers. . . . I remain, your most affectionate son

G. S. Hubbard "

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Mackinaw Island at this time was the trading headquarters of the great American Fur Company, and it is difficult at the present time to realize what a dominating influence this company had over the entire western country, and the distinction which came to Mackinaw by reason of its being the company headquarters. It must be remembered that the only business which Chicago had at this time was the fur trade and that the only inhabitants which it had were fur traders. This was also substantially true of all the great territory now comprised in the states of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The fur traders, and the Indians as well, throughout this region looked to Mackinaw for their supplies and as the market for their produce. The gradings of furs and the prices fixed for them by the company's agents in Mackinaw were standard throughout the wilderness, quite as much as the price of wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade is standard throughout the world today. Mackinaw was the "Great Central Market" and the entrepôt of the northwest before Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis or Duluth had even started. It far surpassed Detroit or St. Louis in volume of business handled, and in the summer time, at least, its population was greater than any of the above mentioned places, or all of them put together, for that matter.

A great historical romance might be written around the Mackinaw of the first few years of the nineteenth century. Surely there has never been anywhere in America a more variegated and colorful life.

Among the voyageurs were soldiers of the Empire, who had fought under Napoleon at Austerlitz and Jena; there

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were Yankees who had been with Jackson at New Orleans and with Perry at the battle of Lake Erie. Among the Indians were braves who had struck the warpost when Tecumseh flung the gauge of battle to the Whites, and who followed him to defeat at the battle of the Thames. Some of the older chiefs could remember the great Pontiac and had been with him at the Siege of Detroit. There were college graduates among the clerks and factors and scions of the best families of the young Republic among the officers at the Post, and there were adventurers and gamblers, business men, soldiers, Indians, black-robed Jesuits, ladies of quality, squaws and camp followers of various kinds. In short, all the personnel for a first class romance with a most romantic environment as a background.

The force of the company, when all were assembled on the island, numbered about four hundred clerks and traders, together with some two thousand voyageurs. Dances and parties were given every night, by the residents of the island in honor of the traders, and they in their turn reciprocated with balls and jollifications. In each "brigade" or outfit was to be found one who, from superior strength or bravery, was looked upon as the "bully" of his brigade and who, as a distinguishing mark, wore a black feather in his cap. These "bullies" were good fighters and were always governed by the rules of fair play. It was the rule that they should fight each other; hence fights were frequent. The vanquished one gave up his black feather to the victor and shook hands with him to show that there was no hard feeling.

Into this motley assemblage the young Gurdon was thrust

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and set to work in the fur warehouse sorting and grading furs. His hours were from five in the morning to noon and from one to seven. He worked diligently and the experience which he gained afterwards made him the best judge of fur in the Illinois country, and caused the American Fur Company to offer him a partnership.

True to his New England training the boy saved his money to send to his mother and did not participate in the revelries engaged in by the voyageurs and many of the clerks. There were a number of fine families on the island and the good women of these families took an interest in the lad whom they called "the boy clerk," and invited him to their homes. Here he spent his leisure evenings, gaining much information that was of use to him in his future life as a fur trader and making acquaintances, some of which were of value to him later on. Among these acquaintances was Mr. Deschamps, an old Frenchman who was the head of the "Illinois outfit." Here also he began a friendship with John H. Kinzie, a clerk of about his own age. Young Kinzie was a son of John Kinzie whose cabin was across the river from Fort Dearborn.

When the brigades were preparing to start for the Indian country in the fall, Gurdon was detailed to the Lake Superior brigade, but, through the influence of Mr. Deschamps, effected an exchange with another clerk and was assigned to the Illinois brigade. If this exchange had not been made, this story would not have been written and doubtless the story of Chicago would have been quite a different one.

The clerk with whom Gurdon exchanged froze to death

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that winter in the inhospitable regions of the north, while Gurdon found his lot in the not always balmy, but more temperate land of the Illinois.

The Illinois brigade left Mackinaw about noon on the 10th of September, 1818. Young Gurdon took with him a letter of introduction from his friend John Kinzie to John's people in Chicago and a package for delivery to them.

Mr. Deschamps, the leader of the brigade, took Gurdon with him in his boat, and as the flotilla of twelve boats left the harbor, started the boat song, the crews joining in the refrain as usual. The boats progressed at the rate of about twenty miles a day under oars, and when the wind was favorable the crews hoisted their sails and made from seventy to seventy-five miles a day. At night, the party camped on shore, the traders being provided with small tents and the men sleeping under the boat tarpaulins. If the lake was too rough or the head wind too strong, they would sometimes be obliged to remain on shore for a day or two until the weather calmed down. This period they filled in with games such as racing, wrestling, and card playing, or perhaps in hunting or fishing.

Thus journeying down the east shore for twenty days, on the evening of September 30 they reached the mouth of the Calumet River, twelve miles from Chicago. Here they met a party of Indians, returning to their villages from a visit to Chicago. They were very drunk and before midnight commenced a fight in which a number of them were killed. Perhaps this is the first recorded instance of visitors to Chicago imbibing too much fire water, but unfortunately

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it is not the last. Owing to this disturbance the party crossed the river and camped on the other side. In the morning they completed their journey.

We will let Gurdon Hubbard tell the story of this momentous arrival and his first impressions.

FORT DEARBORN

*A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air
And deepening still the dreamlike charm. . . .*

EMILY BRONTË

“We started at dawn. The morning was calm and bright, and we, in our holiday attire, with flags flying, completed the last twelve miles of our lake voyage. Arriving at Douglas Grove, where the prairie could be seen through the oak woods, I landed, and climbing a tree, gazed in admiration on the first prairie I had ever seen. The waving grass, intermingling with a rich profusion of wild flowers, was the most beautiful sight I had ever gazed upon. In the distance the grove of Blue Island loomed up, beyond it the timber on the Desplaines River, while to give animation to the scene, a herd of wild deer appeared, and a pair of red foxes emerged from the grass within gunshot of me.

“Looking north, I saw the whitewashed buildings of Fort Dearborn sparkling in the sunshine, our boats with flags flying, and oars keeping time to the cheering boat song. I was spellbound and amazed at the beautiful scene before me. I took the trail leading to the fort, and, on my arrival, found our party camped on the north side of the river, near what is now State street. A soldier ferried me across the river in a canoe, and thus I made my first entry into Chicago, October 1, 1818.”

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Gurdon met Mr. Kinzie, presented his letter and package, and was invited to take breakfast with the Kinzie family the next morning. When he sat down for the first time since he had left Montreal at a neat, well-ordered table, memories of his home and his mother overcame him, and tears forced themselves to his eyes. Mrs. Kinzie perceived his embarrassment and led him to an adjoining room where he bathed his eyes in cold water. She told him that she knew a good deal more about him than he thought for and that she was going to be a mother to him if he would let her, and so the young lad found a new home in the wilderness, and ever afterwards on his journeyings back and forth he was received like a son in the Kinzie family and Robert A., "Bob," Kinzie became his best friend.

After a few days in Chicago spent in resting and repairing the boats, the expedition struck camp, proceeded up the South Branch of the Chicago River and camped for a day at the point where the portage to the Desplaines River commenced. This portage was made by way of Mud Lake, so called, although it was more a morass than a lake and drained partly into the Chicago River and partly into the Desplaines. In very wet seasons there was sufficient water in the lake to float an empty boat, but most of the time the lake had the consistency of mud.

The boats were unloaded, and pulled, empty, up the narrow crooked channel to this lake. Here the real labor of the portage commenced as the mud was thick and deep, with only occasional patches of water. Forked tree branches were tied to the boat poles in order to gain some bearing on the roots and grass tussocks. Four men remained in each

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boat and pushed with the poles, while six or eight others waded in the mud and pulled and jerked the boat along, aiding as best they might the pole pushers in the boat. These waders had the most arduous part of the task as they frequently sank up to their waists in the mud and at times were forced to cling to the sides of the boat to keep from being totally submerged.

The task of getting the boats across Mud Lake took from daylight till dark, and in the meantime those members of the expedition not engaged in transferring the boats were engaged in transporting the goods on their backs.

When the day was over, every member of the expedition was worn out, and those who had waded through the mud still had the task of ridding themselves of bloodsuckers. The lake was full of these pests, which stuck so tight to the body that it was impossible to dislodge them without tearing them to pieces. In addition, those who waded through the mud suffered great pain and distress for two or three days as their limbs became swollen and inflamed. When night came they were assailed by countless myriads of mosquitoes against which they had no defense and which destroyed any hope of rest.

Three days of much toil and suffering were consumed in transferring the boats and goods over the portage of six or seven miles which separated the Chicago River from the Desplaines.

After a short rest the expedition reloaded the boats and resumed its voyage down the Desplaines. They had proceeded but a short distance, however, before they were compelled by low water to again unload their boats and pull

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them empty over the shoals until they again reached deep water. This proceeding involved a day of hard labor.

Progress became increasingly difficult and for most of the distance until they reached the Illinois River, they were obliged to carry the goods on their backs, while the lightened boats were dragged over the rocks and shoals. Proceeding in this manner, it took three weeks to get to the mouth of the Fox River, a distance of not more than seventy-five miles.

Two days more brought them to Starved Rock on the Illinois River. Parkman in *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, thus describes this great natural monument:

"The cliff called 'Starved Rock' now pointed out to travelers as the chief natural curiosity of the region, rises steep on three sides as a castle wall to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet above the river. In front, it overhangs the water that washes its base; its western brow looks down on the tops of the forest trees below; and on the east is a wide gorge or ravine, choked with the mingled foliage of oaks, walnuts and elms; while in its rocky depths a little brook creeps down to mingle with the river. From the rugged trunk of the stunted cedar that leans forward from the brink, you may drop a plummet into the river below, where the catfish and the turtles may plainly be seen gliding over the wrinkled sands of the clean shallow current. The cliff is accessible only from behind, where a man may climb up, not without difficulty, by a steep and narrow passage. The top is about an acre in extent."

Recognizing its impregnability it was on this rock that La Salle and Tonty built their fortress of "St. Louis" in 1682.

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The cliff is called "Starved Rock" to this day because of a story, that during the Indian wars which followed the assassination of Pontiac a party of Illinois Indians took refuge here from a war party of Pottawatomies and, defying their enemies, all died of starvation.

The post to which young Hubbard was assigned was on the south bank of the Illinois River, opposite the mouth of Bureau River, and near the location of the present town of Hennepin. This trading post was in charge of a Frenchman named Beebeau, who had been a trader in the Illinois country for many years. Beebeau was unable to read or write, and his men were equally devoid of book learning. It was to be the task of young Gurdon to keep the accounts, both of Beebeau's transactions with the Indians and with headquarters at Mackinaw.

He was not to take up his duties at once, however, but was to accompany Mr. Deschamps to St. Louis, whither the trader went with one boat to purchase supplies of tobacco and other needed articles. After leaving the goods and men consigned to Beebeau, Mr. Deschamps proceeded down the river on his way to St. Louis.

It was at Fort Clark, where the modern city of Peoria now stands, that Gurdon had his first real adventure with the Indians. As they rounded the point of the lake, into which the Illinois River here widens, they discovered that the fort was on fire and upon reaching it they found about two hundred Indians engaged in a war dance. The Indians were hideously painted and had scalps on their spears and in their sashes. These scalps had been taken from Americans during the war with Great Britain between 1812 and 1815.

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A young brave noticed the boy and inquired who he was, to which Mr. Deschamps replied that he was his adopted son from Montreal. This answer was given because the Indians were friendly with the French, but greatly disliked Americans. The Indian, doubting the truth of Mr. Deschamps' statement, insisted that the boy was an American and tried to force a quarrel upon him.

Mr. Deschamps left Gurdon in the boat with one of the men and went among the Indians to converse with them. Using this man as an interpreter, the Indian resumed his conversation with Gurdon and accused him of being an American. One after another, he took a number of scalps from his girdle and, showing them to the boy, told him that they were the scalps of his people. Finally he drew out a long-haired scalp and, urinating upon it, sprinkled the water in the lad's face.

Driven to fury by the insult, Gurdon seized Mr. Deschamps's double-barreled gun, which lay in the bottom of the boat, and taking deliberate aim at the savage, fired. The man who was with him in the boat struck up the muzzle of the gun barely in time to save the Indian's life, and very probably that of the boy and other members of the party. Hearing the report of the gun, Mr. Deschamps and the men with him came running back. After a short consultation, Mr. Deschamps ordered the boat to put out from shore, and they again started downstream.

They camped at the mouth of the river, and the following day, November 6, 1818, reached St. Louis. At this time, St. Louis had a population of about eight hundred, composed of French, English, Spanish and Americans. Cahokia,

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a French town on the Illinois side of the river was then larger than St. Louis, having a population of about one thousand.

Mr. Deschamps made most of his purchases in Cahokia and on the twentieth of November they started on their return trip, ascending the Mississippi and Illinois rivers and distributing to their various trading posts portions of their cargo. Gurdon arrived at his station between the tenth and fifteenth of December, where Mr. Deschamps gave him particular instructions as to his duties, opened his books for him and left him with his blessing.

Young Hubbard found his ignorant master, Beebeau, to be sickly, cross and petulant. He spent the greater part of his time in bed, attended by a fat, dirty Indian woman, a doctress who made and administered various decoctions to him. One of the engagés, named Antoine, had an Indian wife and two children, the oldest a boy about Gurdon's age.

The episode at Fort Clark had become known to the Indians in the vicinity, and their chief, Waba, accompanied by Shaub-e-nee, the Pottawatomie chief, called at the post, saying that they wished to see the little American brave. Here began a friendship between Hubbard and Shaub-e-nee which lasted until the death of Shaub-e-nee more than forty years later, and which was fraught with valuable consequences to the white settlers of Chicago and Northern Illinois.

Shaub-e-nee was six feet in height, finely proportioned and with a countenance expressive of intelligence, firmness and kindness. Chief Waba had shortly before lost a son about Gurdon's age and, in accordance with Indian custom,

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adopted Gurdon in his place, naming him "Che-mo-co-mon-ess" (The Little American).

We can not do better than to let Gurdon Hubbard tell his own story of his first winter in the Indian country, so we quote from his Autobiography:

"Waba had another son who, with Antoine's son and myself, frequently hunted together, and we all became quite expert.

"Our cabin was built of logs, those forming the sides being laid one on the other and held in place by stakes driven into the ground, and these fastened together at the top by withes of bark. The logs forming the ends were of smaller size, driven into the ground perpendicularly, the centre ones being longer and forked at the top, and upon these rested the ridge pole. Straight-grained logs were then selected and split as thin as possible, making sections of three or four inches in thickness, which were laid with one end resting upon the ridge pole, the other on the logs which formed the sides of the cabin; through these was driven a wooden pin, which rested against the top log on the inside of the cabin, and projected eighteen inches or two feet above the roof. The cracks and openings of roof and sides were then daubed with a cement made of clay mixed with ashes, and then the whole roof was covered with long grass, which was held in place by other logs laid on top.

"The chimney and fire-place were made in the following manner: At the centre of one side of the room four straight poles were driven firmly in the ground, the front ones being about eight feet apart and the back ones about five feet; then small saplings, cut to proper lengths, were fastened by

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withes at each end to the upright poles, and about eighteen inches apart. Then came the mortar, made from clay and ashes, into which was kneaded long grass so as to form strips ten or twelve inches in width and about four feet long; the centres of these strips were then placed or hung on the cross poles and pressed together so as to cover the wood, and in this way the chimney was carried up to the top of the upright poles and then three or four feet above the roof, or even with the ridge pole. A second coat of mortar, about two inches thick, was then thrown on, pressed to the rough first coat and smoothed with the hands; the hearth was then made of dry, stiff clay, pounded down hard, and the structure was finished.

“The floor of the cabin was made of puncheons, the surface of which was dressed with a common axe or tomahawk, so as to remove the splinters, the edges being made to fit together as close as possible. The door was made of the same material, puncheons, hung on wooden hinges, and fastened by a wooden latch with latch-string attached, so it could be raised from the outside, and when the string was pulled in, the door was locked.

“To make the window, one of the logs in the end of the cabin was cut so as to leave an opening of about eighteen inches in width by twenty or thirty inches in length, into which was set a rough sash, and over this was pasted or glued paper, which had been thoroughly oiled with bear or coon grease. This completed the house, which was warm and comfortable.

“Our bunks were placed in a row, one above the other, and were made of puncheons split as thin as possible. The

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bottom rested on parallel saplings cut to a proper length, one end of which was inserted in a two-inch auger hole in the logs of the cabin and the other supported by a puncheon set upright. The bedding consisted of long, coarse grass, laid lengthwise of the bunk, on top of which was placed a skin of some kind (generally buckskin) or an Indian mat. At the head the grass was raised so as to make a pillow, and to each man was allowed one blanket for cover.

"The table, with round sapling legs, and puncheon top, and a three-legged stool, constructed in the same manner, completed the furniture of the mansion.

"The only tools allowed to each outfit were a common axe, a two-inch auger, an ordinary scalping knife, a crooked knife (this had a blade six inches long and rounded at the end), and tomahawk, and with these implements everything was constructed, and some of the men did excellent work with these simple tools.

"Our kitchen utensils were few and primitive, consisting of a frying-pan, a couple of tin pots, one very large Indian bowl made of wood, and several smaller ones. Table knives and forks we had none, and our spoons were of wood, ranging in capacity from a gill to a pint.

"Wood was, of course, plenty, and our large fire-place was kept well filled.

"A camp-kettle chain was suspended from a hook made from the limb of a tree and fastened to the roof, from which also hung cords, which were used for roasting game. Our meat being thus suspended before a bright fire, it was the duty of one man, with a long stick, to keep it whirling rapidly until sufficiently cooked, when it was placed in the

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large wooden bowl on the table, and each one helped himself by cutting off with his knife and fingers as much as he desired. Usually we had nothing else on the table except honey. The wild turkey was used as a substitute for bread, and when eaten with fat venison, coon, or bear, is more delicious than any roast can be.

“One of our luxuries, which was reserved for special occasions, was corn soup, and this was always acceptable.

“Those traders who were so fortunate as to possess an iron bake-pan or skillet were particularly favored, and the more so if they were also possessed of flour, for then many delicacies were possible, and many kinds of chopped meats and baked ‘avingnols’ afforded a dish not to be refused by kings.

“Let me give one or two recipes: To one pound of lean venison, add one pound of the breast of turkey, three-fourths of a pound of the fat of bear or raccoon; salt and pepper to taste, and season with the wild onion or leek; chop up or pound fine (the meat), and mix all well together; then make a thin crust, with which cover the sides and bottom of the bake-pan; then put in the meat and cover it with a thicker crust, which must be attached firmly to the side crust; now put on the cover of your bake-pan and set it on the hot coals, heaping them on the top, and bake for one hour, and you will have a delicious dish.

“Another: Make a thin batter and drop small balls of the minced meat into it and fry in bear or coon fat, taking care that the meat is well covered with the batter. This we called ‘les avingnol.’

“From the ponds we gathered the seeds of the lotus,

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which we used for coffee, our ever-filled honey-trough furnishing the sweetening. Our supply of salt and pepper was rather limited, and these were used only on special occasions.

“Thus passed the winter. When at home, chatting, joking and playing tricks on each other, making oars and paddles to replace the worn out and broken ones and getting ourselves ready for the spring’s departure.

“As I had little to do in the house besides keeping the books and being present when sales were made for furs or on credit, and being disgusted with the disagreeable and filthy habits of my master, Beebeau, I fairly lived in the open air with my two comrades. Our time was spent in the manly exercise of hunting and trapping, on foot or in canoes, and as they spoke in the Indian language only, they were of great assistance to me in learning it, which I accomplished before spring. I also became proficient in hunting, and could discern animal tracks on the ground and tell what kind they were and whether they were walking slow or fast or running. I could detect the marks on the trunks of trees made by such animals as the raccoon or panther, if they had made it a retreat within a month or so. My companions had many laughs and jokes at my expense for my awkwardness in hunting and ignorance in tracking animals, but I faithfully persevered in my education.

“My clothing during this winter, and for the subsequent years of my life as a trader, consisted of a buckskin hunting shirt or a blue capote belted in at the waist with a sash or buckskin belt, in which was carried a knife and sheath, a tomahawk, and a tobacco pouch made of the skin of some

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animal, usually otter or mink. In the pouch was carried a flint and steel and piece of punk.

"Underneath my outside garment I wore a calico shirt, breechcloth, and buckskin leggins. On my feet neips and moccasins, and sometimes in winter, a red knit cap on my head. I allowed my hair to grow long and usually went bareheaded. When traveling in winter I carried, and sometimes wore, a blanket.

"During this winter I made two trips into the interior. One to the mouth of Rock River, where I first met Black Hawk and for the first time slept in an Indian wigwam. The other to the Wabash River. For the privilege of going, I was required to carry a pack on my back of fifty pounds weight, the men with me carrying eighty pounds. These packs contained goods to exchange for furs and peltries. During the first few days this was very severe, and I often wished I had not undertaken it, but by the time I returned, I was able to carry my pack with comparative ease and keep up with the others in walking.

"Our trip proved a successful one, and having sold all our goods, we hired ponies to transport our furs and peltries and returned home, where I was warmly welcomed by my young companions, who were glad to have me again join them in their hunts. A day sufficed to decipher Beebeau's hieroglyphics, extract from memoranda and memory the items of accounts, and write up the books, and I dropped back into the regular routine of my life. I also made a visit to our trading post situated three miles below Peoria, which was in charge of old Mr. Beason. Though this post was sixty miles distant, we reached it in one day's travel by starting at day-

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light and walking until dark, and returned after a visit of two or three days. By constant practice I had by this time become a good walker and could cover forty to fifty miles per day with ease.

“ Winter passed without any special incident, and early in March, 1819, we received by a carrier orders from Mr. Deschamps to have everything in complete readiness to start for Mackinaw on the twentieth. We kept track of the days of the month by notches cut in a stick, which hung in the store, having no almanac or calendar, and indeed I was the only one of the party who could have read it if we had possessed one.

“ Our fare had consisted during the winter of a variety of game, such as venison, raccoon, panther, bear, and turkey, varied as spring approached with swan, geese and crane, besides almost every variety of duck. Prairie chickens and quail were also abundant, but these we did not consider eatable. Our game was cooked in French style, and, to our mind, could not be excelled in any kitchen.

“ We had received in the fall one pound of green tea and a bag of flour, about a hundred pounds, and while this lasted we luxuriated on Sundays in pancakes and honey. The woods abounded in wild honey, and we kept a large wooden bowl full at all times, of which we partook whenever we desired.

“ In the forenoon of the 20th of March, we heard in the distance the sound of the familiar boat-song and recognized the rich tones of Mr. Deschamps' voice, and we knew the 'brigade' was coming. We all ran to the landing and soon saw Mr. Deschamps' boat rounding the point about a mile

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below, his ensign floating in the breeze. We shouted with joy at their arrival and gave them a hearty welcome.

"The remainder of the day and far into the night was spent in exchanging friendly greetings and recounting the events that had transpired since our parting. Little sleep was had, and but little wanted. Mr. Deschamps had flour and tobacco, and we feasted and smoked and talked and laughed, and a happier party cannot well be imagined. The next day we spent in loading our boats, and the day following the thirteen boats of the 'brigade' pushed off from the shore, and, to the music of the Canadian boat-song, we started on our long return journey."

So the "brigade" retraced its steps of the previous fall, going upstream this time and after a very slow passage, averaging only six to ten miles a day, came again to Chicago. Here they camped on the north side of the river and remained six or eight days, repairing their boats and putting them in condition for the long coasting trip around Lake Michigan to Mackinaw.

On this visit, Gurdon found himself among friends. The Kinzies again took him into their family and the same officers were in command at the fort who were there the fall before.

And now the Illinois "brigade" was ready to return to headquarters at Mackinaw, taking with it the winter's accumulation of furs. This trip was marked by one of the most dramatic incidents of Hubbard's life among the Indians, and again we will let him tell the story:

"On a beautiful morning in April, about the 20th or 25th, we left Chicago and camped at the Grand Calumet,~

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We did not desire to reach the mouth of Grand River [Grand Haven] before the May full moon, for annually at that time the Indians assembled to fast and feast their dead, the ceremonies occupying eight or ten days. A noted burying ground was selected and the ground around the graves thoroughly cleaned, they being put in the best of order. Many of the graves were marked by small poles, to which were attached pieces of white cloth. These preparations having been completed, all except the young children blackened their faces with charcoal and fasted for two whole days, eating literally nothing during that time. Though many of them had no relatives buried there, all joined in the fast and ceremonies in memory of their dead who were buried elsewhere, and the sounds of mourning and lamentation were heard around the graves and in the wigwams.

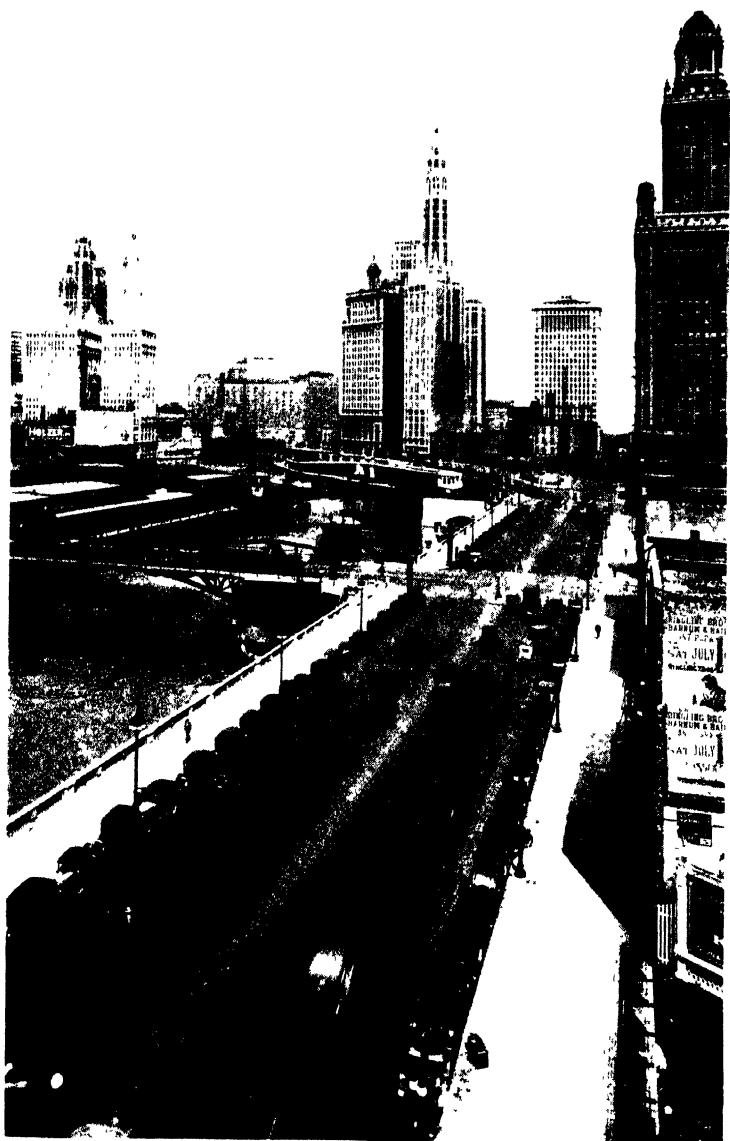
“At the close of the two days’ fast they washed their faces, put on their decorations, and commenced feasting and visiting from one wigwam to another. They now placed wooden dishes at the head of each grave, which were kept daily supplied with food, and were protected from the dogs, wolves, and other animals, by sticks driven into the ground around and inclosing them. The feasting lasted several days, and the ceremonies were concluded by their celebrated game of ball, which is intensely interesting, even the dogs becoming excited and adding to the commotion by mixing with the players and barking and racing around the grounds.

“We progressed leisurely to the mouth of the St. Joseph River, where we encamped for several days, and were joined by the traders from that river. We reached Grand River early in May and sought a good camping place up the river,



"WACKER DRIVE" IN 1831

COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY



WACKER DRIVE — 1931

KAUFMANN & FABRY PHOTO

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some distance from the Indian camps. The 'Feast of the Dead' had commenced, and many Indians had already arrived, and for five or six days we were witnesses to their strange yet solemn ceremonies.

"One evening, at the close of the feast, we were informed that an Indian, who the fall previous, in a drunken quarrel, had killed one of the sons of a chief of the Manistee band, would on the morrow deliver himself up to suffer the penalty of his crime according to the Indian custom. We gave but little credence to the rumor, though the Indians seemed much excited over it. On the following day, however, the rumor proved true, and I witnessed the grandest and most thrilling incident of my life.

"The murderer was a Canadian Indian, who had no blood relatives among the Manistees, but had by invitation, returned with some of the tribe from Malden, where they received their annuities from the English Government, and falling in love with a Manistee maiden had married her and settled among them, agreeing to become one of their tribe. As was customary, all his earnings from hunting and trapping belonged to his father-in-law until the birth of his first child, after which he commanded his time and could use his gains for the benefit of his family. At the time of the killing of the chief's son he had several children and was very poor, possessing nothing but his meagre wearing apparel and a few traps. He was a fair hunter, but more proficient as a trapper.

"Knowing that his life would be taken unless he could ransom it with furs and articles of value, after consulting with his wife, he determined to depart at night in a canoe

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with his family and secretly make his way to the marshes at the headwaters of the Muskegon River, where he had before trapped successfully, and there endeavor to catch beaver, mink, marten, and other fine furs, which were usually abundant, and return in the spring and satisfy the demands of the chief. As, according to the custom, if he failed to satisfy the chief and family of the murdered man, either by ransom or a sacrifice of his own life, they could demand of his wife's brothers what he had failed to give, he consulted with one of them and told him of his purpose, and designated a particular location on the Muskegon where he could be found if it became necessary for him to return and deliver himself up. Having completed his arrangements, he made his escape and arrived safely at the place of destination, and having but few traps and but a small supply of ammunition he arranged dead-fall traps in a circuit around his camp, hoping with them and his few traps to have a successful winter, and by spring to secure enough to save his life.

"After the burial of his son, the chief took counsel with his sons as to what they should do to avenge the dead, and, as they knew the murderer was too poor to pay their demands, they determined upon his death and set about finding him. Being disappointed in this, they made a demand upon the brothers of his wife, who, knowing that they could not satisfy the claims, counseled together as to what course to pursue, all but one of them believing he had fled to Canada.

"The younger brother, knowing his whereabouts, sent word to the chief that he would go in search of the murderer, and if he failed to produce him would himself give his own

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life in his stead. This being acceptable, without divulging the secret of his brother-in-law's hiding place, he started to find him. It was a long and difficult journey, as he had no landmarks to go by and only knew that he should find his brother-in-law on the headwaters of the Muskegon, which he finally did.

"The winter had been one of unusually deep snow, and the spring one of great floods, which had inundated the country where he was. The bears had kept in their dens, and for some reason the marten, beavers, and mink had not been found, so that when their brother-in-law reached them he and his family were almost perishing from starvation, and his winter's hunt had proved unsuccessful. They accordingly descended together to the main river, where the brother left them for his return home, it being agreed between them that the murderer would himself report at the mouth of the Grand River during the 'Feast of the Dead,' which promise he faithfully performed.

"Soon after sunrise the news spread through the camp that he was coming. The chief hastily selected a spot in a valley between the sand-hills, in which he placed himself and family in readiness to receive him, while we traders, together with the Indians, sought the surrounding sand-hills, that we might have a good opportunity to witness all that should occur. Presently we heard the monotonous thump of the Indian drum, and soon thereafter the mournful voice of the Indian, chanting his own death song, and then we beheld him, marching with his wife and children, slowly and in single file, to the place selected for his execution, still singing and beating the drum.

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"When he reached a spot near where sat the chief, he placed the drum on the ground, and his wife and children seated themselves on mats which had been prepared for them. He then addressed the chief, saying: 'I, in a drunken moment, stabbed your son, being provoked to it by his accusing me of being a coward and calling me an old woman. I fled to the marshes at the head of the Muskegon, hoping that the Great Spirit would favor me in the hunt, so that I could pay you for your lost son. I was not successful. Here is the knife with which I killed your son; by it I wish to die. Save my wife and children. I am done.' The chief received the knife, and, handing it to his oldest son, said, 'Kill him.' The son advanced, and, placing his left hand upon the shoulder of his victim, made two or three feints with the knife and then plunged it into his breast to the handle and immediately withdrew it.

"Not a murmur was heard from the Indian or his wife and children. Not a word was spoken by those assembled to witness. The silence was broken only by the singing of the birds. Every eye was turned upon the victim, who stood motionless with his eyes firmly fixed upon his executioner, and calmly received the blow without the appearance of the slightest tremor. For a few moments he stood erect, the blood gushing from the wound at every pulsation; then his knees began to quake; his eyes and face assumed an expression of death, and he sank upon the sand.

"During all this time the wife and children sat perfectly motionless, gazing upon the husband and father. Not a sigh or a murmur escaping their lips until life was extinct, when they threw themselves upon his dead body, lying in a

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pool of blood, in grief and lamentations, bringing tears to the eyes of the traders, and causing a murmur of sympathy to run through the multitude of Indians.

"Turning to Mr. Deschamps, down whose cheeks the tears were trickling, I said: 'Why did you not save that noble Indian? A few blankets and shirts, and a little cloth, would have done it.' 'Oh, my boy,' he replied, 'we should have done it. It was wrong and thoughtless in us. What a scene we have witnessed.'

"Still the widowed wife and her children were clinging to the dead body in useless tears and grief. The chief and his family sat motionless for fifteen or twenty minutes, evidently regretting what had been done. Then he arose, approached the body, and in a trembling voice said: 'Woman, stop weeping. Your husband was a brave man, and like a brave, was not afraid to die as the laws of our nation demand. We adopt you and your children in the place of my son; our lodges are open to you; live with any of us; we will treat you like our own sons and daughters; you shall have our protection and love.' 'Che-qui-ock' [that is right] was heard from the assembled Indians, and the tragedy was ended."

Mr. Hubbard told me that he visited this tribe of Indians many times thereafter, and that the young woman ever after lived in the wigwam of the chief as his daughter.

The "brigade" reached Mackinaw about the middle of May, being one of the first outfits to arrive, the last to arrive being from the Lake-of-the-Woods.

At Mackinaw, Gurdon found letters awaiting him from his mother, and these told of the death of his father and

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that she had left Montreal and returned to New England, having with her her youngest daughter, while the others had been placed in schools in Windsor, Vermont, and in New London, Connecticut.

The boy, now in his seventeenth year, felt that it was his duty to return home and serve as protector and provider for his mother and sisters. Accordingly he tendered his resignation to the Fur Company, but being well pleased with his services they declined to accept it, and he was bound by the terms of his indenture to five years' service.

Gurdon now resumed his duties at the fur warehouse, sorting and packing furs. He began work at five o'clock in the morning, worked until sunset with an intermission of an hour at noon, and after supper he had to write up the accounts of the day, which often took until midnight.

When his summer's work was over, the boy expected to be sent with the Illinois "brigade" to his old post on the Illinois River, and was greatly disappointed when he found that Mr. Crooks, the company manager, had other plans for him.

The story of his second winter in the Indian country is so vivid and interesting, that we cannot do better than to tell it in Gurdon's own language as set forth in the Autobiography. As you read this story remember that the boy was barely seventeen years old and you will not be surprised that a few years later the man became a leader among his fellows.

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*Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"I supposed I should be again detailed to the Illinois River 'brigade' with my old leader, Mr. Deschamps, and was much surprised and grieved, when the time arrived to select goods and make ready for our departure, to receive one evening a summons from Mr. Crooks to meet him at his private office, when I was informed that I was not to go to my old post, but, in company with a Frenchman named Jacques Dufrain, take charge of an outfit on the Muskegon River. Dufrain could neither read nor write, but had a large experience among the Indians on the Peninsula of Michigan, and I was to be governed by his advice in trading.

"I was told that the invoices would be directed to me, and that I was to be the commander of the expedition, and Dufrain simply my adviser, and then I was not to allow his advice to govern me when it differed materially with my own views. Mr. Crooks also told me that though I was young and inexperienced, he was confident that with Dufrain's honesty and acquaintance with the Indians, I would have no difficulty in conducting the venture; the outfit would be small, and we were to go in Mr. Deschamps' 'brigade'.

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to the mouth of the Muskegon or not, as we chose. Our headquarters were to be some sixty miles up the river.

“This was, indeed, a bitter disappointment to me, as I had counted very much on seeing Mr. Kinzie’s family, for whom I had formed a great attachment, and had hoped for Mr. Deschamps’ permission to spend two or three weeks with them and the officers of Fort Dearborn, and then go alone and join my companions at Beaureau trading house. And besides, I had left some of my clothing at Mr. Kinzie’s to be repaired and put in order by my return. But as there was no other alternative, I received my goods with a good grace, and about the middle of October, 1819, started with the Illinois ‘brigade’ on my second trip to the Indian country.

“We camped the first night at Point Wagashvic and there remained wind-bound for the space of a week, and soon thereafter reached the Little Traverse. Here Mr. Deschamps advised me to stop and purchase my canoe and some Indian corn. About ten miles distant, at the foot of the bay, was an Indian village, and thither I sent my associate to make the necessary purchases; and after an absence of two days he returned with a canoe loaded with Indians, and about eight bushels of corn and some beans for our winter’s stores. It was a small supply, but all we could get, and having paid for it we got ready to leave on the following morning.

“When morning came, we found the wind blowing strong from the northeast, afterwards changing to northwest and west, and for ten days blowing a gale so that November had come before we had started. We left before the heavy sea had subsided, and with great labor (there being but three

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men to row the boat) reached Grand Traverse, where we were again detained five or six days by adverse winds; another start, more heavy sea, and Calp River was reached, where we were again wind-bound for several days.

“Thus, with a heavily laden canoe and adverse winds, often in great peril, sometimes shipping water and narrowly escaping wreck, suffering from cold and worn with toil, we entered the Muskegon River about the tenth of December and found the lake frozen. The weather was very cold, and the coast Indians had all left for their hunting grounds in the interior.

“Dufrain said it would be impossible to reach our destination and recommended the repairing of an old abandoned trading house at a point of the lake about one and one-half miles distant and there make our winter quarters. This we decided to do, though it would be very inconvenient, being from thirty to fifty miles distant from the Indian hunting grounds, where we should be compelled to go to trade. By breaking ice ahead of our boat we reached the place, and went industriously to work to repair the house and make it tenable.

“We had not seen an Indian for fifteen or twenty days, and as it was necessary to reach them, and let them know where we had located, we decided to send an expedition in search of them at once. Accordingly we made up an assortment of goods into three packages of about sixty pounds each, which, with a blanket apiece, were to be carried by Jacques and the two voyageurs who constituted our force; and on a bright December morning they bade me good-bye and started on their journey.

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“As Jacques was perfectly familiar with the country, I did not look forward to a long absence, and was content to remain alone. My stock of provisions consisted of the corn and a small quantity of flour, which we had brought from Mackinaw, and, as I had my gun to depend on, I thought I should have no difficulty in procuring all the meat I desired.

“Dufrain had told me that I should find no game, but this I did not believe. I confined my hunting trips to a mile or so of the house, never daring to go out of sight of it, and for a week found rabbits and squirrels in sufficient numbers to supply me with food. Then came a heavy fall of snow and for several days I could find nothing to shoot, and, as the work of walking in two feet of snow was very laborious and I expected Dufrain to return very soon, I concluded to remain indoors, keep up a good fire, and content myself with corn. I had, I think, three books, which helped me to while away the time.

“We had found in the lake a drowned deer which we had skinned, and this skin, dried, furnished me with a mat upon which to lie in front of the fire. The fireplace was broad, some three or four feet, and very deep, and so took in large logs that made a warm, cheerful fire. The timber under the hill, around the house, had all been cut off by its former occupants, and procuring wood was a serious problem. Through the deep snow from the top of the hill I was obliged to carry it, and for days I labored all the morning in getting my day's supply of fuel. The snow being so deep I could not haul or roll it down the hill, I set about devising some way to overcome the difficulty, and the idea of using the deer skin in some way for a sled presented itself to my

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mind. As it was not long enough to take on the four-foot logs, I cut three feet only, and laid a log on it, and tied up the sides of skin around it with a grape vine, and found I had a pretty fair sled. My down-hill path soon became hard and smooth, and extended to the door of the house, and my load would frequently slide down to the bottom with me astride of it.

“In a Book of Travels in the Northwest, which I had read, the author described the manner in which some tribes of Indians caught large fish during the winter. A hole was cut in the ice, over which a small shelter was built sufficiently large for one person to sit in, and made as dark as possible. The occupant then stationed himself with a spear in his left hand and a small wooden fish attached to a string in his right; the imitation fish being jerked up and down in the water attracted the larger ones, and they were easily speared.

“I thought that what an Indian could do in that line, I could, and set about making my preparations. I whittled out a stick into the shape of a fish, shaping it as artistically as I could, and colored it by searing with a hot iron. In an excavation made for the purpose I poured melted lead to sink it, and after having placed in the head beads for eyes I had quite a natural looking fish, about four inches in length. Placing my spear head on a handle, I marched with them to the middle of Muskegon Lake, cut a hole in the ice, and erected a shelter by sticking poles in the ice and stretching a blanket over them. Everything being in readiness, I crawled into the hut, and lying flat on the ice dropped my ‘little pet’—as I called my little fish—and anxiously awaited the result. I was soon gratified by the appearance of a large fish-

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that made a dart at my decoy. I hurled my spear at him, and — missed. And thus every few minutes for more than two hours I repeated the operation with the same results, when, mortified and angry, I returned, cold and hungry, to my solitary home and made a dinner of corn.

“Brooding over my ill luck and awkwardness and almost discouraged, I concluded that ‘practice would make perfect,’ and that I would try again on the following day, which I did, and after an hour or so of unrewarded effort I succeeded in catching a large lake trout, with which I returned to my house and soon had boiling in my camp kettle; and never before or since did fish taste so good. After that I had no trouble in taking all the fish I wanted.

“Every night a wolf came and devoured the remnants of the fish I had thrown out. I could see him through the cracks of my house, and could easily have shot him, but he was my only companion, and I laid awake at night awaiting his coming.

“Thus I lived for thirty long, dreary, winter days, solitary and alone, never once during that time seeing a human being, and devoured with anxiety as to the fate of Dufrain and his men, who I feared had met with some serious mishap, if, indeed, they had not been murdered. My anxiety for the last two weeks had been most intense, and at times I was almost crazy. I could not leave my goods and knew not what I should do.

“I looked upon the expedition as worse than a failure, and my first management of a trading house as a disastrous one. I thought that, should I live to return to Mackinaw, I should be an object of ridicule among the traders and have

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incurred the lasting displeasure of my employers, and this was to be the end of all my bright anticipations for the future. Oh, that I had been permitted to again accompany Mr. Deschamps and join my old companions at Beebeau's trading house.

"My joy can be better imagined than described when, one morning, I discovered a party of men at the head of the lake coming toward me. I supposed them to be Indians, but was soon rejoiced to recognize among them Dufrain and his two companions. Having disposed of all their goods and been successful in their trading, they had secured a large number of furs, and, with the assistance of Indians, whom they had hired and equipped with snow-shoes, they had carried them on their backs. At the sight of the rich treasures they unloaded, all my gloomy anticipations fled, and joy and satisfaction reigned in their stead.

"The expedition had been one of great success; the goods had all been disposed of, and in their place they brought the finest and richest of furs — marten, beaver, bear, lynx, fox, otter, and mink making up their collection.

"Dufrain had a long account to give of trials, disappointments, and perseverance. He was ten days in finding the first band of Indians, and these had already been visited by an opposition trader, who cleared the camp of all the valuable furs and told the Indians that no trader would come to Muskegon. The Indians regretted his late arrival, as he was a great favorite with them.

"Though in their progress thus far they had suffered greatly from want of provisions and had progressed but slowly and with great fatigue owing to the depth of the

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snow, they determined to push on to other camps and dispose of their goods before the other trader should reach them. Having provided himself and party with provisions and snow-shoes, Dufrain despatched an Indian to tell me of his movements, and that he should be gone twenty days longer, and started on his way. We afterwards learned that after a half-day's travel the Indian injured his foot and was compelled to return to the camp, and thus I was left in ignorance of Dufrain's movements.

"All was joy that night in our little household, the men as glad to return as I was to welcome them. I feasted them bountifully on corn soup and fish and listened to the recital of the incidents of their trip.

"Another trip was decided on to go to the camp of some Indians Dufrain had heard of, but not seen, and who were in need of clothing, and had an abundance of furs. As time was very precious, the following day was devoted to selecting and packing goods and making preparations for departure. I decided to go with this expedition, though Dufrain remonstrated, and told me I could not stand the hardships of the journey; that, having never traveled on snow-shoes, I would have the *mal du raquette*, or become sick, and thus detain them; but to my mind anything could be easier endured than another month of such solitude as I had just passed through, and *mal du raquette* or sickness were nothing to be compared with what I had endured.

"On the following morning we departed, leaving one man in charge of the house. Though my pack was only half as heavy as the others, the day was one of untold misery to me, never having walked in snow-shoes before. The day

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was clear and cold, the country rough and hilly and covered with underbrush, and every few minutes I tripped and fell, and usually landed at full length and buried my face in the snow, from which I could not arise without assistance from the others. By noon I was completely exhausted, and my load was carried by one of the others; and though we had made an early start, when we camped at night we had traveled only about six miles.

“Then came the preparations for the night’s rest. The snow was about two feet deep, and shelter we had none. A place was selected by the side of a large fallen tree, the snow was scraped from the ground, and a place cleared of about six feet by ten, dry and green wood cut and piled up to the windward of the log, and a fire struck with flint and steel. Hemlock boughs were cut for bedding, and these covered with a blanket, to keep them down and in place; then the packs were placed at one end to protect our heads from the wind, and our beds were complete. During our march we had killed two porcupines, and these were dressed and toasted on sticks, and with our pounded parched corn made a very delicious supper. And as we had eaten nothing since early morning, good appetites gave additional zest to the repast.

“After supper, a smoke, and then to bed, all lying together on the hemlock beds, covered with the two remaining blankets, with our feet to the fire, which we replenished through the night. I slept but little, being kept awake by the aching of my legs, the muscles of which were badly swollen.

“Before day all were up, and breakfast was made from

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the remnants of the previous night's supper, and by the time it was light we were ready to resume our journey. I was so stiff and lame I could scarcely walk, and Dufrain advised me to return, he offering to go part way with me and there meet the other man, whom I should send from the house. I at first thought I would do so, but the recollection of the lonely month of anxiety I had passed there soon determined me to go on with the party, and all Dufrain's arguments failed to change my purpose. Every step caused me suffering, but as I warmed up the pain by degrees left me. I had caught the knack of throwing out the heels of my snow-shoes by a slight turn of the foot, and my falls were less frequent, and when we camped at night we estimated that we had made during the day about three leagues, or nine miles.

"During the day we had cut from a hollow tree two rabbits, and these, with corn, furnished our supper. Our camp was made as on the previous night. In the morning we consumed the remainder of our stock of corn, as we expected to reach an Indian camp by night, and made our usual early start.

"Snow soon commenced falling, and continued hard all day, and as the weather had moderated the snow stuck to our shoes, making them heavy and the walking very tiresome; we failed to find the Indians, and camped for the night with nothing to eat. The muscles of my toes were very sore, and on removing my moccasins and neips, I found my feet much swollen, and at the tops where the strap that held my snow-shoes was fastened, they were red and bruised, sure signs of '*mal du raquette*.' The morning found me



GURDON S. HUBBARD
1827



CHICAGO IN 1820

(COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY)

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in a sad condition, the swelling much increased, and the tops of my feet so sore that I could not bear my snow-shoes without great pain; still, on we went, I hobbling along as best I could. The snow still fell, and about noon we reached the Indian camp, were provided with dinner by a squaw, and did ample justice to the bear meat and corn soup which she provided.

“In the evening the Indians returned from hunting and trapping, bringing a good supply of furs, and the following forenoon was employed by them in selling their furs, and settling with Dufrain for the goods he had sold to them on a previous trip. We remained in this camp five days, and I was very kindly treated. The old squaw poulticed my feet with herbs, and for two days I practiced every hour or so on my snow-shoes, so that when we left these hospitable people, I felt well and strong, and had no trouble in keeping up with the others, nor was I tired at night. We camped in the usual manner, having made fifteen miles that day.

“Just at dark of the next day, as we were preparing our camp, we heard the bark of a dog, and knew the Indians were near; taking up our march, we soon reached their camp, where we remained for two days. A grand feast was prepared by the Indians, partly in honor of our visit, at which all the meat and broth set before us must be eaten, and the bones saved and buried with appropriate ceremonies, as an offering to the Great Spirit, that he might favor them in the hunt. The offering was a fat bear, over which a great pow-wow was first had by all the inmates of the lodges, after which it was carefully skinned, cut into small pieces, and put into the kettle in the presence of all.

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“During the cooking, speeches were made by some of the older Indians, invoking the aid of the Great Spirit; and when cooked the meat was carefully removed from the kettles and distributed in wooden bowls to each individual present in such quantities as his age and capacity for eating would seem to warrant, and all received their just proportion. Then the oil was skimmed off, and it and the broth divided in a like manner; a harangue was delivered by the head of the lodge, asking the Good Spirit to favor them in the chase and keep them well and free from harm; and then the eating commenced.

“I thought they had given me a larger portion than my age and capacity demanded, but Dufrain told me that I must eat all the meat and drink all the oil and broth, and leave the bones in my bowl; that a failure to do so would be considered an insult to the Indians and an offense to the Great Spirit. ‘But,’ I said, ‘they have given me more than the others, and it is impossible for me to swallow it all.’ Dufrain replied: ‘They have given you the best portion as a compliment; you must receive it, and eat and drink every bit and every drop, otherwise we shall have trouble.’ ‘Well, you must help me, then,’ I said. ‘No,’ he replied, ‘I can’t help you; each person must eat all that is given him, and will not be allowed to part with any portion of it; I am sorry for you, as well as for myself, and wish it had been a cub, instead of a fat bear, but I shall eat mine if it kills me.’

“It was between eight and nine o’clock at night, and the fire, which furnished the only light in the lodge, was low, and my location was in the back part of the lodge, where my movements could not be easily detected. I wore a French

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capote or hood, which suggested itself to my mind as being my only chance for disposing of a portion of the contents of my bowl, and I determined to attempt it. I felt that extreme caution was necessary, and no little dexterity required to slip the meat into the hood unobserved; but I took the first opportunity, and succeeded in safely depositing a piece without detection even by DufRAIN, who sat next to me. I proceeded eating slowly, so that no notice might be taken of the diminished quantity in my bowl, and soon succeeded in depositing another piece, and then a third, and ended by eating the last piece. There still remained the oil and broth, and I feared that my now overburdened stomach could not stand this addition to its load. The grease had soaked through the cloth of my capote, and I could feel it trickling down my back, and I told DufRAIN, in Indian, that I must go out, and asked him not to let my bowl be tipped over while I was gone. The Indians laughed, and I hastily made my exit, threw the pieces of meat to the dogs, and then, thrusting my fingers down my throat, endeavored to produce an eruption which should provide room for what I still had to swallow; failing in this attempt, however, I returned to my place in the lodge, and by persistent effort finally succeeded in swallowing the remainder.

“The ceremony of gathering the bones was then gone through with by the head of the lodge picking them up very carefully and depositing them in a bowl, then another harangue, and we were left to chat and barter as suited us best.

From these Indians we learned of two camps situated in opposite directions, and from them engaged a guide to go

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with one of our men to one camp, and from there to another we had before known of, and to return home, where we were to meet him. Dufrain, being well acquainted with the country, felt confident that he could go directly to the other camp in one day's travel, and I decided to go with him. When we lay down it was snowing hard, which continued through the night. We arose as usual before dawn of day, and partook of a nice dish of corn soup, which had been prepared for us by the good squaw in whose lodge we had slept, and as soon as possible started. The snow continued falling, and, being soft, stuck to our snow-shoes and made the traveling very hard and fatiguing, and by ten o'clock I discovered that my companion was in doubt as to our whereabouts, and at noon we halted near a large fallen tree to strike fire for a smoke. When I asked him if we should reach the camp that night, his reply was that we should have reached the river by that time, which would have been more than half way. He said he did not know where we were, the woods looked strange, but perhaps that was because there was so much snow on the trees. It had then stopped snowing, though with no appearance of clearing off.

"Soon after we started, the storm again commenced harder than ever, and I clearly saw that we were not going in the right direction, and ventured to tell Dufrain so. He was very passionate, and replied sharply that if I knew the way better than he I had better take the lead; thus rebuked, I followed on in silence. About four o'clock we found two tracks of snow-shoes. 'Ah,' said Dufrain, 'you see we are right; these tracks are of to-day; there is new snow on them; had they been of yesterday they would have been covered

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over so we could not see them; they were made by hunters from the camps this morning, but we can't go further than the river to-night. We will take the back tracks and they will lead us to the camp.'

"It so happened that during the earlier part of the day I had noticed a peculiar leaning tree, which was now in sight, and I told him we were lost, and would soon reach the log where we had stopped at noon. He could not believe that I was right, and on we went, but before dark he was convinced by our reaching the same log, and there we camped for the night. We both slept soundly, and arose refreshed. The snow still falling, we hesitated for some time, undecided whether to take our back track to the camp we had left, or to strike for the river in the direction we thought it to be. Knowing that if the snow continued, of which there was every prospect, our tracks would soon be obliterated, and Dufrain feeling confident that we would find the river and then know where we were, we decided to proceed. We traveled all day, and camped at night without having reached it. Again, another day's weary tramp with the same result, and Dufrain was willing to admit that he had no idea where we were. We still held our course, and again laid down to sleep, very tired and hungry.

"The following day Dufrain became very weak, and was much frightened; still snowy, clouded, and dark; snow fully three feet deep. When we started the next morning, the clouds were breaking away, and by nine o'clock, the sun burst forth for the first time since we left the Indian camp. We then saw we were traveling a westerly course, and changed to the north. Dufrain was very weak, and our

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progress was necessarily very slow. Near a creek we found a thorn-apple tree, and removing the snow from the ground found a few apples, which we devoured with relish, and soon after struck the Muskegon River. Following up the river, we discovered on the opposite bank the poles of an Indian lodge, bark canoes, and a scaffold upon which was deposited matting for covering lodges. It was very cold, the river full of floating ice, and not fordable. Dufrain recognized the spot and said that a half mile above were rapids, where the river could be forded. Having reached the rapids, we crossed with great difficulty, the water in places being up to our waists, and the ice floating against us. When we reached the scaffold, our clothes were frozen stiff. We took down some of the mats, cleared the snow, and made a comfortable lodge, sufficiently large to shelter us.

"Dufrain carried the flint, steel, and tinder in a bag, and after we had gathered wood for a fire, he discovered that he had lost it. We were indeed in a serious predicament, covered with ice and shivering with cold; we supposed that we should certainly freeze to death. Dufrain abandoned all hope, and began to cross himself and say his prayers. I opened the bales of goods and took from them what blankets and cloth they contained, cut more hemlock boughs and took down more matting, and then we lay down close to each other and covered up with the blankets and cloth. Soon the ice on our clothing began to thaw from the warmth of our bodies, and we fell asleep, never waking until sunrise.

"We did not feel hungry, but were very weak, and neither felt inclined to move. We were dry and warm, and felt more like lying where we were and awaiting death than of

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making any further effort to save our lives. We knew the Indians could not be far away and supposed we might soon find a snow-shoe path which would lead us to their lodges, but were not capable of making the effort to save ourselves. My own reflections of the responsibility resting upon me and thoughts of my widowed mother, brother and sisters, finally nerved me to make an effort. I told Dufrain that we must get up and go to the camps and that I would go and reconnoitre, find the path and return for him; to my great disappointment, however, I could find no snow-shoe tracks; but after a careful search I discovered some small saplings broken off just above the snow, and could, by the feeling as I stepped, discover that there was a path under the newly fallen snow. I followed it for a short distance, when I saw a blaze on a tree and knew that I was going in the right direction to find the camps. I returned for my companion, whom I found sleeping and seeming not to have moved during my absence. With great difficulty, I aroused him and put on his snow-shoes, and then, having placed both packs upon the scaffold, started on the march. I had much trouble in keeping the path, which I followed by the broken twigs and an occasional blaze on a tree, and our progress was very slow. About noon we struck a fresh snow-shoe track, and this gave me renewed energy, for I knew it had been made by a hunter from the Indian camps, and that, by following the back track, I should reach the lodges. Dufrain was not in the least moved by this good fortune; in fact, was stupid and inclined to stop, frequently crossed himself, while his lips moved as if in prayer, and it required much effort and persuasion on my part to get him to move

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slowly forward, he frequently protesting that he could not move another step.

"Intent on my progress and for a time forgetting my comrade, I advanced as rapidly as possible, and on looking around for Dufrain, I found he was not in sight; I deliberated a moment whether to return for him or continue on my way. My own strength was fast failing, and I feared that delay would be certain death. I resolved, however, to make a last effort, and turned back; I found him lying asleep in the snow. I tried to arouse him, but he would open his eyes but for a moment and say, 'I can't; leave me.' Finding my attempts useless, I dug away the snow, wrapped him in his blanket, with mine over him, and left him.

"I started forward, conscious that I myself might soon be in the same condition, though determined not to give up while there was hope. I felt no hunger, but was very weak; the perspiration ran from every pore, and at times everything seemed to waver before me, with momentary darkness. I seemed almost to faint; still I moved on, reeling like a drunken man. Coming to new tracks and hearing the barking of a dog told me I was nearing a lodge and gave me new strength to advance. Soon I was gladdened by the glimpse of a lodge, and a few minutes more was seated on a bearskin within. It was a solitary hut on the bank of a creek, and in it was a middle-aged Indian, with his arm bandaged, and his squaw with three or four young children. I sat and awaited the usual custom of the Indians to set before a stranger something to eat, but seeing no move in that direction, I told the squaw that I was hungry and had not eaten for four days and nights. She exclaimed: 'Nin

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guid buck-a-ta-minna baecin' (we too are hungry; my husband broke his arm.) She opened a sack and took out a small portion of pounded corn, which she stirred into a kettle of water and placed over the fire to boil, and as soon as it was ready gave me a very small quantity, about half a pint, and replaced the kettle over the fire.

"I supposed I was hungry, though I did not feel so, and supping a little from the wooden dish found it difficult to swallow. This frightened me and I lay down and slept.

"I was awakened by the squaw, who gave me more soup from the kettle, which I ate with a relish and asked for more. 'No,' she said, 'lie down and sleep, and I will awake you and give you more after awhile.' This I did, and was awakened after dark refreshed but very sore and lame; took what soup was given me, and still wanting more; she refused me, saying, 'after a little'; and that she knew best how to relieve me.

"I noticed that the children frequently went out of doors, and that there was a look of anxiety on the countenances of both the Indian and squaw, which I thought was on my account; but asking, he replied that his oldest son went out early in the morning to try to kill something for them to eat, and they were fearful some accident had befallen him.

"Up to this time I had not spoken of Dufrein, because I saw there was no one to go for him, and, had there been, he could not have been reached before dark. The moon would rise about midnight, and then I had determined to ask the squaw to go with me for him, though I had no idea of finding him alive. They were well acquainted with him, and on my telling them of his situation the squaw parched

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what corn she had left, pounded it and got it ready, and we made preparations to go after him.

"The squaw and her husband both thought that their son had gone to the river to see if the canoe and scaffold were safe, and that it was his track that I had followed to the camp. While we were discussing this idea, the dogs barked; the children ran out, and soon returned with the news that their brother had returned; and he soon entered, bearing a cub, whereat there was great rejoicing. It being the first of the larger animals he had ever killed, it must be offered to the Great Spirit as a thank offering, and the boy must fast for two days. The father sat up and beat a drum; the boy blackened his face, the bear was skinned, and preparations made for a feast, though fortunately the feast was not to be similar to the one I had attended shortly before, when all was to be eaten.

"After hearing who I was, and that Jaco (Dufrain's Indian name) had been left behind, the boy volunteered to go with me in search of him; and when the moon rose, though I was scarcely able to move, we started. The Indian and his wife protested against my going, insisting that the boy and his mother could go without me, and I should gladly have consented to remain had I not known that if my comrade was found alive no one but myself could get him to make an attempt to move.

"The boy in his hunting had made a long detour, and on my describing the place where I had left Dufrain, he was able to reach it by a much shorter route than by following his tracks as I had done. In about an hour we reached Dufrain and found him apparently lifeless, but still warm.

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By much effort, we aroused him so that he could speak, but he persisted in remaining where he was, said he was stiff and could not walk, and closed his eyes and again dropped to sleep. It required our utmost effort to raise him to his feet, and by short stages to finally reach the camp just as the sun rose.

"We made him as comfortable as possible, and by feeding him a little every few minutes revived him. His feet and legs were badly swollen, so much so that I was obliged to rip his leggings to get them off; his feet were in a most terrible condition; the strings of his snow-shoes had so bruised his toes that blood had oozed out and completely saturated the neips; and, to add to his misery, the poor fellow was ruptured, and it was several days before I could replace the protruding parts. He gained steadily, but it was a week before he could sit up; and despairing of his restoration so as to be able to bear the journey home, with the assistance of the boy and his mother, I constructed a train-de-clese on which to remove him.

"During my ten days' stay I had daily caught in traps from one to a dozen partridges; and these, added to what the boy had killed, furnished us a sufficiency of food, though at times our rations were limited.

"I finally got my sled fully rigged, though my friend was still unable to sit up more than an hour at a time. We had already spent more than ten days, and I felt that I could remain no longer, and a decision must be made, either to leave him and return for him, or draw him on the sled to our home. The old Indian said we might accomplish his removal; but he thought it extremely doubtful, the country

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being very hilly and covered with underbrush. I left it to Dufrein to decide, and, as he chose to go, I started, with the young Indian to assist me. We had a terrible journey over hills and through thick undergrowth, and after three days of most severe toil reached our trading house, our invalid having borne the journey remarkably well.

"The other party had only returned two days before, and all were anxious about us and were about organizing an expedition to go in search of us. I was almost worn out from the hardships I had endured and from dragging my comrade.

"Dufrein never left our cabin until we carried him to a canoe in the spring to start for Mackinaw. There was a light wind the day we started, and the motion of the canoe caused vomiting, and before we could reach a harbor at White River he died, and we buried him in the bluff. He was very fond of card-playing during his life, and some Indians, having camped on the bluffs where we buried him, reported that at night they heard his voice calling out the name of the cards as he played them, 'corno' (diamond), 'cune' (heart), etc.; and though the river was a great resort for the Indians in the spring, where they used the peculiar white clay for washing their blankets, for years after they avoided it, believing it to be haunted."

The winter of 1820-21 was spent on the Kalamazoo River, the camp being at the present location of the city of Kalamazoo. This was the first time that Gurdon had been given full control of an "outfit," and his crew consisted of three Canadians and an Indian named Cosa.

This Cosa was well and favorably known among the

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Indians for bravery and intelligence. He had years before abandoned hunting, preferring to engage for the winter with some of the regular traders as an ordinary man, or voyageur. He received one hundred dollars for his winter's service, which was far more than any Indian could make by hunting and was twice as much as the Canadian engagés earned in a whole year. However, Cosa was familiar with the country and well acquainted with the Indians, had a good reputation as a trader and furnished two horses of his own, besides the services of his wife, so he was not overpaid by the large stipend of one hundred dollars.

Cosa, like many other good men, had his weakness, and his weakness was whiskey. He was a stubborn, fearless fellow, was obedient and willing, seemed to take some interest in the expedition, and had a greater desire for good results than any of the other men; also, he promised solemnly that he would let the whiskey alone. Cosa's wife, however, privately informed Gurdon that she was afraid that her husband could not resist temptation and was likely to fall from grace.

On an occasion when other Indians were visiting the camp and demanding whiskey, Cosa joined with them in their demands and insisted that the keg be turned over to them.

Gurdon had hidden the whiskey and, his feet being wet, had taken off his moccasins and lain down with his feet to the fire. Cosa and the other Indians after a long search succeeded in finding the liquor, and the squaw, who had been watching them, quickly informed Gurdon of their discovery.

The boy jumped up and ran barefooted into the snow and

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reached them before they had absorbed any of the contents of the keg. He told the Indians that the whiskey was his property and not theirs and forbade them to touch it. The others desisted, but Cosa was recalcitrant and refused to give up the keg. Gurdon thereupon seized him by the throat, threw him on his back, placed his knees on his stomach, choked him so that he could neither move nor speak and held him thus, until the squaw had removed the keg and hidden it again.

Gurdon continued to hold the Indian down, demanding that he promise to lie down and sleep. For a time Cosa continued obstinate, but as the grip upon his throat was only relaxed long enough to give him a chance to speak and was tightened with renewed vigor after every refusal, he finally gave up and made the required promise. Gurdon then let him up and conducted him to his own quarters, covered him up and lay down by his side.

Cosa was rather badly injured and very hoarse from his severe choking. He was also very much mortified and humbled, and begged Gurdon not to tell what had happened when they got back to Mackinaw.

The Indians had a keen sense of humor, which found satisfaction mostly in the misfortunes and mishaps of others, and the story of the robust Cosa being choked into submission by an eighteen-year-old boy would doubtless have subjected him to the jibes of his fellows for years to come.

Nothing else of particular interest occurred during this winter, and the young fur trader brought his first independent expedition to a successful close and returned to Mackinaw in the spring with a valuable cargo of furs.

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Upon his arrival at Mackinaw, Gurdon again received letters from his mother, telling of her great loneliness and desire to see him. He again applied to Mr. Crooks for his discharge, giving as the reason that his mother was a widow, and that his brother and four sisters were all younger than he and needed his services and protection. Mr. Crooks, however, told him that the company could not spare him, and that he was to return again to his post on the Kalamazoo River.

Gurdon, however, expressed very strongly his desire to again go out with the Illinois "brigade," giving his reasons therefore. Mr. Deschamps, too, added his solicitations, claiming that he had only consented to part with Gurdon for a year, and wished him to return and take charge of a post on the Illinois River.

Mr. Crooks finally reluctantly gave his consent and we quote from the Autobiography.

AN INDEPENDENT COMMAND

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.

BULWER LYTTON

“In due course of time our ‘brigade’ started, the twelve boats led by Mr. Deschamps and the old familiar boat song. I was again with my old companions, all of whom gave me a cordial welcome. Day after day, we pursued our voyage, the ever monotonous row, row, being varied by no incidents of interest, until we reached Chicago. We had made an unusually quick trip, having been delayed by adverse winds but two or three days on the entire journey. Again I was rejoiced with a home in Mr. Kinzie’s family, and remained there for several days, until the ‘brigade’ again moved for the Illinois River.

“The water in the rivers was unusually low this season, and in places the Desplaines could be crossed on foot without wetting the sole of the shoe; or, more properly speaking, the skin of the foot, as covering was out of fashion, or had not come in, at that time.

“We were compelled to carry our goods and effects from the South Branch to the Desplaines on our backs, leaving our empty boats to pass through the usual channel from the South Branch to Mud Lake, and through that to the West End, and through the other channel. Having completed the portage to the Desplaines and encountered no unusual

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delay or accident, we reached Bureau Station, where I had passed my first winter. Mr. Beebeau was still in charge, though he was much more feeble than when I last saw him, nor had his temper and disposition undergone any change for the better, but on the contrary he was more irritable and disagreeable, if this were possible. My friend Antoine was also there and delighted to see me, and we spent many hours together, talking over old times and recounting our hunting experience of the winter of 1818-19. He had grown to manhood and was fully able to perform the duties and endure the hardships of a voyageur, in which capacity Mr. Deschamps engaged him. He was greatly disappointed when he learned that I was not to winter with them, but was to take the position of trader at a new post further down the river; he applied to Mr. Deschamps to be transferred to my post, but this was refused him, Mr. Deschamps stating to me that he feared I would not have the obedience from him that my position required, owing to our previous intimate relations, in which he had been both my companion and equal. I saw the justice of this and acquiesced in his decision. Before parting, however, Antoine and I took a day's hunting together, tramping over ground which had become so familiar two years before, and recalling many pleasant incidents of those happy days."

The site chosen by Mr. Deschamps for the new post to be under the charge of Gurdon Hubbard was on the lower Illinois River at the mouth of Crooked Creek, and he set his men to work at once building his house.

The house was, of course, built of logs and was furnished with a floor, three-legged stools, table and bunks, all made

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of puncheons, and with a fine large chimney which could take in a six-foot log. It was lighted by a window in the south end, made of two sheets of foolscap paper, nicely greased.

When his house was finished, the young trader felt that the cold and storms of the winter could have no terrors for him, and his only care and anxiety were for the success of his winter's trade.

An incident of this winter which illustrates the psychology of the Indians, and at the same time shows the firmness and tact of Hubbard in dealing with them, is described in the following story from the Autobiography:

"The Indians were Kickapoos and Delawares, and, being a stranger among them, I was forced to depend on my interpreter, who was well acquainted with them, to know whom to trust.

"It was our custom to give the Indian hunters goods on credit in the fall of the year, so that they might give their whole time to the hunt, and, indeed, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for them to hunt without the necessary clothing, guns and ammunition. The conditions of this credit were that these advances should be paid from the proceeds of their first winter's hunt, but should they fail to pay, after having devoted all their furs for the purpose, and shown a disposition to act honestly, the balance was carried over to the next year, but this balance was seldom paid. The debtors reasoned that, having appropriated the entire proceeds of their season's hunt to the liquidation of their indebtedness, it was the fault of the Great Spirit that they had not been able to pay in full, and so they considered

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the debt canceled. We were very careful whom we trusted. We satisfied ourselves first, that the person's intentions were honest, and that he was industrious and persevering; and, second, that he was a skilled hunter and trapper, and knew where to find game in abundance. If he lacked in these qualifications he was deemed unworthy of credit, at least to a large amount.

"I was applied to for credit by an Indian who my interpreter said 'never paid,' or if he paid at all, it was only a portion of his indebtedness. I accordingly refused him, at which he was greatly angered and threatened revenge.

"One morning shortly after, I was sitting alone before the fire in my cabin, on a three-legged stool made of puncheons, reading a book, when the Indian returned and stole softly into the room, and up behind me, with his tomahawk raised to strike me. I did not hear him, but saw his shadow, and looking up quickly saw him, and threw up my left arm just in time to arrest the blow. The handle of the tomahawk striking my arm, it was thrown from his hand and fell on the floor close to the fireplace. The corner of the blade cut through my cap and into my forehead — the mark of which I still carry — while my arm was temporarily paralyzed from the blow. I sprang to my feet just as he reached to his belt to draw a knife, and throwing my arms around his body, grasped my left wrist with my right hand, and held him so firmly that he could not draw his knife. I allowed him to throw me down on the floor, and roll me over and over in his exertions to liberate himself and reach his knife, while I made no exertions except to keep my grip. I bled profusely from the wound on my forehead, and my eyes were fre-

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quently blinded by the blood, which I wiped off as well as I could on his naked body. It was fully five minutes before my arm began to recover sensation, and a much longer time before I recovered its full use.

“My grasp was weakening, yet I held on, afraid to trust to my lame arm. My opponent was breathing very heavily, and I knew he was exhausting his strength in his efforts to rid himself of my embrace, while I was saving mine. When my arm had sufficiently recovered and we had rolled up to where the stool lay, I let go of him, and seizing the stool struck him a stunning blow upon the head, which I followed up with others on his head and face, until he showed no further signs of life, when I seized him by his long hair and dragged him out of doors, whooping for my men, who soon made their appearance. Just then his squaws appeared on the scene. He had come on his pony, telling them he was going to kill Hubbard, and they had followed on as rapidly as they could on foot. They bathed his head with cold water, and, greatly to my relief, soon restored him to consciousness. I reflected that I had punished him too severely, and regretted that I had done more than to strike him the first blow and then disarm him. My men were greatly alarmed, and especially so was my interpreter, whom I sent to the chief of the band to explain the case.

“The chief returned with my man and blamed me for injuring him so severely, thinking it would result in his death. However, he used his influence with the band in my favor, telling them the goods were mine, and that I had a perfect right to refuse to sell them on credit and to defend myself when attacked, and they soon separated for their

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winter hunting grounds, much to my relief. The injured Indian did not recover so as to do any hunting that winter, and occasionally sent me a message demanding pay for his injuries, which I positively refused, much to the dissatisfaction of my confidential man.

“The winter passed and we were ready to break up, daily expecting orders from Mr. Deschamps to start on the return trip to Mackinaw. The Indians had returned from their hunting grounds and were camped some five or six miles from us. They had mostly paid up, though the winter had not been a successful one for them.

“The chief was a young man, and had become very friendly to me. He advised me to give presents to the Indian I had injured; but I still persisted in my refusal, determined to risk the consequences rather than to pay a man for attempting to kill me. This was reported to my enemy, who had fully recovered his strength, and exasperated him still further. One morning he came with two of his friends, all with blackened faces, a token of war, and demanded of me pay for his injuries. I again refused, telling him that it was his own fault; that he came upon me stealthily, and would have killed me had I not discovered him just in time to save myself. While thus talking I heard the tramp of horses, caused by the arrival of the chief and others of the band, who, hearing of his intention to seek revenge, had hastened to try to effect a friendly arrangement.

“On entering, I stated to the chief the demand made upon me, and my refusal, and that now he and his friends had come like men, and not like squaws, and that this time I was prepared for them.

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“‘I came,’ I said, ‘among you with goods for your accommodation; trade was my object, and I have as much right to do as I please with my goods as you have with the pony you ride. You would not allow any one to take him without your consent; and, should any one attempt to take him by force, would you not defend yourself? Or would you, like a coward, give him up? Say, would you?’ ‘No,’ he replied. ‘Neither did I, nor will I. I am very sorry for what I did—I mean, the result, causing the loss of his winter’s hunt; but I will not pay him for it.’ The chief said to them, ‘The trader is right; the goods were his; he would not trust you because our friend (pointing to the interpreter) said you never paid. We all know that is true.’ After a moment of silence the Indian extended his hand to me, which I took. ‘Now,’ I said, ‘we are friends, and I wish to give you some evidence of my friendship, not to pay you, but only as a token of my good will.’ We all had a smoke, and I presented him with articles he most needed, much to his surprise. And so that difficulty was ended, much to the satisfaction of my men, who were fearful that great trouble would result from it.”

At the time that this incident occurred, Gurdon was nineteen years old.

About the first of April he vacated his post and taking his winter’s accumulation of furs joined Mr. Deschamps’ “brigade.” Again they made their way by way of the Chicago portage and the east shore of Lake Michigan to headquarters at Mackinaw, which they reached about June 1, 1822. Early in the fall, Gurdon left Mackinaw in the usual way for his fifth winter in the Indian country.

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The trip was a tedious one, taking nearly a month to reach Chicago, where he was as usual welcomed by his friends, the Kinzie's, and by Dr. Wolcott, the Indian agent.

Mr. Beebeau, at whose post on the Illinois River Gurdon had served as clerk during his first winter in the Indian country, had died during the summer, and Gurdon was placed in charge of this post. He was greeted by his foster father, Waba, and his old friend, Shaub-e-nee, but found himself pitted against a rival trader named Antoine Bourbonais.

Bourbonais was an old trader and well experienced in the tricks of the trade. Competition was very keen, each trader striving to supply the best hunters with their winter outfits so that, when they returned from the hunt in the spring, the trader who had supplied them would get their furs.

Bourbonais had five or six horses which gave him a decided advantage; as Hubbard, having no horses, had to pack supplies and furs on the backs of his men during the trips which they made to the Indian camps during the winter.

Altogether they had a very busy and exciting winter, in which the young trader rather more than held his own against the older man.

On Mr. Deschamps' return in the spring, he bought Bourbonais' furs and engaged him in the service of the American Fur Company. Perhaps this was the first "merger" in the Illinois country. Anyway it was the first of which we have any record, and it removed a very active competitor.

Mr. Deschamps was very well satisfied with the results of the winter's trade at the Bureau post, in fact it was much

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better than he had anticipated. The season had been an unusually good one, and they had accumulated more furs and peltries than their boats could carry up the Desplaines River. Gurdon was accordingly dispatched with five boat loads to Chicago, after which he returned to the Illinois River post and joined the "brigade" which moved up the river on its annual return to Mackinaw.

A portion of the furs were shipped from Chicago, for the first time on a small schooner which brought supplies for the garrison.

It was during this season that Gurdon acquired his new Indian name, by which he was known to the Indians as long as he lived with them. It was customary, when a young Indian brave performed some noteworthy feat, to give him a new name which commemorated this feat so that it might be said that he had earned his name. Gurdon had outgrown his first name Che-mo-co-mon-ess (The Little American) and he tells how he acquired his new name as follows.

"In the month of March [1823], I had occasion to go alone to see some Indians who were camped at 'Big Woods,' on Fox River, in Du Page County, west of Chicago.

"After I had transacted my business with them, and the evening before my return home, an Indian who belonged to another band, which was camped about ten miles distant, came into the wigwam where I was, and said he was going to my trading house. I gave him some supper and told him I should start in the morning and that he could accompany me, to which he assented. We started in the morning, as early as we could see to travel, and found the ground soft

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and muddy and the walking hard and tedious, but I noticed that my companion walked very fast.

"About noon he stopped to smoke, but having made up my mind that he wanted to race, I kept on as fast as possible and got a long distance ahead of him.

"When I reached the Illinois River above Hennepin, and opposite my trading house, I discovered that the canoe which I had left there had been stolen. The bottom lands were overflowed from the river to the bluffs. I finally got upon a log, and by pulling on the bushes and pushing with a stick, managed to propel it to the bank of the river.

"I shouted to my men and waited a long time for them to answer, but receiving no response, I jumped in and swam across, reaching my house about dark.

"The following morning I sent my men back across the river to look for the Indian; they found him with a party of others on horseback, very much chagrined and disappointed at his defeat. I then learned that the band which I had visited had made a wager with the band to which my companion of the day before belonged that I could outwalk any one they could produce, and they had planned the race without intending that I should know of it.

"The distance walked that day is seventy-five miles, in a direct line, according to the present survey. I suffered no inconvenience from it, though the Indian was very lame for a day or so."

So Gurdon earned his name Pa-pa-ma-ta-be, "The Swift Walker."

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*Works do follow us all unto God, there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed — but what they were only.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

In the fall of 1823 the “brigade” started again on its long trip down the east shore of Lake Michigan. Hubbard’s destination this year was the Iroquois country. This region was about seventy miles south of Chicago, on the eastern edge of Illinois, and was named for the Iroquois River which drained it.

Gurdon determined on this trip to try the St. Joseph portage and to pass his boats overland from the St. Joseph River to the Kankakee River, thus avoiding the Chicago portage, with its toilsome passage through Mud Lake to the Desplaines.

He made an arrangement with the Indians on the St. Joseph River by which he secured the use of their ponies. The goods were to be packed upon the backs of the ponies, and their tails attached to the boats so that the sturdy little beasts could help drag the boats across the portage.

This plan worked out very well although the ponies were somewhat unwilling at the beginning, but by patience and perseverance and with the aid of the men pulling and pushing, the boats were safely transported over the portage, and launched on the Kankakee. This was the first time that

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ponies had been so used, and it marked an innovation in the business.

The party found the Kankakee narrow and crooked, with frequent shoals, but they made fine progress and reached the mouth of the Iroquois River, which river they ascended to the trading house, located a short distance below the present village of Watseka, Illinois.

Gurdon had a successful winter at the Iroquois River post, and the results were satisfactory to Mr. Deschamps and to the managers of the company at Mackinaw.

On leaving his post, Gurdon went to Chicago where he stayed with the Kinzie family about a month, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Deschamps and the "brigade." He was not sorry for this delay, as it not only gave him an opportunity to visit his good friends, the Kinzies, and Dr. Wolcott, but also to consult with these friends as to his future.

The five-year period for which he had engaged with the American Fur Company had expired, and he felt keenly that he possessed no business experience except in the fur trade, and that for five years he had had no opportunity to improve his mind and almost no opportunity for intercourse with refined society.

He had worked hard for the American Fur Company for one hundred and twenty dollars a year, and had sent most of his wages to his mother. His inclination now was to return to the East and seek some employment by which he might assist his mother in the care of her family. However, he was embarrassed by the fact that he had very little money and no clothes. To be sure, he had the same coat which had been provided for him when he left Montreal. It had not been

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worn, but whereas it had looked then as if it were his father's, it now looked as if it belonged to some half-grown boy. The buttons were half way up the back and the sleeves were short and tight.

Messrs. Kinzie and Wolcott strongly advised him to remain in the only business which he knew anything about and to forego the project of going East. They advised him to remain in the Indian trade, under some favorable arrangement with the American Fur Company, or, if not with them, with Mr. Chouteau of St. Louis, a fur trader who was willing to give him employment at a good salary.

To abandon a business, to learn which had cost him five years under so many privations and exposures, and to undertake to learn some new business which would consume valuable time seemed to them inadvisable. "Demand," they said, "from the Fur Company a fair consideration for your abilities, and if they refuse to give it, then you have Mr. Chouteau to fall back upon. If they both fail, you are well enough known to get credit for an outfit and embark in business on your own account."

Presently Mr. Deschamps put in an appearance, and the brigade again returned to Mackinaw. Upon arriving there, Gurdon found himself a free man, and that he had ninety dollars to his credit, having drawn only a few dollars of his last year's wages.

He sent eighty dollars to his mother and went to work again in the warehouse, in charge of sorting and packing the furs, and without stipulation as to the wages that he was to receive. The managers of the company wished him to re-

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engage with them, but he had declined the offer made by them, demanding a larger salary, which they refused to pay.

In about a month a schooner arrived from Cleveland, loaded with corn, tallow and other provisions for the use of the company. She was to take back a cargo of furs to Buffalo, and Gurdon determined to take passage on her.

He therefore notified Mr. Stewart to fill his place at the fur warehouse, and to pay him whatever was due him so that he might settle his account at the store. Mr. Stewart seemed much surprised and said that he thought that it was settled that Gurdon was to remain in the employ of the company.

Gurdon assured him, however, that he considered his services worth more than he had been offered, and was consequently leaving. Before the schooner left, however, they accepted his proposition, and he engaged with the company for another year.

Mr. Deschamps, having become old and worn by long continued service and the hardships to which he had been exposed, resigned his position as superintendent of the Illinois River Trading Posts of the American Fur Company, and upon his recommendation Gurdon was appointed to succeed him.

The first act of the new superintendent, upon assuming the duties of his position, was to carry out a project which he had long urged upon Mr. Deschamps without success. This project was to unload the boats upon their arrival at Chicago from Mackinaw, and scuttle them in the slough, to prevent their destruction by prairie fires, until they were needed to carry furs on the return voyage to Mackinaw. The goods and furs

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were to be transported to and from the Indian hunting grounds on pack horses. In this manner, the long, tedious and difficult passage through Mud Lake, into and down the Desplaines River, would be avoided and the goods taken directly to the Indians at their hunting grounds. During the year 1822, Hubbard had opened a direct path, or track, from his Iroquois post to Danville. He now extended this south from Danville and north to Chicago, thus opening a route, known as "Hubbard's Trail," and extending from Chicago to a point one hundred and fifty miles south of Danville. Along this trail he established trading posts forty to fifty miles apart. This trail became the regular route for travelers from Chicago to Danville and beyond.

In the winter of 1833-34, the General Assembly ordered that a state road be located from Vincennes to Chicago and that mile-stones be placed thereon. From Danville to Chicago, the commissioners adopted the "Hubbard Trail" as the most direct route and on the most favorable ground. This road was known as the State Road and it is to this circumstance that State Street in Chicago, which formed the northern terminus of the trail, owes its name.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if this street could have kept the name "Hubbard's Trail," thus commemorating a great pioneer, and giving Chicago a street with a unique name which would link the present with the past? A street with a meaning not shared by other cities, and comparable in this respect to the "Strand," "Unter den Linden" and the Champs Élysées.

After the expiration of his five-year contract with the American Fur Company, Gurdon worked for two years for

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the very liberal salary, for the times, of thirteen hundred dollars a year. Becoming dissatisfied with the amount of his salary, he again proposed to leave, when the company offered him an interest as a special partner, which offer he accepted. Two years later, in 1827, he bought out the entire interests of the American Fur Company in Illinois. It was during this year that Hubbard had his encounter with Yellow Head, which is described as follows in his "Autobiography."

"One cold day in March, 1827, I went to Beaver Creek Lake for a hunt. This was a part of the great Kankakee marsh, and geese, ducks, and swan were very abundant. The fall previous, I had hidden a canoe in the vicinity of the lake and about thirteen miles from my trading house, and this I found with little difficulty. I hunted until nearly dark, when, thinking it too late to return home, I camped for the night on a small island in the lake. There were no trees, but I made a fire with driftwood, and having cooked some game for my supper, lay down and soon fell asleep. Some time in the night I awoke in great pain, and found that my fire had nearly gone out. I managed to replenish it, but the pain continued, being most severe in my legs, and by morning it increased to such an extent that I could not reach my canoe. About ten o'clock an Indian came down the lake and I called him and told him of my condition, and with his assistance reached the canoe, and finally the main shore. I sent the Indian to Iroquois with orders for my men to come and bring with them a horse and harness. On their arrival I had the horse hitched to the canoe and myself placed therein, and started in this manner to ride home. I soon found that I could not stand the jarring of the canoe, as it was drawn over

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the rough ground, and halted until some better means of travel could be devised. I sent back to Iroquois for two more men, which necessitated my camping for another night. On their arrival they constructed, with poles and blankets, a litter upon which they bore me safely and quite comfortably home.

"I had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which confined me to the house for three or four weeks, and from which I did not fully recover for eighteen months. I doctored myself with poultices of elm and decoctions of various herbs.

"About six weeks after my attack of rheumatism, I prepared to abandon my trading house on the Iroquois and remove to Chicago, but was compelled to wait for a band of Indians who owed me for goods and who had not yet returned from their winter hunting grounds. While thus delayed, two white men appeared with a pair of horses and a wagon loaded with corn, cornmeal, and whiskey. Hearing that I was waiting for the Indians, they decided to wait also and trade them whiskey for furs, blankets, or anything else of value which the Indians might possess. I was unable to walk without crutches, and scarcely able to leave my bunk. I knew that if the Indians were allowed to have the whiskey, trouble would ensue, so I sent Noel Vasseur to their camp to ask one of the men to come and see me. He soon came, and I told him I did not like to have him sell whiskey to the Indians, and that he had no right to do so, as he had no license from the government to trade with Indians. He replied that he had as much right to trade as I had and that he should do as he pleased. I warned him that the Indians would be-

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come drunk, and would then rob and probably murder them, but he refused to listen to me and returned to his camp.

"I immediately stationed men to watch for the coming of the Indians and was soon informed that Yellow Head and his band were at hand. When they arrived, I had a large kettle of corn soup and other food ready for them, and as soon as they had eaten, I took them into my council room, traded for their furs, collected what they owed me, and, after giving each one a gill of whiskey, dismissed them before the strangers had learned of their arrival. The Indians soon discovered the camp of the two men and commenced trading their blankets and the goods they had just bought from me for whiskey. I sent word to the men to leave and told them that, as soon as the Indians got drunk, they would rob them of all they had sold them, but they would not heed the message.

"As I anticipated, the Indians soon became drunk and angry because they had nothing more to trade and could get no more to drink, and began to take back their blankets and goods. The white men became very much frightened, and came to me for assistance. I refused to interfere, but sent Vasseur and Jacques Jombeau to empty the remaining kegs of whiskey, which they did. The Indians scooped up the whiskey with their hands and became more enraged, and finally assaulted Jombeau and stabbed him in the back, though not severely. The Indians got back all they had sold, and the white men made their escape with the horses and wagon. The disturbance lasted all night.

"The Indians came to my house and demanded more whiskey, and were, of course, refused. They all laid down

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and fell asleep, except Yellow Head (a brother-in-law of Billy Caldwell), who came several times to me, coaxing and threatening me but to no purpose. He finally said he would go to my store, break in and take as much as he wanted. I said, 'Very well, go on,' and he started for the storehouse. I got up from my bunk, took my rifle and thrust it through the paper which served for window glass, and as he reached the store, I 'drew a bead on him,' and called to him to go on and break in. He changed his mind and walked away.

"I again laid down, and in a few minutes he returned very angry, and, walking up to my bunk, drew a knife and attempted to stab me; but I was too quick for him, seized his arm, and lame as I was jumped up, took the knife away, and pushed him out of the door, where I found some squaws who had been attracted by the disturbance. Outside the door was a large mortar with a heavy iron-wood pestle, which I used for pounding corn. I gave the knife to a squaw and leaned on one crutch against the mortar with my hand on the pestle. Yellow Head felt in his leggins for another knife, when I said to the squaw, 'Give the old woman a knife.' She did so, but Yellow Head, looking at the pestle upon which my hand rested and doubtless remembering the sudden manner in which I had before disarmed him, deemed 'discretion the better part of valor,' and silently departed with the squaws.

"The day following I started for Chicago, leaving one of my men, Dominick Bray by name, in charge of the place, and to make a garden and plant vegetables for the following winter's use. Two or three days after my arrival in Chicago, Bray appeared with the story that Yellow Head had returned for revenge. Bray was lying in his bunk, when Yellow Head

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and two other Indians entered the house and leveled their rifles at him. He jumped up and ran by them out of the door, pulling it shut just as they fired, and the bullets struck the door through which he had escaped. Bray ran into the woods, caught a horse, and left for Chicago. The Indians pillaged the house and store, taking everything that had been left. Other Indians warned me that Yellow Head intended to kill me should he ever meet me again, but before my return to the Iroquois, he was killed in a drunken fight, and thus I was saved from further trouble with him."

Danville had become quite a settlement and Hubbard built a store there and made that point the headquarters for his business. His business was successful, but it commenced to take on more of the nature of supplying settlers who were coming into the country and less of traffic with the Indians. The fur trade was doomed, and Chicago, which had lain dormant for fifteen years, was beginning to show signs of life. Instead of being a way-station on the road between Mackinaw and the Indian country, it was soon to have a life of its own.

In the meantime, Hubbard had formed a matrimonial alliance with the Kankakee band of Pottawatomie Indians. Competition in the fur trading business was no less fierce than it is in modern day business, and the trader who was related by marriage with the chief of the tribe possessed an undeniable advantage over his competitor. When Hubbard first went into the Iroquois country, Tamin, the chief of the Kankakee Pottawatomies, proposed to him that he take Tamin's daughter as his wife. The daughter was of mature years and quite devoid of personal charm, besides which,

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Hubbard had no desire to marry. Such a request made by the chief of the tribe had something the same force as a command of royalty, therefore Hubbard softened his refusal and compromised the matter by promising to marry Tamin's niece when she became of marriageable age. The girl was then only ten or twelve years old and bore the name of Watseka, a name which by tradition and by decree of the elders was bestowed upon the most accomplished maiden of the tribe. Perhaps Hubbard thought that, by fixing his choice upon a maiden of such tender years, he might not be with the tribe when she reached the age for wifehood.

However this may be, when she reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, which was the marriageable age among the Indians, her mother brought her to Hubbard, and in keeping with his promise he married her according to the Indian custom.

Witseka had grown to be a beautiful and intelligent young woman, worthy of the best traditions of her tribe. This union lasted two years, during which time Watseka gave birth to two children, both of whom died while infants. Hubbard afterwards testified to the ideal nature of their life together and to Watseka's devotion and fidelity. Such marriages, however, like some exotic plants, cannot stand civilization.

Signs commenced to multiply that the end of the fur trade was near, and already Hubbard was making plans to adjust his business to the needs of civilized life and to resume his place among his own people. Watseka, on her part, felt that she could not leave her own people and that she could not be happy among the Whites. Perhaps, with a woman's in-

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tuition and with the self-abnegation of a noble character, she perceived that she would be a handicap to her husband, and determined to efface herself from the picture. At any rate, the couple separated by mutual consent, and, as Hubbard afterwards stated, with "mutual friendship and respect." Watseka afterwards became the wife of Noel Levasseur, who succeeded Hubbard in charge of the Iroquois River post. She lived with him for about ten years and bore him several children after which this union was dissolved, and Watseka joined her tribe in Kansas.

A generation afterwards, Watseka is said to have made the long journey from Kansas to her childhood home in Illinois on foot and alone. Sad indeed must have been her memories of the days when her Uncle Tamin ruled the tribe and gave her in marriage to the handsome young fur trader, of her happy life with him and of the remorseless forcing of her tribe ever further westward by the tide of invading Whites.

As the passengers on the fast express trains flash through the town of Watseka, seventy-seven miles south of Chicago, on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, or the thousands of automobilists spin by on the Dixie Highway (the concrete road that now replaces the worn ruts of "Hubbard's Trail") how many are there who know that the name that they glimpse in their swift passage is the name of the gentle Indian maiden who typified in herself the pathos and tragedy of her race?

In the summer of 1827 occurred the Winnebago Indian scare. The Winnebagoes went on the warpath and although their villages were in Wisconsin, some two hundred miles away from Chicago, it was reported by friendly Indians that

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they contemplated a raid on the Chicago settlement. The settlers were panic stricken, for there was no garrison at the fort at this time, and the total number of inhabitants of the settlement was about forty. These gathered in the fort to discuss their situation and to take such measures for defense as were possible.

Gurdon Hubbard, who had first come to Chicago nine years before, a boy of sixteen who shed tears when he sat at Mrs. Kinzie's breakfast table, was now a young man of twenty-five. He was respected by the Indians and known to the white settlers all over northern Illinois as "Our Gurdon." He was at Fort Dearborn at the time and volunteered to go to Danville, the nearest point at which aid might be obtained, and bring back reinforcements.

Danville was one hundred and twenty-five miles from Chicago, and, as a result of torrential rains, the country between the two settlements was flooded. The rivers were all out of their banks, and even the smaller streams had become raging torrents. The lowlands were submerged and the sloughs had become wide-spreading lakes.

Hubbard started on horseback between four and five o'clock in the afternoon and reached his trading post on the Iroquois River at midnight. Here he changed horses and hastened on his way. The night was dark and rainy, and when he reached the banks of Sugar Creek he found the stream out of its banks, and it was impossible to get his horse to enter the water. Accordingly, he was obliged to curb his impatience as best he might and wait for daylight. When it became light enough to see he discovered the cause of his horse's reluctance. A large tree had fallen into the water,

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making it impossible to ford the creek at this point. Avoiding the tree Hubbard swam the creek and arrived in Danville at noon, accomplishing the trip in less than twenty hours.

When we consider that the greater portion of this trip was made in pitch darkness over a terrain which boasted neither roads nor bridges, that the rivers were running torrents, and that much of the way the usually dry land was submerged, this feat appears epic in its proportions.

Dr. Milo M. Quaife, in "Chicago's Highways, Old and New" comments as follows on this trip:

"No text-book heralds to the rising generation the fame of Gurdon Hubbard's ride to Danville to bring troops to the rescue of imperiled Chicago; yet in comparison with it the midnight ride of Paul Revere was merest child's play."

As soon as Hubbard arrived at Danville, a settler set out to sound the alarm and volunteers were asked to gather at that place the following evening, each man to bring five days' rations.

At the appointed time, fifty men were assembled, and they were organized into a militia company, with Mr. Morgan, an old Indian fighter, in command. The company was a most motley crew, armed with squirrel rifles, flint locks, muskets, tomahawks, axes or any kind of weapon available. Most of the men were mounted, but five of them were on foot. These latter, however, were obliged to turn back before they had gone very far.

Having organized their company, they disbanded, and each man went home to cook five days' rations and to reassemble at Danville the next day. Each man was careful to include in his rations a pint of whiskey, which was con-

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sidered essential to mix with the slough water which they would have to drink.

The expedition left Danville on a Saturday, and Hezekiah Cunningham, one of the volunteers, tells the story of the expedition as follows:

“We arrived at the Vermillion River about noon on Sunday, the day after assembling at Butler’s Point. The river was up, running bank full, about one hundred yards wide, with a strong current. Our men and saddles were taken over in a canoe. We undertook to swim our horses, and as they were driven into the water the current would strike them and they would swim in a circle and return to the shore a few rods below.

“Mr. Hubbard, provoked at this delay, threw off his coat and said ‘Give me old Charley,’ meaning a large, steady-going horse owned by James Butler. Mr. Hubbard, mounting this horse, dashed into the stream, and the other horses were quickly crowded after him. The water was so swift that old Charley became unmanageable. Then Mr. Hubbard dismounted on the upper side and seized the horse by the mane near the animal’s head and, swimming with his left arm, guided the horse in the direction of the opposite shore. We were afraid he would be washed under the horse or struck by his feet and be drowned; but he got over without damage, except the wetting of his broad-cloth pants and moccasins. These he had to dry on his person, as we pursued our journey.

“I will say here that a better man than Mr. Hubbard could not have been sent to our people. He was well known to all the settlers. His generosity, his quiet and determined

WATSEKA

courage, and his integrity were so well known and appreciated that he had the confidence and good will of everybody, and was a well recognized leader among us pioneers.

"We reached Chicago on the evening of the fourth day, in the midst of one of the most severe rainstorms I ever experienced, accompanied by thunder and vicious lightning. The rain we did not mind, we were without tents and were used to wetting. The water we took within us hurt us more than that which fell upon us, as drinking it made many of us sick. The people of Chicago were very glad to see us. They had been expecting an attack every hour since Colonel Hubbard left them, and as we approached they did not know whether we were friends or enemies, and when they learned that we were friends, they gave us a shout of welcome.

"They had organized a company of thirty or fifty men, composed mostly of Canadian half-breeds, interspersed with a few Americans, all under the command of Captain Beau-bien. The Americans, seeing that we were a better looking crowd, wanted to leave their associates and join our company. This feeling caused quite a row, but the officers finally restored harmony and the discontented men went back to their old command. The town of Chicago was composed at this time of six or seven American families, a number of half-breeds and a lot of idle vagabond Indians loitering about. We kept guard day and night for some eight or ten days, when a runner came in, I think from Green Bay, bringing word that General Cass had concluded a treaty with the Winnebagoes, and that we might now disband and go home. The citizens were overjoyed at the news, and in their gladness they turned out one barrel of gin, one barrel of brandy, and

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one barrel of whiskey. Knocking the heads of the barrels in, everybody was invited to take a free drink, and to tell the plain truth everybody did drink.

“The ladies at Fort Dearborn treated us especially well. I say this without disparaging the good and cordial conduct of the men towards us. The ladies gave us all manner of good things to eat. They loaded us with provisions and gave us all those delicate attentions that the kindness of a woman’s heart would suggest. Some of them, three ladies who I understand were recently from New York, distributed tracts and other reading matter among our company, and interested themselves zealously in our spiritual, as well as temporal, welfare.”

And so ended the great Winnebago Indian scare, the chief result of which was the regarrisoning of Fort Dearborn.

Game and fur-bearing animals were getting scarcer year by year. White settlers were coming in increasing numbers and the end of the fur trading business was not far distant, so we shall take our leave of Gurdon Hubbard, the fur trader, although we shall meet him again as Colonel Hubbard, the business man and leading citizen of the metropolis of the West.

THE INFANT METROPOLIS

*Our days, our deeds, all we achieve or are,
Lay folded in our infancy; the things
of good or ill, we choose while yet unborn.*

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

In 1830, the tiny settlement at the forks of the Chicago River had little to distinguish it from other settlements which were springing up here and there in the wilderness, except that it was situated at the point where the waters of the Great Lakes were the nearest to the waterways which led by the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, and must logically be the eastern terminus of any canal built to connect the two systems of waterways.

This project had presented itself to Joliet and La Salle one hundred and fifty years before. It had been referred to many times by travelers and explorers and must have been uppermost in the minds of trappers and fur traders as they dragged their boats through the slimy mazes of Mud Lake in making the difficult portage from Lake Michigan to the Desplaines River.

The project, as it was envisaged in the early nineteenth century, did not contemplate a waterway to the sea by way of the St. Lawrence River. It was proposed to connect the Atlantic with the Gulf by means of a waterway which should terminate at New York, and for this purpose it was only necessary that artificial waterways should be built to connect

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the Hudson River with Lake Erie and to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois River. The Erie Canal was finished in 1825, and in 1827 Congress granted to the State of Illinois the alternate sections of land in a five-mile strip along either side of the proposed canal for the purpose of aiding its construction.

In 1829, the Illinois Legislature created a canal commission of three members and conferred upon this commission such powers as were necessary for the construction of the canal. The commission laid out the towns of Chicago and Ottawa, one at either end of the proposed canal, and in the summer of 1830 the lots in Chicago were sold at auction. The lots so offered for sale were in section nine of the United States land survey, and this section was one of those which by congressional grant had come under the jurisdiction of the Canal Commission. The whole section was bounded by the present State Street on the east, Halsted Street on the west, Madison Street on the south and Chicago Avenue on the north, and it was the next section north of Section Sixteen, the School Section.

The surveyor employed by the Canal Commission platted less than half of this section, the portion shown in the plat extending from State Street to Desplaines Street and from Madison Street to Kinzie Street. The plat was filed for record August 4, 1830, and the sale of lots was held the next month. The population of Chicago at this time did not exceed seventy-five, and the residents, most of whom lived within the limits of the canal section, were simply squatters with no legal title to their land.

The squatters bid in the land they had been holding, and

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there was some bidding by outsiders whose imaginations were fired no doubt by speculative possibilities when the canal should be built. Prices, however, judged by present-day standards, were rather moderate, an average price of thirty-five dollars each being paid for the lots, while two eighty-acre tracts lying outside the limits of the plat, sold for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre.

Chicago may really be said to have commenced its organized existence at this time, as heretofore it had been only a community of squatters.

The very moderate value which old residents put upon Chicago real estate at this time is shown by a story told by Mrs. Kinzie in *Waubun*.

The Kinzie house and surrounding grounds were east of State Street and consequently not within the limits of the canal section. While the Kinzie family had occupied the property for many years, they had no title to it; consequently Robert A. Kinzie, son of John Kinzie, went to Palestine, Illinois, where the land office was situated, to file on the property and secure a certificate of title.

He returned with the certificate, but the Kinzie property only measured up to one hundred and two acres whereas they had the right to file on one hundred and sixty acres, and were therefore at liberty to file on fifty-eight additional acres of unappropriated land.

"Now, my son," said his mother to Robert, "lay your claim to the corn field at Wolf Point. It is fine land, and will always be valuable for cultivation; besides, as it faces down the main river, the situation will always be a convenient one."

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The answer was a hearty laugh. "Hear mother," said Robert. "We have just got one hundred and two acres — more than we shall ever want or know what to do with — and now she would have me go and claim fifty-eight acres more."

"Take my advice, my boy," repeated his mother, "or you may live one day to regret it."

"Well, I cannot see how I can ever regret not getting more than we can possibly make use of." And so the matter ended and the fifty-eight acres were never claimed. These fifty-eight acres were northeast of the forks of the river. The massive "Merchandise Mart" now occupies a portion of the land.

The sale of the canal lots made no perceptible difference in the life of the community. The squatters, become property owners, made no change in their manner of life and apparently had no dreams of future greatness for their community.

The next year, 1831, things commenced to look up. To begin with, Chicago became a county seat. The act creating Cook County and making Chicago the county seat, was passed by the General Assembly of Illinois and approved January 15, 1831. The territory embraced in Cook County included, in addition to its present limits, all of the present counties of Lake, McHenry, DuPage, and Will, and Chicago was the only voting place in the county.

The settlers, too, were reminded of their privileges as property owners by being taxed for the first time. It was ordered by the Court of County Commissioners that a tax of one-half percent be levied "On town lots, on pleasure car-

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riages, on distilleries, on all horses, mules and neat cattle above the age of three years, on watches with their appurtenances, and on all clocks." So began the personal property tax, which remains to this day to plague the citizens.

The first two tavern licenses granted to Chicago landlords went to Elijah Wentworth for seven dollars and Samuel Miller for five dollars. Wentworth was known as "Old Geese" Wentworth and kept the Wolf Tavern at Wolf Point. His name was not a reflection on his mental capacity or personal appearance, but was based on the unique expletive which he constantly used. In lieu of a stronger cuss word he was wont to say, "By Geese," and sometimes, if he was provoked, would threaten the one who had aroused his ire by saying that he would "Geese" him.

E. O. Gale, who came to Chicago with his parents in 1835 and stopped at the "Green Tree" Tavern, gives the following description of this tavern in his *Reminiscences of Early Chicago*.

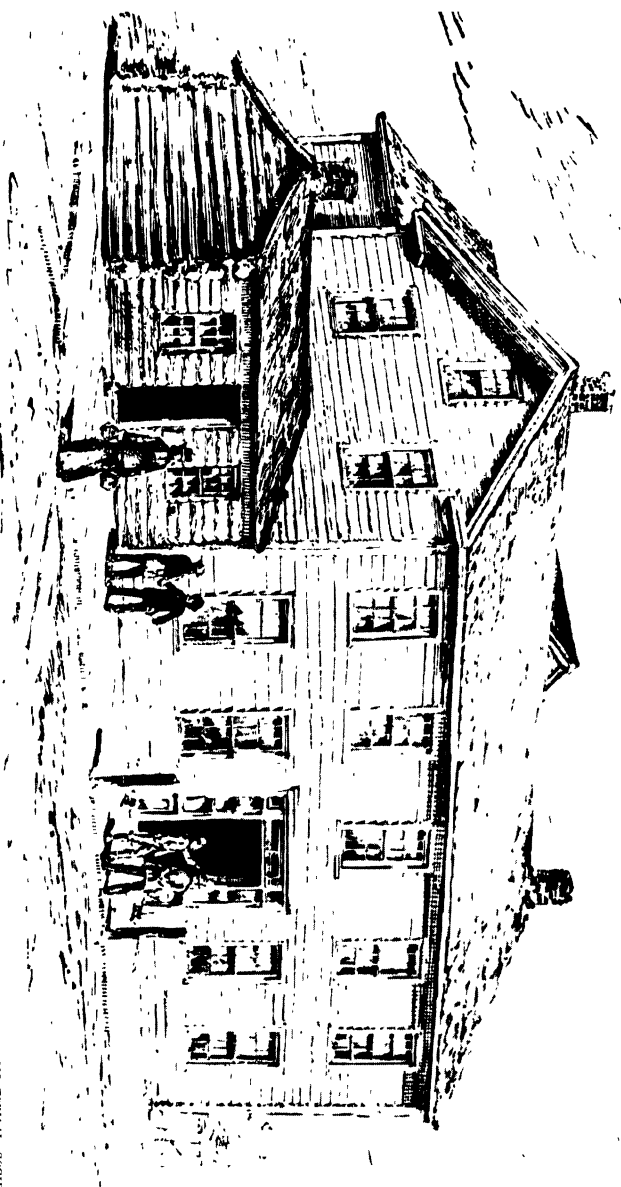
"The Green Tree having no book for that purpose, we were spared the ceremony of registering. Nor was it certain that we could find accommodation until our host had returned from the kitchen, whither he had gone to consult with his efficient wife, who performed the never-ending duties of housekeeper, landlady, meat and pastry cook, scullion, chamber-maid, waitress, adviser and personal attendant upon all the ladies and children who took shelter under the Green Tree; while her liege lord filled the many positions of boniface, clerk, bar-tender, butler, steward, walking encyclopedia and general roustabout.

"The momentous council was at length ended, and we

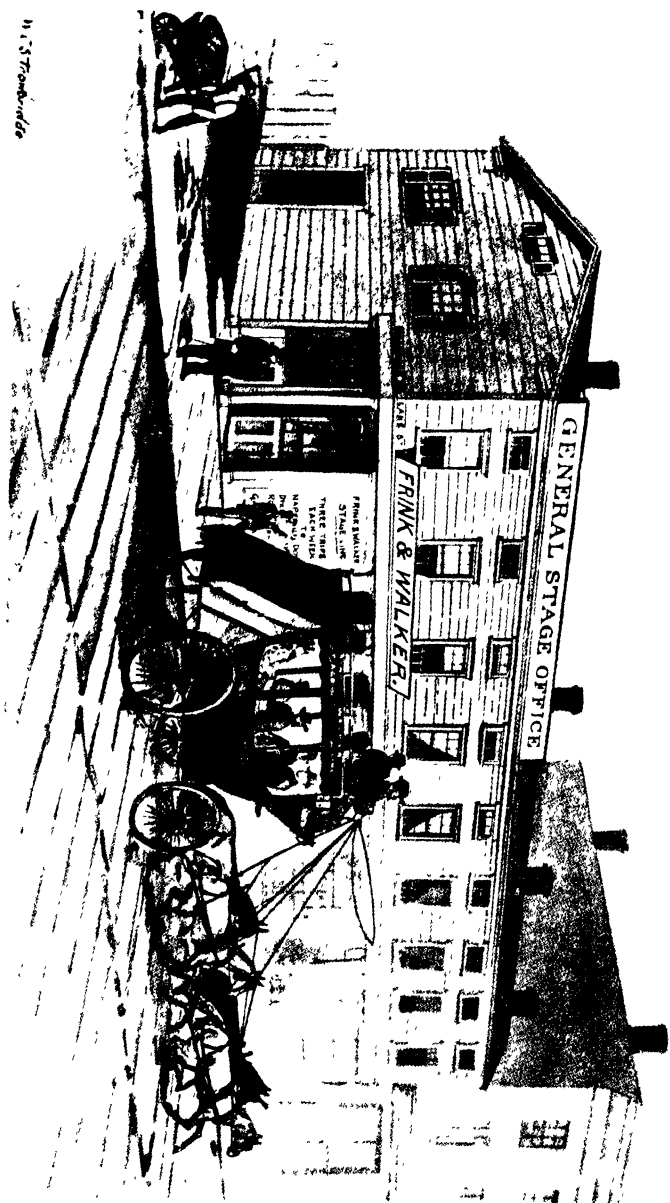
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were assigned a room adjoining the one we had first entered, which was the bar, reading, smoking and reception room, ladies' parlor and general utility place in one. Our room was about 12 x 12, with two windows 6 x 8, two doors, two beds, two red pictures, two chairs, a carpet worn in two and was altogether too dirty for the comfort of persons unaccustomed to such surroundings. Placing our hand luggage and two trunks inside, we returned to the family room and public rendezvous and took observations.

"On the east and west sides of the room were the inevitable puncheon benches. The walls, ceiling and board partitions had evidently received a coat of whitewash when the house was built, but it would require more than ocular evidence to establish the fact. Scattered around was an assortment of wooden chairs. Near the north end was a bar counter, useful not only for the receiving of drinks, but also umbrellas, overcoats, whips and parcels. The west end of the bar was adorned with a large inkstand placed in a cigar box filled with No. 8 shot, in which were sticking two quill pens — steel being unknown here, although invented in 1830. This end of the counter afforded the only opportunity in the establishment for a young man to write to the girl he left behind, standing up to his work like a prize fighter with a host of backers and seconds around him to see that he had fair play. Near the inkstand were several tattered newspapers, the latest giving an account of a great snow storm in Boston. At the other end of the counter were a dozen or more short pieces of tallow candles, each placed in a hole bored in a 2 x 4 block and fortified by sixpenny nails, standing like mourners around the circular graves in which they



THE SAGANASH TAVERN — 1827
Lake Street and Wacker Drive



111 S. Tremont

STAGE OFFICE — 1836

Northwest corner, Lake and Dearborn Streets

COLLECTION OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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had seen so many flickering lights pass away into utter darkness.

“Hanging in a row against the wall were large cloth and leather slippers, which the guests were expected to put on at night, that mud might not be tracked into every part of the house. Under the counter was a large wooden boot-jack and a box containing two old-fashioned boot brushes and several pieces of hard, raw tallow, black from application to stogas. There was also a collection of old-fashioned, perforated tin lanterns. Though not equal to their glass descendants, they were a great improvement on the lanthorns of ye olden times, and certainly very useful in enabling one to distinguish the difference between the necessary stepping-blocks in the streets and the altogether unnecessary mud puddles.

“There was also to be seen the indispensable tinder box, used fifty times a day, at least, for lighting pipes, when the old rusty bar stove was taking its summer vacation. Above the tinder box was one of the old-fashioned, square, cherry-veneered Connecticut clocks. On the glass door beneath the dial plate was a purple horse drawing a blue plow, which a man with a green coat and yellow trousers was guiding. The men of the Nutmeg State were giants in those days, judging by this specimen, who was taller than the apple tree in the corner, which, in turn, was loaded with fruit larger than the man’s head. Beneath the tree was a monstrous bullfrog, considerably larger than the crimson calf beside it. On the south side of the room was a long trough sloping slightly to the west, where a tin spout was adjusted to an opening through which the water flowed into an open-headed keg below, from the half-dozen tin wash basins we now saw

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turned up against the back of the long box by finical people who had performed their ablution. Resting on a broad shelf, fastened at each end, were large pails of rain or river water, in which floated long-handled dippers, with rags crowded into spaces the rust had eaten through. Next to each pail was a looking glass, its frame veneered with mahogany. The upper portion of the glass contained, according to the texts, portraits of Washington and Jefferson, respectively. There those worthies of the early days of our glorious Republic were eyeing each other with constant scrutiny, preparing for the next battle between the Federalists and the Republicans. Hanging on wooden pegs were three or four towels of that shade so easily produced by dipping dirty hands in water and rubbing briskly in the process of drying. Tied to each mirror was a horn comb — requiring a new set of false teeth — and a yellow-backed soft hair brush, for bald heads I should judge, for certainly the large amount of hairs these articles contained must have rendered many heads so by their use. Several dishes of soft soap were arranged along the back of the water trough. Though pretty strong for washing the hands of a ‘tenderfoot,’ it was in great demand after greasing boots or applying tar to wagon axles.

“In the middle of the room, standing in a low box filled with lake sand, was a large stove used in winter to good advantage not only for the warmth imparted to the room, but for furnishing hot water for toddies, shaving and washing as well. On the right side of the door going into our room was a Cook County license, costing \$5, which permitted the recipient to keep an inn and bar. It contained printed regulations as to prices:

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| | | |
|----------|---|-----|
| For each | ½ Pint, Rum, Wine, or Brandy | 25 |
| “ “ | Pint, “ “ “ “ | 37½ |
| “ “ | ½ Pint, Gin | 18¾ |
| “ “ | Pint, “ | 31¼ |
| “ “ | Gill Whiskey | 06¼ |
| “ “ | ½ Pint, “ | 12½ |
| “ | Breakfast and Supper | 25 |
| “ | Dinner | 37½ |
| “ | Horse feed | 25 |
| “ | Lodging for each person one night | 12½ |
| “ | Cider or Beer, 1 Pint .06¼; 1 Quart | 12½ |

“ By the time we had read our fate in the license figures, we were called to supper by a large bell, which was rung by our host in a manner which required no explanation as to its meaning. In the dining room were two tables, the length of the room, covered with green-checked oil cloth, loaded with roasted wild ducks, fricassee of prairie chickens, wild pigeon pot-pie, tea and coffee, creamless, but sweetened with granulated maple sugar procured from our red brethren. These furnished a banquet that rendered us oblivious to chipped dishes, flies buzzing or tangled in the butter, creeping beetles and the music of the Mosquito Band. We paid no attention to pewter spoons and pewter castors containing such condiments as mustard in an uncovered pot and black pepper coarsely crushed by the good housewife, or to cruets with broken stoppers filled with vinegar and pepper sauce. Our appetites put to flight fastidiousness and, even though the case knives and forks had never been scoured, we took it for granted that they were washed after every meal and we paid strict attention to our own business, and soon after tea retired.”

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The "Green Tree," also at Wolf Point, was built later than the "Wolf." Compared to the "Wolf," it was a palatial establishment, so we may assume that in 1831 the service at the "Wolf" was somewhat primitive.

Chicago received a number of new citizens in 1831, among them Colonel Richard Jones Hamilton, who came early in March, George W. Dole, May 4th, and P. F. W. Peck who brought with him a small stock of goods in the schooner "Telegraph" which arrived in July.

The "Telegraph" also brought a number of families destined for points west of Chicago. Emigrants came in increasing numbers during the summer and fall of this year, and by September there were some four hundred persons occupying the barracks at the fort. There was no garrison at the fort at this time, the troops having been removed to Green Bay in June.

Most of the emigrants were only temporary inhabitants, being on their way to settle in the Fox River and Rock River valleys. Nevertheless each family which settled in Chicago's hinterland made more customers for Chicago's merchants.

In 1831, there were only two merchants in Chicago, and their business came almost entirely from the emigrants. Traffic was increasing on the Erie Canal, and, as the advantages of this route became better known and it was realized that steamboats on Lake Erie made the tremendous speed of ten miles per hour, settlers from New England and New York State commenced to arrive, and emigrants from Southern Illinois and Kentucky joined in the thin trickle which presaged the flood which was to follow.

Colonel Richard J. Hamilton was one of the latter class of

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arrivals in 1831, and, because he has claims to distinction other than that of being the grandfather of the present writer, we shall give a somewhat extended sketch of his life which was typical of the professional men who came into Illinois from the South.

James L. Hamilton, the father of Richard, emigrated from North Carolina to Kentucky when he was twenty years old. There he married Sarah Jones and their son Richard was born near Danville, Kentucky, August 21, 1799.

The boy received his early education at Shelbyville Academy and at the age of seventeen became clerk in a store at Shelbyville, afterwards occupying a similar position at Jefferson. He spent a few months in these occupations but mercantile life seemed to have few attractions for him and at the age of eighteen, he went to Louisville and studied law for two years.

In 1820, he emigrated to Illinois in company with his friend, Abner Field. They owned a horse between them and accomplished the journey by what was called the ride and tie method. One of them would start on horseback and the other on foot. The equestrian would ride for a certain specified time and then dismount, tie the horse and start walking. When the one who had started on foot reached the horse, he would mount and ride the specified time and so on in rotation. The destination of the two friends was Jonesboro, Union County, Illinois, and when they reached it, they sold the horse, their sole property, and divided the proceeds.

Young Hamilton secured a position as school teacher, in the meantime continuing his law studies under the guidance of Charles Dunn, later Chief Justice of Wisconsin territory.

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The second General Assembly of Illinois at its session of 1820-1821 established the State Bank. At the first meeting of directors at Vandalia, a branch was authorized at Brownsville, Jackson County, and Mr. Hamilton was appointed its cashier. In 1822, he was married to Diana W. Buckner, a member of the historic Buckner family of Kentucky and a cousin of General Simon Bolivar Buckner, who commanded Fort Donelson at the time of its surrender to General Grant.

Mr. Hamilton was admitted to the bar in 1827, and in 1829 was recorded as one of the itinerant lawyers who rode the circuit of the southern counties and derived a scanty livelihood from the few clients who fell to his share. While the young man had not accumulated any great store of worldly wealth during his eight years' residence in the new state of Illinois, he seems to have acquired a great many influential friends. Governor John Reynolds had appointed him adjutant of the state militia and a member of his staff. It was from this appointment that he derived his title of Colonel which stuck to him for the remainder of his life. The title was about the only thing he did derive from the office except the privilege of wearing a uniform and riding a prancing steed on training day. The Chicago Historical Society has a letter which Colonel Hamilton wrote to a friend in Chicago asking him to forward some brass buttons and some gold braid, so that we may suppose that the youthful Colonel took full advantage of his prerogatives.

Business was poor, and Brownsville did not seem to give promise of being a great metropolis, while stories of a rosy future for Chicago when the canal should be built commenced to filter in, so Hamilton decided to emigrate to Chi-

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ago. His influential friends came to the front at this juncture and smoothed his pathway.

The General Assembly elected him the first Probate Judge of the new county; his friend Judge Young of the Fifth Judicial District appointed him clerk of Cook County Circuit Court, and Governor Reynolds commissioned him as Notary Public and Recorder of Cook County. He was later appointed Commissioner of School lands in Cook County.

He came to Chicago early in March, 1831, and was present at the organization of Cook County on March 8. In August of the same year, he brought his wife and two children to Chicago and lodged them in Fort Dearborn. Here his second daughter Ellen was born in 1832. Her son still lives in Chicago. Colonel Hamilton soon added other offices to those he held, and lives in history as the only man who ever held all the offices in Cook County at one and the same time.

In the latter part of September, 1831, about four thousand Indians gathered at Chicago to receive their annuities. This gathering was a source of great anxiety to the Whites as it was known that there were emissaries among the Indians from Black Hawk's band of Sacs. This band had but recently and with great reluctance moved to the western banks of the Mississippi and was attempting to persuade the gathered tribes to join with it in a war for the extermination of the white settlers and the regaining of their old hunting grounds.

Big Foot, the leader of a powerful band of Pottawatomies living at the head of Big Foot Lake, now Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, was ready with most of his warriors to join in this war, and it was only the influence of Billy Caldwell, the

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Saug-a-nash, and Shaub-e-nee, the head man of the Chipewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies, that caused the plot to fail. The payment ended in a bloodless orgy of drunkenness, after which the various tribes returned each to its own village.

During this winter, the dwellers in the little settlement, cut off from the outside world, amused themselves as best they might. There were dances at Mark Beaubien's where jolly Mark played the fiddle and called the figures in a jargon of French and English. A debating society was organized at the fort and our old friend Jean Baptiste Beaubien, now Mr. J. B. Beaubien, was its president. The president was not very well versed in rules of order, but he is said to have presided with great dignity and efficiency and, as is the way with debating societies, the affairs of the nation and the world were settled with satisfaction to the debaters.

Mrs. Hamilton, Elijah Wentworth, William See, the Reverend Stephen R. Beggs and others of the piously inclined held weekly prayer meetings.

Mark Beaubien had two horses and an impromptu race was staged on the frozen river whenever a challenger was available. Occasionally, the villagers joined in a wolf hunt on the outskirts of the settlement, and so they passed the time until the return of spring should bring the arrival of more emigrants and the consequent revival of business.



THE BLACK HAWK WAR

*In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.*

KING HENRY V

The year 1832 is memorable in the annals of Chicago for two events: the Black Hawk War, and the coming of cholera. The Black Hawk War was not a war which was calculated to be a source of pride to the Whites either in its inception or in its conduct.

Black Hawk was a leading chief of the Sac or Sauk tribe, and his band had their home in the beautiful Rock River valley near the juncture of the Rock with the Mississippi. He refused in 1831 to comply with the terms of a treaty with his tribe, which he never signed for his band and which required him to remove west of the Mississippi River and to forever abandon all claim or title to the lands which had been owned and occupied by his band in Illinois.

Black Hawk claimed, on grounds which would have been held valid in any court of law if he had been white, that neither he nor his band ever desired or agreed to sell their town near Rock Island nor their farms in the vicinity. In the summer of 1831 Black Hawk and his band went on their customary hunt and, upon their return, found their village

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and the adjacent fields occupied by white settlers who had come in and taken possession of the cabins and the growing crops which had been planted by the Indians. Black Hawk determined at all hazards to regain for his people the homes of their fathers, and this brought him into collision with the State of Illinois.

The Governor, under the terms of the treaty which Black Hawk had not signed, proclaimed that the State had been invaded and called upon the Government at Washington to help expel the invaders. Black Hawk was defeated, his village was burned, he was forced to retreat to the west bank of the Mississippi, and to sign a treaty by which he agreed to give up for himself and his people all claims to their former hunting grounds in Illinois and to remain permanently west of the Mississippi. The treaty was confirmed by giving and receiving presents and it was thought that all trouble from Black Hawk was at an end.

The winter of 1831-1832 was not favorable for trapping, and Black Hawk's band had very few furs to show for their winter's hunt. The seizure of the crops which they had planted the previous season left them destitute. They could not pay their debts to the Indian traders and were without money or credit with which to buy food or ammunition. In their distress, it is no wonder that their thoughts turned to the flesh-pots of Illinois, nor that they regarded lightly the treaty which had been forced upon them and which bound them to residence in a land which had proved inhospitable to them. Whether actuated by a sense of injustice or by stern necessity, Black Hawk decided to violate the terms of the treaty so far as to return to Illinois.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

Accordingly, on the sixth of April, 1832, he crossed the Mississippi with his whole band; including old men, women, children, warriors, and household goods. It was not the custom of the Indians to take their old men and their women and children when they went on the warpath, and this "invasion" certainly looked more like a peaceful migration forced by necessity than it did like a hostile foray. Indeed, Captain William B. Green, afterwards a citizen of Chicago, who served in Stephenson's company of mounted rangers, said that "Black Hawk and his band crossed the river with no hostile intent but to accept an invitation from Pittawak, a friendly chief, to come over and spend the summer with his people on the head waters of the Illinois."

Black Hawk's band numbered three hundred and eighty-six warriors and perhaps three times that number of non-combatants. At the very outside, he never had to exceed five hundred warriors under his command. This violation of the treaty and return of Black Hawk and his band to their former homes caused the most extraordinary alarm all over the northern part of the state. Governor Reynolds summoned the militia of the state to muster and repel the invaders.

On Saturday, May 9, eighteen hundred men had gathered at Dixon's Ferry, the present city of Dixon, Illinois, and were awaiting the arrival of General Atkinson's force from Fort Armstrong. In the meantime, most of Black Hawk's followers had dispersed and were scattered among the neighboring Indian villages. Black Hawk himself with the remnant of his band, consisting mostly of noncombatants, was

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making his way up the Rock River towards the country of the Winnebagoes.

On May 10, Major Isaiah Stillman with about four hundred well-mounted men took the trail of this half starved remnant with the avowed purpose of waging a war of extermination on any portion of the hostile band which he might encounter. On the evening of May 12, Stillman's force encamped at White Rock Grove, not far from the present site of Rockford. Their commissary was well stocked, including an ample supply of whiskey, and many of the troopers stimulated their courage by imbibing freely.

Black Hawk, with his war chief, Neopope, and about four hundred and fifty of his people, was encamped near by. About one-third of this number were warriors and the remainder were old men, women and children. Stillman's force was not aware of the proximity of the Indians, but Black Hawk's scouts had kept him informed as to the advance of the Whites and he determined to communicate with them. His intentions were apparently peaceful, and he employed the white man's means of approach, sending a small party of his braves with a flag of truce towards Stillman's camp. As the embassy appeared in sight, some of Stillman's men mounted without orders and rode furiously towards the advancing Indians, firing as they advanced. They killed two of the Indians and captured two, the others fleeing, pursued by the white troopers and bearing the news of the violation of the flag of truce and the death of their comrades.

The result of this outrage, as may be imagined, was immediate reprisal on the part of the Indians. The war whoop

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

was raised and an attack was made in force, the Indians being inflamed to desperation. The drunken squad which had started the trouble murdered their two prisoners and retreated to their camp. Notwithstanding the fact that the white troopers far outnumbered the Indians, they were seized by panic and the whole battalion fled for safety.

Eleven of Stillman's men were killed, among whom were two officers. The place of this encounter has ever since been known as "Stillman's Run." The panic-stricken soldiers scattered in disorder, seeking safety, and carried consternation and terror wherever they went. General Whiteside, who was in command of the main body at Dixon, marched at once to the scene of the affray where he found and buried the mutilated bodies of the victims.

The Indians, in accordance with their custom, had broken up into small detachments which were ravaging the white settlements in revenge for the war which had been forced upon them by the unprovoked outrage of Stillman's troopers. The volunteers who had started the trouble were soon afterwards mustered out of service, and the harassed settlers were left to defend themselves against the roving bands of savages as best they might.

The news that Black Hawk and his band were on the war-path soon reached Chicago, and hard upon the heels of the news came a rush of panic-stricken settlers from the surrounding country seeking the safety of the stockade of Fort Dearborn. There was no garrison at the fort at this time, and the little settlement was very poorly prepared either to defend their guests or to give them food and shelter. The

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refugees crowded into the barracks at the fort and there was much of actual hardship and suffering caused by the shortage of accommodations and provisions.

When the news of Black Hawk's invasion first arrived, Governor Reynolds issued a call for the state militia to muster and repel the invaders. A company of militia was organized in Chicago. Colonel Hamilton drew up the muster roll and was the first signer. Gurdon Hubbard, who was still residing at Danville, came with his company of rangers and we have this pen picture of him, written by the Honorable Henry W. Blodgett and read by him before a meeting of the Pioneers of Chicago:

"The picture of him, as he led his Vermilion County rangers up before the old fort, will ever remain in my memory. I think without exception, he was the nearest to my ideal of a frontier soldier, of anyone I have ever seen. Splendid in physique, six feet and something more in height, he rode a splendid horse, and dressed in just enough of the frontier costume to make his figure a picturesque one. He wore buckskin leggings, fringed with red and blue and a jaunty sort of hunting-cap. In a red sash about his waist was stuck, on one side, a silver-handled hunting-knife, on the other, a richly mounted tomahawk. His saddle and horse-accoutrements were elegant, I might say fantastic, and altogether he made a figure ever to be remembered."

There were thirty-seven men in Chicago capable of bearing arms, and they all signed the Muster Roll. A company of about thirty men, drawn from the Chicago volunteers, together with some of the outlying settlers, was placed under the command of Jesse B. Brown and Richard J. Hamilton,

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and on Saturday, May 12, this company left Fort Dearborn for the seat of war. While they were on the way, a messenger from Ottawa brought the news that a party of Indians had raided the settlement at Indian Creek near Ottawa and murdered the settlers.

The company immediately went to Ottawa and from there to the scene of the massacre where they found the mangled remains of fifteen settlers among the ruins of their cabins. The victims had all been scalped and their bodies mutilated, the children being hacked to pieces, the bodies of the women nailed, suspended by their feet, to the walls of the houses, and those of the men mutilated in a most shocking manner.

Burying the dead, they returned to Ottawa and from there started on their return march. At Holderman's Grove, about sixteen miles northeast of Ottawa, they found conditions similar to those at Indian Creek, and at Plainfield they found the settlers in the fort greatly alarmed by the reports which they had received from other settlements. The following morning Fort Beggs, at Plainfield, was abandoned, and the settlers, under the escort of the soldiers, proceeded to Fort Dearborn, augmenting the terror-stricken throng already there. On May 29, the Company returned to Chicago after a five-day arduous and heart-wrenching, though bloodless, campaign.

Our old friend, Jean Baptiste Beaubien, now Captain Beaubien, at the head of a company of twenty, and Robert Kinzie, at the head of fifty friendly Pottawatomies, had similar experiences. None of our Chicago soldiers came into actual contact with Black Hawk's band which had now retreated up the Rock River and out of Illinois. It was not thought

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safe for the settlers to return to their homes while Black Hawk's still undefeated band was only one hundred and fifty miles away.

Occasional trips of inspection to the deserted settlements were made, and each party returned with the good news that there was no sign of Indians and that the crops were growing without molestation. Fear still held the fugitives in and around the fort until the arrival of a foe even more deadly than the marauding Sacs drove them back to their homes.

General Scott and his command, who had been ordered to Chicago by the War Department and whose coming had been daily expected, arrived July 10, on the steamer "Sheldon Thompson." The morning after their arrival, the news spread that cholera in its most fatal form was a passenger on the ship. The soldiers died like flies, and the corpses, too numerous for formal burial, were unceremoniously hustled into common graves.

Terror stricken at the advent of this new enemy, which no vigilance could elude, the fugitive settlers began a hasty exodus, and within two days they had all returned to their homes, preferring to take their chances with the Indians rather than to encounter the certain perils of the cholera. Chicago was abandoned to the pest-stricken troops who were landed and quartered in the Fort, and the few citizens who were brave enough to remain and assist in caring for the sick and burying the dead.

During the ten days after the arrival of General Scott, a hundred of his soldiers died of the cholera and were carried without the gates of the garrison and hastily interred in a



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BLACK HAWK

CHICAGO'S FIRST POSTOFFICE — 1832
Lake Street and Wacker Drive

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common grave. About the twentieth of July, General Scott moved such of his soldiers as were able to be moved out to the Des Plaines River and encamped at the present site of Riverside, where they remained for ten days, their health improving rapidly in the meantime. Thence, by easy stages, the regulars commenced their pursuit of Black Hawk. The train consisted of fifty baggage wagons in which were carried the supplies and such sick or disabled soldiers as were unable to march. The expedition crossed the Fox River three miles below Elgin and marched by way of the present site of Belvidere to an old Indian village near the present site of Beloit, Wisconsin, where the cholera again broke out with such fury as made it necessary to camp for a week, during which time several more deaths occurred.

While still in camp, news was brought that on August 3 the fugitive band of Sacs had been surrounded and utterly routed at the mouth of the Bad Axe River and that the Black Hawk War was over. The expedition then turned south and followed the course of the Rock River to the present site of Rockford and from there to Fort Armstrong at Rock Island, where the march ended. Their route took the troops through the most beautiful and fertile regions of the Northwest, embracing a portion of southern Wisconsin and the northern tier of counties in Illinois, including the lovely valley of the Rock River from Beloit to the mouth of the river.

General Scott's campaign had no military consequences, but the consequences to Chicago and to the region through which the troopers marched were immense and far reaching. On their return to the East, the soldiers carried the most glowing accounts of the beauty and fertility of the region, and as

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soon as it was realized that a quarter section of this wonderful land might be had for the asking, a great tide of emigration set in, all of which had Chicago for its first destination. Whether these emigrants stayed in Chicago or pushed on into the rich lands beyond, they were all grist to Chicago's mill. Her position at the foot of the Great Lakes made her the door to the promised land. For four years a constantly swelling tide came to Chicago, and many of the more far-sighted remained there, seeing a brighter future in the coming metropolis than in the country beyond.

Chicago at the close of 1832 showed little change in its physical aspects; it had gained a few permanent residents and ten or twelve new buildings of the most primitive kind. Names of residents that stand out prominently are the Clybournes, John K. Clark, Dr. Philip Maxwell, George W. Snow, Philo Carpenter, John S. Wright and Dr. E. S. Kimberly.

Emigrants in large numbers were arriving daily. They came by water, by ox team or horseback, and on foot. There were many families among the arrivals who brought with them all their goods and chattels. The fame of Chicago and the rich country at its back had spread far and wide, and all over the East in farm and village, people were preparing to start for the new Eldorado. A conviction was spreading that Chicago, with its unique geographical situation, its harbor on the lake, its canal still to be built, and the great Mississippi valley at its back was bound to have a golden future. The town doubled its population during the spring and early summer of 1833. Among the newcomers were Stephen F. Gale, Hiram Pearson and Silas Cobb. One hundred and

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fifty frame buildings were erected. To be sure, it was not difficult to establish a status as resident; any person who stopped in Chicago long enough to pay a week's board was considered a resident and if he bought a lot or hung up a sign of some kind he became an old inhabitant.

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• *Glendower* — I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur — Why so can I, or so can any man.

But will they come when you do call for them?

KING HENRY IV

In his village in Whitesides County, Illinois, which still bears the name of Prophetstown, lived Winneshiek, or White Cloud, the Indian prophet. Winneshiek was the illegitimate son of a Sac chief by a beautiful Winnebago squaw. If he had been the offspring of a regular marriage, under the Indian law he would have been a Winnebago, because his mother was a Winnebago, but the circumstances in his case were such that he was born without benefit of clergy or any pretense of marriage of any kind.

In accordance with the tribal law, when the child was old enough to wean, his mother took him to his paternal grandmother and he was reared among the Sacs.

If his father's mother had not been living, his father's eldest sister would have been obliged to accept the responsibility.

Winneshiek possessed a strong body and a keen intellect. He absorbed information as a sponge does water, but took no interest in the pursuits of the ordinary Indian youth. He took but little interest in hunting or fishing, in trailing an animal or an enemy, or in any of the manly or warlike exercises which engaged the attention of the young men of the tribe.

Wherever sooth-sayers, medicine men and orators were

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gathered together, young Winneshiek was to be found with an attentive ear. As he grew in stature, he increased in wisdom until his reputation spread beyond his own tribe, and all of the Illinois tribes recognized him as a prophet of the first rank.

Ever since Black Hawk and his band had been unjustly evicted from their homes on the east bank of the Mississippi in the summer of 1831, and even forced to abandon their growing crops, Black Hawk had cherished hopes of revenge and dreamed again Tecumseh's dream of twenty years before of a confederation of Indian tribes which should make common cause against the white man and drive him from the Indian hunting grounds. While Black Hawk possessed a commanding intellect and was far above the average of his tribe in wisdom and understanding, he also possessed the superstitious beliefs common to all Indians.

These beliefs led him to consult the prophet who was supposed to receive his inspiration direct from the Great Spirit himself and to be able therefore to foretell the course of events in any emergency. White Cloud encouraged Black Hawk in recrossing the Mississippi and held out hopes to him that the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, and Kickapoos would flock to his standard, and, as to the Winnebagoes, being a Winnebago himself, he assumed to speak for the tribe.

White Cloud, however, seems to have relied mostly in his advice upon what he considered the justice of Black Hawk's cause and the white man's sense of fair play, which he judged by Indian standards. He was not very definite in his promises as to what the other tribes would do. Perhaps, although he

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had never heard of the Delphian oracle, he copied the Delphian methods and played safe, so that he might be able to say, "I told you so," no matter what happened. Where Black Hawk made his mistake, however, was in using his second in command, Neopope, as a go-between in his negotiations with White Cloud.

Neopope, or Broth, was the prophet's half-brother, which gave him a certain prestige; moreover, he was a strong man with a fine presence, and no mean orator, although somewhat given to bombast, whence his name "Broth." He was, however, a great boaster and a monumental liar, and he deceived both Black Hawk and White Cloud.

He had been sent to Fort Malden, Canada, to interview the British Commandant there as to prospects of assistance from the British, and he reported to White Cloud that their British father would aid them to secure their rights from the Americans and would send a shipload of arms and ammunition to Milwaukee for their use. To Black Hawk he repeated this story and also told him that White Cloud had definite promises from the Illinois tribes that they would come to his aid and that the tribes of the Upper Mississippi valley would also become his allies.

That the Illinois tribes gave fair promises of assistance there is no doubt, but Black Hawk's little band was poor and had very little in the way of munitions of war, and the other tribes were not much better situated.

Black Hawk believed the stories about help from the British, because he and the warriors of his band had fought for the British against the Americans in the War of 1812, and he had borne a commission as Colonel in the British army.

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He viewed the situation from the Indian standpoint, where once an enemy is always an enemy, and did not understand the system of civilization where enemies fought to the death one day and shook hands and were friends the next. He thought that he had the right to demand help from the British against their common enemy and that the British would no doubt be glad of an opportunity to even the score with their old foes.

The weakest part of Black Hawk's situation, however, was the fact that he did not control the united tribe of Sacs. Two years previously his great rival, Keokuk, with two-thirds of the tribe, had crossed to the west side of the Mississippi and made their home on the Iowa River. Black Hawk and his band, constituting the other third of the tribe, remained at their ancestral home of Saukenuk, on the east bank of the Mississippi, three miles below Rock Island. If he was to have any hope of success in his war against the Whites, it was necessary that Black Hawk should have the united support of his tribe.

The Keokuk band had been supplied with plows and seed by the Government, had planted their fields and established their village and were fairly well satisfied with their lot. Keokuk was twenty-one years younger than Black Hawk, and perhaps partly for this reason did not share Black Hawk's confidence in the prophet. He was a man of keen intellect who faced the realities of life as they were and not as he would have liked them to be. He knew that in the long run the Indian could gain nothing by war with the white man, and that his best policy was one of peace and friendship.

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He had pledged his word to protect Colonel Davenport and the other white settlers near Rock Island, and when Black Hawk sent emissaries to him, painting a rosy picture of help to be obtained from the British father and the Indian tribes and asking his co-operation, Keokuk returned the answer that Black Hawk was a dreamer who was being misled by liars, and advised him to forego his warlike projects and seek to cultivate the friendship of the Whites.

By means of spies which Keokuk kept in Black Hawk's camp, he kept himself advised of the latter's plans and at his request Colonel Davenport sent a trusty white man to his village in order to maintain contact with him and to bear witness that he was doing everything that he could to prevent his band from joining Black Hawk in his projected war. The man selected for this perilous duty was Josiah Smart, a man of unusual intelligence and well acquainted with the Indian language. Painting his face like a Sac brave, clothed like an Indian and accompanied by two real Indians, Smart left Rock Island in an Indian canoe, paddled down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Iowa and up that river to Keokuk's village.

In the meantime, Black Hawk, whose new village was a few miles above Keokuk's village on the Iowa River, determined to go to Keokuk's village with his whole band and hold a war dance. He trusted to his own personal influence and eloquence, together with that of Neopope, and the story of aid from the British father to induce the greater part of Keokuk's band to join him in his proposed war upon the white settlers.

The two bands were on friendly terms and differed only

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on questions of internal policy. Doubtless Black Hawk had friends in Keokuk's band and it is likely that he also had spies in Keokuk's village who had led him to believe that he might persuade a large portion of the band to follow him.

The squaws of Black Hawk's band were most eager to return to their old home at Saukenuk, and, not unmindful of their influence upon the sterner sex, he determined to take his whole band on the visit to Keokuk's village. The town crier spread the news through the village and immediately all was in a bustle of preparation. The wigwams were dismantled and, together with utensils and other family impedimenta, were loaded into canoes. Several kegs of whiskey for use at the war dance were also put aboard. The aged and infirm, together with the women and children, were also put into the canoes, while the warriors and braves, with Black Hawk in the van and Neopope bringing up the rear, mounted their ponies and made the journey on horseback.

Both Black Hawk and Neopope were dressed in the British uniform and carried cavalry swords. The head men, chiefs and warriors were attired in full panoply of war paint and armed with their tribal weapons. Beating their tom-toms and singing their war songs, they departed from their new village and in due course arrived at Keokuk's village, not long after the arrival of Josiah Smart, the white emissary.

Smart's Indian make-up was not good enough to fool the lynx-eyed Indians, and accordingly Keokuk concealed him in his own lodge under a pile of utensils of various kinds topped off with blankets. Here the unfortunate Josiah remained for three days, nearly smothered and starved and in imminent danger of his life if he should be discovered.

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It is to his presence and his knowledge of the Indian language that we are indebted for the account of the war dance and the speeches which were made. As soon as Black Hawk's band arrived at Keokuk's village, they brought forward Black Hawk's war post and placed it in a level plot of land hard by the lodge in which Josiah Smart was hidden. The war post was made from the trunk of a small tree, with one end sharpened so that it might readily be driven into the ground. The bark was stripped off, and the surface of the post was covered with crude representations of warriors engaged in battle.

As soon as the post was erected, Black Hawk drew his tomahawk and, uttering his war whoop, hurled the weapon at the post, where it was buried up to its handle in the soft wood. Before his tomahawk struck the post, Neopope's weapon was in the air and quivered beside the tomahawk of his chief. In quick succession and in order of their rank, each subordinate chief hurled his tomahawk into the post and sounded his war cry in bloodcurdling screeches.

The braves then formed a large circle around the war post and, joining hands, rapidly moved from left to right in imitation of the course of the sun. Each brave sang his war song and kept time with the motion of his body to the beating of the tom-toms. At last, the circle broke, and each brave with loud yells rushed to the post and struck it with his tomahawk. This was the Indian method of enlistment, and when an Indian brave has struck the war post he has pledged his life to follow the banner of his chief upon the war path and nothing save death or physical disability can relieve him of his pledge.

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After striking the war post, the braves resumed their places in the war dance without joining hands. Each brave went through the motions of mimic warfare in accordance with his own ideas. They squatted down and peered beneath leveled hand at an imaginary foe. They leaped to the attack and swung the tomahawk with crushing force. They tore the scalp from their victim and, with bloodcurdling yells, waved it in the air. As the dance progressed, whiskey was freely circulated and to the frenzied yells of the warriors were added the shrill shrieks of the squaws.

Finally, Black Hawk entered the ring of dancers and approached the war post. The tom-toms ceased their monotonous beat, and the dancing stopped. All were anxious to hear the words of the venerable chief, and a dead silence succeeded the pandemonium. The snows of sixty-five winters had frosted the head of the patriarch, but his form remained unbowed. With dignified mien, he advanced to the center of the ring and commenced his speech. With all of the eloquence at his command, he told of the wrongs which the Indian had suffered at the hands of the white man. He described the vast territory stretching along the Mississippi River from Prairie du Chien to the mouth of the Illinois River, seven hundred miles in length, which had belonged to the tribe for more than one hundred years. The woods and prairies of this land teemed with buffalo, moose, elk, bear, deer, and other game, while its lakes and rivers were full of fish.

The Great Spirit, he said, made berries, plums and other fruit to grow in abundance. While the soil, when cultivated, produced abundant crops of corn, beans, pumpkins and

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squash. Their children were never known to cry on account of hunger, and no stranger, red or white, ever entered their lodges without finding food and rest. The Great Spirit, he said, had created this land for his red children, and they were happy in it until the pale-faces came to drive them away. He told of how, when the Indians returned from their hunting grounds the previous spring, they found that the pale-faces had taken possession of the crops which they had planted and were living in their lodges.

He told how he himself, returning from a hunt, weary and stumbling with the weight of sixty-four winters, had been falsely accused by the white men of killing two of their hogs and, when he denied the charge, how they told him that he lied and took by force his gun, powder horn and bullet pouch and beat him with a hickory stick until the blood ran down his back like drops of falling rain. Also he told of how some women of the tribe, driven by hunger, had crossed the river to gather a few ears of the corn which they themselves had planted, and how they were discovered and beaten with rods and kicked by the cruel boots of the pale-faces.

He conjured them by the memory of their sacred dead whose spirits were calling to them from the land of dreams to forget their tribal differences and join with him in seeking vengeance on their despoilers. The Great Spirit had whispered in his ear, he said, that if the united nation crossed the Mississippi and rekindled their watch fires, they would be joined by their cousins the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Winnebagoes, Foxes, and Kickapoos, and that the British Father would not only send them guns, tomahawks,

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spears, knives and ammunition, but would also send British soldiers to fight with them.

He was followed by Neopope, the half-brother of the prophet and therefore looked upon as his mouthpiece. Neopope commenced by glorifying the wisdom of the prophet, whom he described as being in the confidence of the Great Spirit and the medium by which the Great Spirit communicated with his red children. He repeated the same lies which he had fed to Black Hawk and added that not only would all of the Illinois tribes join with them, but that the prophet had assured him that all of the Indian tribes from Prairie du Chien to the Gulf of Mexico would unite in one great confederation whose number should be as the trees of the forest and whose marching would shake the solid earth. Also he repeated his fantastic lie about his visit to the British General commanding in Canada and how he had received a promise from him of all the guns and ammunition which they might need. He even gave the name of the vessel which was to bring these supplies and said that it would unload at Milwaukee.

In closing, he spoke of the long line of scattered white settlements and defenseless cabins, the occupants of which must fall easy victims to the savage arms.

When Black Hawk and Neopope had finished, every Indian in both bands, with the exception of Keokuk, was wild with excitement, and his subordinate chiefs and braves demanded of him that he immediately lead them on the war path to avenge their wrongs. Keokuk, in English, meant "the fox who watches," and, true to his name, he had watched and listened, but had taken no part in the demon-

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stration, and had not struck the war post. Now, confronted by the united tribe clamoring for war, he found himself in a difficult and dangerous position. He was the friend of the white settlers and had pledged his word to save their lives, and he had never been known to break his word.

In the present state of opinion of the tribe, however, the slightest opposition to the war would have been suicidal, and, if he had commenced his reply to the demand of his tribe to be led upon the war path by a suggestion of delay, he would not have lived to finish his speech.

Surrounded by the crowd of drunken, armed savages, worked to a frenzy of fury and lust for revenge by the powerful appeals of Black Hawk and Neopope, it seemed that no mortal man could stem the tide of war. However, it was Keokuk against the whole tribe, and the lives of the white settlers of northern Illinois hung in the balance. Without a moment's hesitation he advanced with a firm step to the war post. He laid his left hand on the top of the post and this was construed by the savages to be an enlistment in the war, and they uttered a great cry of joy. Keokuk stood beside the war post a few moments waiting for the tumult to subside. He raised his hand to signify his intention of speaking and instantly the uproar ceased, and every ear was strained to hear the words of the noble Keokuk.

In his musical and well-modulated voice, which was ever the admiration of all who heard it, he spoke. His speech as reported by Josiah Smart was transcribed by the Honorable Perry A. Armstrong in *The Sauks and the Black Hawk War* as follows:

“Head-men, Chiefs, Braves and Warriors of the Sauks:

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I have heard and considered your demand to be led forth upon the war path against the pale-faces, to avenge the many wrongs, persecutions, outrages and murders committed by them upon our people. I deeply sympathize with you in your sense and construction of these terrible wrongs. Few, indeed, are our people who do not mourn the death of some near and loved one at the hands of the Long Guns, who are becoming very numerous. Their cabins are as plenty as the trees in the forest, and their soldiers are springing up like grass on the prairies. They have the talking thunder, which carries death a long way off, with long guns and short ones, long knives and short ones, ammunition and provisions in abundance, with powerful war horses for their soldiers to ride. In a contest where our numbers are so unequal to theirs we must ultimately fail. All we can reasonably expect or hope is to wreak the utmost of our vengeance upon their hated heads, and fall, when fall we must, with our faces to the enemy. Great is the undertaking, and desperate must be our exertions. Every brave and warrior able to throw a tomahawk or wield a war club must go with us. Once across the Mississippi, let no one think of returning while there is a foe to strike or a scalp to take, and when we fall — if our strength permit — let us drag our feeble, bleeding bodies to the graves of our ancestors, and there die, that our ashes may commingle with theirs, while our departing spirits shall follow the long trail made by them in their passage to the land of spirits.

“It is my duty as your chief to be your father while in the paths of peace, and your leader and champion while on the war path. You have decided to follow the path of war, and

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I will lead you forth to victory if the Good Spirit prevails. If not, and the Bad Spirit rules, then will I perish at my post of duty. But what shall we do with our old and infirm, our women and children? We cannot take them with us upon the war path, for they would hamper us in our movements and defeat us of our vengeance. We dare not leave them behind us, doomed to perish of hunger or fall captive to the pale-faces, who would murder the old and the young, but reserve our wives and daughters for a fate worse than death itself.

“I will lead you forth upon the war path, but upon this condition: That we first put our wives and children, our aged and infirm, gently to sleep in that slumber that knows no waking this side the spirit land, and then carefully and tenderly lay their bodies away by the side of our sacred dead, from whence their freed spirits shall depart on the long journey to the happy home in the land of dreams beneath, beyond, the Evening Star. For we go upon the long trail which has no turning—from which, in a few short moons, we shall follow them, but they must not follow us. This sacrifice is demanded of us by the very love we bear those dear ones. Our every feeling of humanity tells us we cannot take them with us and dare not leave them behind us.” Then turning to Black Hawk, who stood trembling like an aspen leaf and a picture of despair, he said: “To you, venerable Chief, do I appeal for an answer to what I have said. Your long experience upon the war path tells you I have spoken the truth; yet, with all your wonderful eloquence, you have urged us to this terrible sacrifice. Brooding over the oft-repeated wrongs committed by the pale-faces

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upon you and your people, your mind has grown weak, until you have lent a willing ear to the whisperings of evil counselors, who cannot speak the truth, because their tongues are forked, like the viper's.

“ They came to you under the guise and pretense of friendship, and by the use of base flattery and hypocrisy gained your confidence, only to lead you into the crooked path of ruin and destruction. They are enemies of yours and your band, instead of friends. They first told you the British Father had promised you aid and assistance, in warriors as well as guns, tomahawks, spears, knives, ammunition and provisions, as soon as you should recross the Mississippi at the head of a hostile army. Why has he not furnished you these things, to enable you to raise, arm and equip your army, ready for war? This fact proves the whole story a lie, prepared no doubt by Neopope or his cunning brother, Winneshieik, for the sole purpose of deceiving and misleading you and your band. The British Father is at peace with our Great Father at Washington, and neither knows of nor cares for you or your grievances. The same evil counselors have told you that the moment you shall sound your war-whoop east of the Mississippi all the Indian tribes between that and the Illinois River will rise up as a single warrior and unite with you, and under your banner, to avenge their wrongs upon the white settlers. What wrongs have they to avenge? They are on terms of peace and good will with these white settlers and have no cause of complaint or grievance whatever. Yet they have told you that these Indians across the river were not only ready but eager to join you in a general massacre of the frontier inhabitants of northern Illinois, and are now

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only waiting your signal fires to be rekindled upon the watch-tower at Saukenuk to begin the slaughter. If this be true, why are not their great war-chiefs here to-night? Where are Wauponsee, the Red Devil, Big Thunder, Shaata and Meachelle? Why are they not here in person, or by their representatives, if it be true they are anxious to go upon the war path with you? Their absence is proof conclusive that they have no intention or desire to join you in this suicidal undertaking. You have been deceived — aye, cruelly deceived — by these counselors with a forked tongue, who are leading you into the crooked path of the Bad Spirit and have no love for you or respect for your gray hairs or good name. I beseech you, by the noble character you have always borne, by the honors and trophies you have won upon the war path, by the love you bear your gallant little band, by everything you hold sacred and dear, abandon this wild, visionary and desperate undertaking and return to your village. Seed time is here, but your grounds have not been prepared for the planting. Go back and plant the summer's crop. Arise to the dignity and grandeur of your honored position as the father of your gallant little band; shake off the base fetters of the Bad Spirit, which bind you hand and foot, and turn your feet from the crooked war path into the path that leads to peace. In this way only can you save your true and trusty band from certain defeat, if not utter annihilation. If you still persist in going upon the war path against the white people, then indeed may we bid farewell to Black Hawk, whose protecting spirit has forsaken him in his old age and suffered his star of success — which has led him in triumph to a hundred victories on the war path —

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to go down behind a cloud, never to rise again; and when the Pauguk comes, his lofty spirit will depart, groping its way doubtfully along the dark and crooked path to the land of dreams."

As Keokuk finished his masterly oration, a stillness, like the stillness of death, fell upon the listening multitude. Forgotten were the fiery counsels of Black Hawk and Neopope and in the ears of the sobered warriors rang the fateful words of Keokuk, "I will lead you forth upon the war path upon condition that we first put our wives and children, our old and infirm, gently to sleep in that slumber which knows no waking this side of the spirit land."

All thoughts of the war path vanished and even Black Hawk himself was so stunned by this unexpected burst of eloquence that he made no effort to stem the tide which now set strongly against him.

He came to Keokuk's village with fully three hundred braves and warriors, expecting to return with the united Sac nation at his back. He gained not one single brave or warrior from Keokuk's band, but on the contrary one-third of his own band deserted him, and he recrossed the Mississippi with only two hundred men.

Black Hawk's grandiose scheme of an Indian Confederacy went glimmering and he crossed the river spurred on by pride and without hope of regaining the ancient home of his race. And so Keokuk kept his promise, the white settlements were saved and the waning star of Black Hawk went into total eclipse at Bad Axe.

While we are on the subject of Indian oratory, let us quote one line from a speech made by the Miami chief, Little

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Turtle, at Chicago. Little Turtle was a great orator, as well as a great warrior, and it is unfortunate that but one line of this speech has been preserved. In speaking of an enemy whom he had killed, he said, "We met, I cut him down, and his shade as it passes on the wind, shuns my walk." Almost as terse and more beautifully expressed than Caesar's famous message.

SHAUB-E-NEE, THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND

*See him from Nature rising slow to art,
To copy instinct then was reason's part.
Thus, then, to man the voice of Nature spake:
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take.
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physics of the field;
Thy arts of building, from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm, to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.*

ALEXANDER POPE

Shaub-e-nee, or "Made Like a Bear," the head-man of the Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies, was a remarkable character. It has been said that great men come in cycles, and this was certainly true of the western Indian tribes during the first third of the nineteenth century. It seems as if the flickering fire of Indian genius flamed into unusual brilliance before its final extinguishment.

A contemporary of Tecumseh, Little Turtle, Black Hawk and Keokuk, Shaub-e-nee was the most widely known and universally respected Indian of the Illinois frontier and in many respects the ablest of this group of very able men.

Born in 1775, at the principal village of the Ottawas in Canada, he was eight years younger than Black Hawk and thirteen years older than Keokuk. Although he was grand-nephew of Pontiac, the most celebrated Indian ever born into

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the Ottawa tribe, he was not an hereditary heir to the chieftaincy, but being of the stock of Pontiac he was in line for promotion if his ability and talents warranted it. In 1800, he removed with a branch of his tribe to the present state of Wisconsin. Here his skill in the arts of the chase and Indian warfare, his talent for leadership and his personal magnetism soon brought him to the front, and at the early age of thirty he became the great war chief of his tribe.

He was six feet in height, of massive build, with broad shoulders and large head. Strong and rugged as the animal from which he took his name, he was never sick, and was as incapable of fear as he was of treachery or deceit. What Shaub-e-nee promised, that he performed, and among Whites and Indians alike, his word was ever as good as another man's bond. In his youth, he excelled all the members of his tribe in feats of strength and speed, and he was withal as kindly-hearted as a child and as gentle as a woman.

The secrets of nature were an open book to him, he knew each bird and beast, its habits and peculiarities; the howl of the wolf and flight of the birds conveyed to his attentive ear the proximity of possible enemies, and no slightest foot print, broken branch, or bent reed escaped his observant eye. His natural qualities combined with his liberal education in the lore of the fields and forests made him a famous brave and a scourge to the enemies of his tribe.

Soon after the removal of his tribe to Wisconsin, an extended hunting trip took Shaub-e-nee from the Ottawa country south into the hunting grounds of the Pottawatomies. The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawatomies were allies and practically a confederation, being bound together by ties

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of marriage and consanguinity, as well as by practically identical laws, customs and language. The young stranger was kindly received and was entertained in the lodge of the Pottawatomic chief at Chicago. Here he met his future wife, Wiomex Okono, the daughter of his host, and we may suppose that Wiomex Okono, like Desdemona when her father entertained the famous warrior, Othello, listened as he told her father the story of his life and its "battles, sieges, fortunes," and like Desdemona

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them."

At any rate, Shaub-e-nee wooed and won the fair Wiomex. The manner of his courtship and marriage were quite different from those of the ordinary young brave. Being himself a chief and she the daughter of a chief, it was altogether beneath his dignity to go prowling around her lodge with a lighted taper or to stand piping on a flute for the edification of the inhabitants of the village.

As a feast was an invariable part of the marriage ceremony in high Indian society, quite as it is today in our best circles, the obvious course was to conserve dignity and to furnish materials for the feast. The presentation of the proceeds of a day's hunt to the intended bride was the means of proposal, and as long engagements were not the fashion among the Indians, the marriage feast followed the betrothal, and the game was immediately put to use. No doubt Shaub-e-nee rose early on the day of this memorable hunt and put in a long day, returning in the evening laden with the spoils of chase to cast them at the feet of Wiomex.

Chicago has had many aristocratic weddings in its time,

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but this was a royal wedding when a chief of the Ottawa nation espoused the daughter of the chief of the Pottawatomies, and there have been no royal weddings since, and never has a bridegroom come to the altar who was possessed of more innate nobility of character than was Shaub-e-nee. Neither has any couple ever been married in Chicago who were more faithful to each other than Shaub-e-nee and Wiomex Okono.

Long years they dwelt together in perfect harmony and saw their children and their grandchildren cluster around their hearth. The probable or possible menu at the marriage feast has been put into verse by Perry A. Armstrong as follows:

“ Roast bear and bison, elk and moose,
Roast deer and turkey, brant and goose;
Baked woodchuck, antelope and coon,
Baked squirrel, rabbit, duck and loon;
Broiled pheasant, chicken, lark and quail,
Broiled woodcock, plover, snipe and rail;
Fried lobster, turtle, fish and crabs,
Fried eels and clams, fried eggs and squabs;
Boiled maize, potatoes, rice and squash,
Boiled pumpkins, beans and succotash;
Parched acorns, artichokes and corn,
Parched roots and nuts of various form;
Wild apples, cherries, grapes and plum,
Wild berries and wild honeycomb;
Their beverage was God's water, pure;
Their dining-hall, the open air.”

By marrying a Pottawatomie squaw, Shaub-e-nee, if he had been an ordinary brave, would have expatriated himself from the Ottawa tribe and would have become a Pottawa-

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tomie. Being a chief in his own right and a member of the gens of Pontiac, it was elective with him as to whether he would remain an Ottawa or would become a Pottawatomie. It seems that he preferred to be known as an Ottawa, although he lived with the Pottawatomies. He retained his position of war chief of the former tribe although he was also a chief of the latter. Before he was forty years old, his great physical strength and endurance, together with his mental and moral qualities, so won the admiration of his adopted tribe that he became head chief of their braves and warriors.

When Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chieftain, was organizing his Indian Confederation in 1810 and 1812, Shaub-e-nee was one of the first to enlist under his banner. He was made second in command and assisted in organizing and drilling the warriors.

Although his home was in Chicago, he was away, engaged in organization work among the other tribes at the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre and knew nothing about it until it was over. He was with Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames when Tecumseh was killed by Col. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, afterwards Vice President of the United States. Shaub-e-nee was close by his leader's side when he fell, and being next in rank he assumed command and ordered his men to retreat and to scatter. This they did, vanishing like a covey of quail scared into the underbrush. This was his first and last battle against the Whites. His experience heretofore had been in the warfare of his own race, the methods of which he understood and in the practice of which he had no superior.

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With his usual sagacity, he perceived that the white man was the equal of the Indian in courage and immensely superior in equipment and methods. He realized that, while the Indian might occasionally win a skirmish, he must eventually succumb to the superior organization and numbers of the white man.

While fleeing from this battle-field, Shaub-e-nee made a solemn vow to the Great Spirit that, if his life was spared and he was permitted to return to his home, he never again would make war against the white man. This vow he religiously kept to the end of his life, although, by so doing, he injured his popularity with the people of his own race and was eventually deposed as war chief of both tribes. Shaub-e-nee was succeeded as war chief by Wabansee, or "Little Light," but he was too great a man and his counsels were too valuable for him to be put on the shelf, and he was advanced to the position of head-man or peace chief of the combined Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawatomie nations.

For twenty years, Shaub-e-nee was the most powerful and influential member of the Confederated tribes. He presided over their council and decided all questions of tribal law. His authority in all cases involving life or property rights was supreme and such was his wisdom and prudence that no one was ever known to question his decisions. From the time that he made his vow to the Great Spirit, Shaub-e-nee was the ever faithful friend of the Whites and repeatedly risked his life in their service.

At the time of the Winnebago Indian scare in 1827, the story of which is told elsewhere in this volume, the Whites in Chicago suspected that Big Foot's band planned to join

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the Winnebagoes and to make a raid on the settlement at Chicago. At the risk of his life, Shaub-e-nee went to Big Foot's village on Big Foot Lake, now Lake Geneva, as a spy. He was immediately seized but, by his shrewdness and presence of mind, he effected his release and returned with valuable information.

At the time of the Black Hawk War in 1832, it was the influence of Shaub-e-nee which kept the Pottawatomies from joining with the Sacs in their war upon the white settlements. The Pottawatomies had suffered innumerable wrongs at the hands of the Whites, and when the news of Black Hawk's easy defeat of Stillman spread like wild-fire through the tribes, a rising tide of feeling ran through the Pottawatomie nation that now was the accepted time to seek vengeance upon the white settlers. Desiring to capitalize on this feeling, of which he was fully aware, Black Hawk, with his entire band of braves and warriors, proceeded to Shaub-e-nee's village at Paw-Paw Grove in DeKalb County, Illinois. He had sent runners to every Pottawatomie village, urging the attendance of every chief, brave, and warrior at the war dance which he proposed to hold at Shaub-e-nee's village. At the time appointed, Black Hawk, mounted upon his favorite milk-white pony, clad in his uniform of a Colonel of British Cavalry, with cavalry sword and belt, came riding into the village, followed by Neopope and other Sac chiefs at the head of his entire band, beating tom-toms and singing war songs.

They set their war post in the ground near the lodge of Shaub-e-nee and made ready for the dance. To the old war chief's utter mortification and disappointment, Shaub-e-nee, Waubansee and the other Pottawatomie chiefs were de-

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cidedly cold in their attitude and the younger men of the tribe seemed under some restraint which kept them from joining in the war dance. When Black Hawk perceived that there were only Sacs circling around the war post, he stopped the dance and undertook to stampede the band by a display of his wonderful eloquence. He began his address by returning thanks to the Great Spirit who had caused the Whites to flee before him at Stillman's Run like deer before the hungry wolf. He recited the many grievances which the Sacs and Pottawatomies alike had against the Whites and in closing he made a personal appeal to Shaub-e-nee saying, "Shaub-e-nee, if you will permit your young men to unite with mine, I will have an army like the trees in the forest and will drive the pale-faces like autumn leaves before the angry wind."

"Yes," replied Shaub-e-nee, "but the pale-faces will soon bring an army whose numbers are like the leaves on the trees and will sweep you and your army into the great ocean beneath the setting sun."

Shaub-e-nee was not a great orator like Keokuk, but his common sense and personal qualities gave him an influence not possessed by any other Indian chief of his time. Even the fiery oratory of Black Hawk could not prevail over his counsels. Shaub-e-nee was well aware that, although he had kept his nation out of the war, there were many of his tribe who had grievances against the Whites which they were burning to avenge, and that they knew that any atrocities which they might commit would be charged to the account of Black Hawk's band. The massacre of Indian Creek which has been related in connection with the Black Hawk War was

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as a matter of fact committed by a band of marauding Pottawatomies. The old chief's concern for the moment, therefore, was the white settlers stretched in a thin line for a hundred miles along the small streams tributary to the Illinois River. That these settlers were in deadly peril he could not doubt, and he resolved to warn them if possible.

Black Hawk's war dance was no sooner ended than Shaub-e-nee slipped away, eluding the spies that Black Hawk put on his trail. He was now fifty-seven years of age and very heavy, notwithstanding which he sped on through the night, urging his pony to its best speed. He stopped at every settler's cabin, aroused the inmates and warned them of their peril. Unfortunately he could speak no English and was obliged to convey his warnings by gestures. These gestures were not always understood, and his oft-repeated "Me Shaub-e-nee" was met sometimes with curses and sometimes with blows, but notwithstanding discouragements and difficulties, mile after mile rolled past him until he had covered more than one hundred miles of trackless prairie crossed by bridgeless streams and broken by dismal swamps and sloughs. His gallant steed, unable to longer bear his great weight, dropped dead in its tracks. Taking the bridle and saddle from his dead pony, he pressed forward on foot to the residence of his friend, George Hollenbeck. Here he received a hearty welcome, a good meal and a fresh mount.

The old chief had been thirty hours continuously in the saddle without food or sleep and was completely worn out. His self-imposed mission was about performed, however, and aided by his son who rode in a different direction, every village and farm was warned. Unfortunately they did not

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all heed the warning, and about twenty lives were lost which might have been saved. This action of Shaub-e-nee was taken not only in deadly peril of his life, but with the full knowledge that it would mean ostracism by his own people and the loss of power. Black Hawk became his sworn enemy, and Neopope twice attempted to assassinate him.

Shaub-e-nee was a thorough Indian and devoted to his tribe and its customs. Like Black Hawk, he had a firm belief in the "Great Spirit," the author of all being and the ruler of the universe. He had no desire to become "civilized," or to adopt the white man's customs or manner of life. Taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, who shall say that Shaub-e-nee's action in warning the white settlers did not require the highest heroism, both physical and moral? And where in history shall we find a parallel to this aging man's thirty hours in the saddle without food or rest for the sake of humanity riding to save an alien people?

Twenty-five years after Shaub-e-nee's death, Gurdon Hubbard told the writer that Shaub-e-nee was the finest man, red or white, whom he had known in his long life. Gurdon Hubbard was the friend of Black Hawk and Keokuk in his youth, and in later years he numbered among his friends all of the great men, including the immortal Lincoln, whom Illinois delights to honor, so his tribute to Shaub-e-nee was no empty compliment. It would be pleasant to record that the men of our race honored the old chief who had made so many sacrifices in their behalf and cared for him in his declining years. The contrary is the case however. He was ostracized by his own people and robbed by the white people,

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and for many years in his old age he was without a home or a country and was shuffled around from pillar to post, penniless and neglected. By the third article of the treaty of Prairie du Chien, signed July 29, 1829, Shaub-e-nee was given twelve hundred and eighty acres of land at Paw-Paw Grove, Illinois.

In the fall of 1835, the Pottawatomies were ordered to abandon their lands in Illinois and move across the Mississippi. Shaub-e-nee went with them to assist them in locating their new homes, and without thinking for a moment that this temporary absence could affect the title to the land which had been given him by the treaty. The greater portion of his land was covered with high grade timber and timber was in great demand among the settlers. No sooner had Shaub-e-nee left than the white settlers commenced to fight over his timber, and, when he returned, he found his land denuded of trees. They had been felled and split into rails which were used for fencing the fields of the settlers. Even the large trees beneath whose shade were the little mounds which marked the graves of his children were gone, and the mounds themselves were razed.

Later, on a plea that Shaub-e-nee's temporary absence constituted an abandonment of the land, it was sold by the government to white settlers, and the proceeds went into the treasury of the United States and remained there.

In 1857, the men of Ottawa raised money to buy twenty acres of land for Shaub-e-nee, and the women undertook to raise money to build a house on the land. On the fourth of July, they had a grand celebration with a procession and Shaub-e-nee in the van mounted on his favorite pony. In

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the evening there was a ball, tickets to which were sold at a high price and the proceeds devoted to the building of the house. One of the belles of Ottawa, believing herself to be the most beautiful at the ball, proposed that Shaub-e-nee should select the prettiest lady present. The old chief had never heard the story of Paris and the golden apple and of the trouble which he started with his beauty show, so he readily consented. He began at the lower end of the hall and caused each lady by gestures to understand that he wished her to rise and walk the length of the hall and back. He examined each one critically, noting her looks, her dress and her gait with the attention he might have given to a pony at a horse trade. His old wife, Wiomex Okono, now called Conoka, or the Fat Woman, because she weighed over three hundred pounds, was present, and he put her through her paces with the others.

When the parade was over he approached his wife and, slapping her on the shoulder, said, "Much heap prettiest squaw." This verdict produced a unanimous shout of approval, and Shaub-e-nee proved that while he was not as good a judge of beauty as Paris, he was a better judge of human nature.

The money was raised, and the house was built, but Shaub-e-nee and his wife never lived in it. They were both utterly opposed to the white man's way of living, and they lived in a wigwam in a small ravine, while the house was occupied by his children, grandchildren and other relatives.

Each fall, Shaub-e-nee came to Chicago to visit his friend Hubbard, and he was always welcome, no matter how many he brought in his train. He so far deferred to civilized usage

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as to spread his blanket on the kitchen floor, while his retinue made themselves comfortable in the wood-shed.

The old chief had not much longer, however, to endure "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." On the seventeenth of July, 1859, he heard the voice of the Great Spirit calling and his feet took the long trail which leads to the Happy Hunting Grounds, which the Great Spirit reserves for his red children beyond the Evening Star.*

* The Indians believed that the Evening Star pointed the way to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

CHICAGO BECOMES A TOWN

*I would rather be the first in this town,
Than the second in Rome.*

“ LIFE OF ALEXANDER ” — PLUTARCH

The year 1833 is memorable in Chicago annals for several important events, all of which had a definite influence upon the growth and prosperity of the city. The chief of these events were the incorporation of Chicago as a town, the beginning by the Government of harbor improvements, the great Indian treaty by which the Indians gave up their lands and left them open for white settlement and the sale of the school land.

Chicago up to this time had never really had a harbor. The bar across the mouth of the river made it impossible for any laden vessel to enter it, and ships had to anchor off shore while their cargoes were lightered ashore. The projected canal to afford water communication between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico had already received legislative grants, and the Government was committed to the proposition. Chicago, as the terminus for the canal, must of necessity have a harbor, and an appropriation of \$25,000.00 was accordingly made by Congress on March 2, 1833, and work was commenced on the improvement July 1. During the summer and fall, about five hundred feet of the south pier was finished, and the next spring the same amount of construction was done on the north pier.

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Thus the old bend of the river was done away with by digging a straight cut across the bar to the lake. But little dredging was necessary, as a heavy freshet in the spring of 1834 deepened the channel so that vessels of large burden came into the river that year. Subsequent dredging of the river and the building of docks made a magnificent harbor so that several years later the number of vessels entering the Chicago harbor was greater than those entering the combined ports of New York, Boston and Baltimore.

The defeat of Black Hawk and the treaty forced upon him had caused the final extinguishment of the title of the Sacs and Foxes to the land east of the Mississippi River, and, by a treaty signed at Fort Armstrong September 15, 1832, the Winnebago nation relinquished all of their lands lying south and east of the Wisconsin River and the Fox River.

The Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies still held title to the land in northeastern Illinois and southern Wisconsin as well as to large tracts in Michigan and Indiana. In order that the lands lying to the west and northwest which had already been ceded to the Government might be opened to white settlement, it was necessary that the Indian title to this vast tract should be extinguished. To Chicago, it was a matter of vital consequence. The town was hemmed in on all sides by the lands of the Indians, and until these lands were opened for settlement there was no chance of growth for Chicago or its hinterland.

A grand council of the Indians was called to meet in Chicago in September, 1833, to negotiate a treaty whereby the lands might be peaceably ceded, and the Indians removed

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to lands further west. If the matter was important to the Whites, it was certainly no less so to the Indians.

To the Whites, it meant the acquisition of new homes; to the Indians, it meant the loss of old homes and the relinquishment of lands which had been theirs for as long as their tribal traditions ran. It meant, too, their removal from a beautiful land of stately forests and sparkling lakes, abounding in wild game and fish, to a land they knew not of, but which they regarded with apprehension.

The fate of Black Hawk and his band, however, was an object lesson, and the Indians well understood that they must cede their lands and take whatever the white man chose to give them. The result of the treaty was a foregone conclusion; the Indians signed on the dotted line for a consideration comparatively trivial and their lands were opened to white settlement.

Charles Joseph Latrobe, an English writer and traveler, was in Chicago at the time that the treaty was signed. He wrote several books of travel, one of them entitled, *The Rambler in North America*, and in this volume we find the following vivid account of his impressions of Chicago and the negotiation of the treaty:

“As far as the town of Niles, the route was good. But here we had to change the regular stage for an open vehicle of a stronger build, furnished with three or four rows of rude spring seats.

“By this time [1835], a steamboat communication has been, probably, established between St. Joseph’s River and Chicago; but as it was, we had to follow the old Indian trail

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for a hundred miles round the lower southern shores of the lake.

“Major W., an officer of the staff of the United States Army, sat on the third bench, a most accomplished and gentlemanly man.

“When within five miles of Chicago, we came to the first Indian encampment. Five thousand Indians were said to be collected round this little upstart village for the prosecution of the treaty, by which they were to cede their lands in Michigan and Illinois.

“I have been in many odd assemblages of my species, but in few, if any, of an equally singular character as that in the midst of which we spent a week at Chicago. This little mushroom town is situated upon the verge of a perfectly level tract of country, for the greater part consisting of open prairie lands, at a point where a small river (whose sources interlock in the wet season with those of the Illinois) enters Lake Michigan. It, however, forms no harbor, and vessels must anchor in the open lake, which spreads to the horizon to the north and east in a sheet of unbroken extent. The river, after approaching nearly at right angles to within a few hundred yards of the lake, makes a short turn, and runs to the southward parallel to the beach. Fort Dearborn and the lighthouse are placed at the angle thus formed. The former is a small stockaded enclosure, with two block-houses, and is garrisoned by two companies of infantry. It had been nearly abandoned till the late Indian war on the frontier made its occupation necessary. The upstart village lies chiefly on the right bank of the river, above the fort. When

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the proposed steamboat communication between Chicago and St. Joseph's River, which lies forty miles distant across the lake, is put into execution, the journey to Detroit may be effected in three days, whereas we had been upwards of six on the road. We found the village, on our arrival, crowded to excess; and we procured, with great difficulty, a small apartment, comfortless and noisy from its close proximity to others, but quite as good as we could have hoped for. The Pottawatomies were encamped on all sides — on the wide, level prairie beyond the scattered village, beneath the shelter of the low woods which checkered them, on the side of the small river, or to the leeward of the sand hills near the beach of the lake. They consisted of three principal tribes, with certain adjuncts from smaller tribes. The main divisions are the Pottawatomies of the Prairie and those of the Forest, and these are sub-divided into district villages under their several chiefs. The general Government of the United States, in pursuance of the scheme of removing the whole Indian population westward of the Mississippi, had empowered certain gentlemen to frame a Treaty with these tribes to settle the terms upon which the cession of their Reservations in these States should be made.

“A preliminary council had been held with the chiefs some days before our arrival. The principal commissioner had opened it, as we learnt, by stating that as their Great Father in Washington had heard that they wished to sell their land, he had sent Commissioners to treat with them. The Indians promptly answered, by their organ, ‘that their Great Father in Washington must have seen a bad bird which had told him a lie; for, that far from wishing to sell their

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land, they wished to keep it.' The commissioner, nothing daunted, replied, 'that nevertheless, as they had come together for a council, they must take the matter into consideration.' He then explained to them promptly the wishes and intentions of their Great Father, and asked their opinion thereon. Thus pressed, they looked at the sky, saw a few wandering clouds, and straightway adjourned sine die, as the weather was not clear enough for so solemn a council. However, as the treaty had been opened, provision was supplied to them by regular rations; and the same night they had great rejoicings — danced the war dance, and kept the eyes and ears of all open by running, howling about the village. Such was the state of affairs on our arrival. Companies of old warriors might be seen sitting smoking under every bush; arguing, palavering, or pow-wow-ing, with great earnestness; but there seemed no possibility of bringing them to another council in a hurry.

"Meanwhile, the village and its occupants presented a most motley scene. The fort contained within its palisades by far the most enlightened residents in the little knot of officers attached to the slender garrison. The quarters here, consequently, were too confined to afford place of residence for the Government commissioners, for whom, and a crowd of dependents, a temporary set of plank huts was erected on the north side of the river. To the latter gentlemen, we, as the only idle lookers on, were indebted for much friendly attention; and, in the frank and hospitable treatment we received from the inhabitants of Fort Dearborn, we had a foretaste of that which we subsequently met with everywhere under like circumstances during our autumnal wan-

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derings over the frontier. The officers of the United States Army have, perhaps, less opportunities of becoming refined than those of the Navy. They are often, from the moment of their receiving commissions after the termination of their cadetship at West Point, and at an age when good society is of the utmost consequence to the young and ardent, exiled for long years to the posts on the northern or western frontier, far removed from cultivated female society, and in daily contact with the refuse of the human race. And this is their misfortune, not their fault; but wherever we have met with them and been thrown as strangers upon their good offices, we have found them the same good friends and good company. But I was going to give you an inventory of the contents of Chicago, when the recollection of the warm-hearted intercourse we had enjoyed with many fine fellows, whom probably we shall neither see nor hear of again, drew me aside. Next in rank to the officers and commissioners, may be noticed certain store-keepers and merchants resident here, looking either to the influx of new settlers establishing themselves in the neighborhood, or those passing yet farther to the westward, for custom and profit, not to forget the chance of extraordinary occasions like the present. Add to these a doctor or two, two or three lawyers, a land agent, and five or six hotel keepers. These may be considered as stationary, and proprietors of the half a hundred clapboard houses around you. Then for the birds of passage, exclusive of the Pottawatomies, of whom more anon, and emigrants and land speculators, as numerous as the sand.

“ You will find horse-dealers, and horse stealers — rogues of every description — white, black, brown, and red; half-

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breeds, quarter-breeds, and men of no breed at all; dealers in pigs, poultry, and potatoes; men pursuing Indian claims, some for tracts of land, others, like our friend 'Snipe,' for pigs which the wolves had eaten; creditors of the tribes, or of particular Indians, who know that they have no chance of getting their money if they do not get it from the Government agents; sharpers of every degree; pedlars, grog-sellers; Indian agents and Indian traders of every description, and contractors to supply the Pottawatomies with food. The little village was in an uproar from morning to night and from night to morning; for during the hours of darkness, when the housed portion of the population of Chicago strove to obtain repose in the crowded plank edifices of the village, the Indians howled, sang, wept, yelled, and whooped in their various encampments. With all this, the Whites seemed to me to be more pagan than the red men. You will have understood that the large body of Indians collected in the vicinity consisted not merely of chiefs and warriors, but in fact the greater part of the whole tribe were present; for where the warrior was invited to feast, at the expense of Government, the squaw took care to accompany him; and where the squaw went, the children or papposes, the ponies, and the innumerable dogs followed, and here they all were living merrily at the cost of the Government.

"All was bustle and tumult, especially at the house set apart for the distribution of the rations. Many were the scenes which here presented themselves, portraying the habits of both the red men and the demi-civilized beings around them. The interior of the village was one chaos of mud, rubbish, and confusion. Frame and clapboard houses

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were springing up daily under the active axes and hammers of the speculators, and piles of lumber announced the preparation for yet other edifices of an equally light character. Races occurred frequently on a piece of level sward without the village, on which temporary booths afforded the motley multitude the means of 'stimulating,' and betting and gambling were the order of the day. Within the vile two-storied barrack, which, dignified as usual by the title of hotel, afforded us quarters, all was in a state of most appalling confusion, filth and racket. The public table was such a scene of confusion that we avoided it from necessity. The French landlord * was a sporting character, and everything was left to chance, who, in the shape of a fat housekeeper, fumed and toiled round the premises from morning to night.

"Within, there was neither peace nor comfort, and we spent much of our time in the open air. A visit to the gentlemen at the fort, a morning's grouse-shooting, or a gallop on the broad surface of the prairie, filled up the intervals in our perturbed attempts at reading or writing indoors, while awaiting the progress of the treaty.

"I loved to stroll out, towards sunset, across the river, and gaze upon the level horizon, stretching to the northwest over the surface of the prairie, dotted with innumerable objects far and near. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents constructed of coarse canvas, blankets, and mats, and surmounted by poles supporting meat, moccasins, and rags. Their vicinity was always enlivened by painted Indian figures dressed in the most gaudy attire.

"Far and wide, the grassy prairie teemed with figures;

* Mark Beaubien.

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warriors, mounted or on foot, squaws, and horses. Here a race between three or four Indian ponies, each carrying a double rider, whooping and yelling like fiends. There a solitary horseman with a long spear, turbaned like an Arab, scouring along at full speed; groups of hobbled horses; Indian dogs and children; or a grave conclave of gray chiefs seated on the grass in consultation. It was amusing to wind silently from group to group, here noting the raised knife, the sudden drunken brawl quashed by the good-natured and even playful interference of the neighbors; there a party breaking up their encampment, and falling, with their little train of loaded ponies and wolfish dogs, into the deep, black, narrow trail running to the north.

“It is a grievous thing that Government is not strong-handed enough to put a stop to the shameful and scandalous sale of whiskey to these poor miserable wretches. But here lie casks of it for sale under the very eye of the commissioners, met together for purposes which demand that sobriety should be maintained, were it only that no one should be able to lay at their door an accusation of unfair dealing and of having taken advantage of the helpless Indian in a bargain whereby the people of the United States were to be so greatly the gainers. And such was the state of things day by day. However anxious I and others might be to exculpate the United States Government from the charge of cold and selfish policy toward the remnant of the Indian tribes and from that of resorting to unworthy and diabolical means in attaining possession of their lands, — as long as it can be said with truth that drunkenness was not guarded against, and that the means were furnished at the very time

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of the treaty and under the very nose of the commissioners, — how can it be expected but a stigma will attend every transaction of this kind?

“But how sped the treaty? you will ask. Day after day passed. It was in vain that the signal-gun from the fort gave notice of an assemblage of chiefs at the council-fire. Reasons were always found for its delay. One day an influential chief was not in the way; another, the sky looked cloudy, and the Indian never performs any important business except the sky be clear. At length, on the 21st September, the Pottawatomies resolved to meet the commissioners. We were politely invited to be present.

“The council-fire was lighted under a spacious open shed on the green meadow on the opposite side of the river from that on which the fort stood. From the difficulty of getting all together, it was late in the afternoon when they assembled. There might be twenty or thirty chiefs present, seated at the lower end of the enclosure, while the commissioners, interpreters, etc., were at the upper. The palaver was opened by the principal commissioner. He requested to know why he and his colleagues were called to the council. An old warrior arose, and in short sentences, generally of five syllables, delivered with a monotonous intonation and rapid utterance, gave answer. His gesticulation was appropriate, but rather violent. Rice, the half-breed interpreter, explained the signification, from time to time, to the audience; and it was seen that the old chief, who had got his lesson, answered one question by proposing another, the sum and substance of his oration being that the assembled chiefs wished to know what was the object of their Great Father at Washington in

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calling his Red Children together at Chicago! This was amusing enough, after the full explanation given a week before at the opening session, and particularly when it was recollected that they had feasted sumptuously during the interval at the expense of their Great Father; it was not making very encouraging progress. A young chief rose and spoke vehemently to the same purpose. Hereupon the commissioner made them a forcible Jacksonian discourse, wherein a good deal which was akin to threat was mingled with exhortations not to play with their Great Father, but to come to an early determination whether they would or would not sell and exchange their territory; and this done, the council was dissolved. One or two tipsy old chiefs raised an occasional disturbance, else matters were conducted with due gravity. The relative positions of the commissioner and the Whites before the council-fire, and that of the Red Children of the forest and prairie, were to me strikingly impressive. The glorious light of the setting sun, streaming in under the low roof of the council-house, fell full on the countenances of the former as they faced the west, while the pale light of the east hardly lighted up the dark and painted lineaments of the poor Indians, whose souls evidently claved to their birth-right. Even though convinced of the necessity of their removal, my heart bled for them in their desolation and decline. Ignorant and degraded as they may have been in their original state, their degradation is now tenfold after years of intercourse with the Whites; and their speedy disappearance from the earth appears as certain as though it were already sealed and accomplished. Your own reflection will lead you to form the conclusion, and it will be a just one, that,

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even if he had the will, the power would be wanting for the Indian to keep his territory; and that the business of arranging the terms of an Indian treaty, whatever it might have been two hundred years ago, while the Indian tribes had not, as now, thrown aside the rude but vigorous intellectual character which distinguished many among them, now lies chiefly between the various traders, agents, creditors, and half-breeds of the tribes, on whom custom and necessity have made the degraded chiefs dependent, and the Government agents. When the former have seen matters so far arranged that their self-interest, and various schemes and claims, are likely to be fulfilled and allowed to their hearts' content, the silent acquiescence of the Indian follows, of course; and till this is the case, the treaty can never be amicably effected. In fine, before we quitted Chicago on the 25th, three or four days later, the treaty with the Pottawatomies was concluded — the commissioners putting their hands and the assembled chiefs their paws to the same."

Of course the treaty was a "jug handle" affair with the terms prescribed by the commissioners and accepted by the Indians because they could not help themselves. One might imagine, however, by reading the text of the treaty that the Indians thought of most of the important features and requested that they be incorporated. One quotation will be sufficient to illustrate this point:

"The wish of the Indians being expressed to the Commissioners as follows: The United Nation of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawatomie Indians, being desirous to create a perpetual fund for the purposes of education and the encouragement of the domestic arts, wish to invest the sum of

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seventy thousand dollars in some safe stock, the interest of which only is to be applied as may be necessary for the above purposes; they therefore request the President of the United States to make such investment for the nation as he may think best. If, however, at any time hereafter, the said nation shall have made such advancement in civilization, and have become so enlightened as in the opinion of the President and Senate of the United States, they shall be capable of managing so large a fund with safety, they may withdraw the whole or any part of it."

The idea of any of these wild Indians wishing to invest seventy thousand dollars in some safe stock for the purpose of education and the encouragement of domestic arts is so absurd as to be laughable. Not a single one of them knew the meaning of stock, investment or interest, and not a single one of them had any desire whatever for education and encouragement of the domestic arts. All they wanted was to retain their hunting grounds and to remain in their villages and near the graves of their fathers and this was the one thing that they could not have. While the terms of the treaty were unjust to the Indians, as were the terms of all Indian treaties, doubtless neither the Indians nor the United States Government could have prevented the tide of white settlement from occupying the lands.

Both Gurdon Hubbard and Colonel Hamilton signed this treaty as witnesses. Hubbard received one hundred and twenty-five dollars, probably for supplies, and Hamilton five hundred dollars, presumably for legal services. Each of them was also appointed trustee for various Indian children who had payments assigned to them by the treaty.

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In anticipation of the conclusion of the treaty with the Indians, which they were confident would extinguish the title to all Indian lands in the vicinity of Chicago, the residents felt that Chicago should be incorporated as a town and that they should themselves assume the functions of self-government in accordance with the statutes. Heretofore, the Chicago settlement had been merely a part of Cook County, and the residents were legally only citizens of Cook County, having no corporate powers outside those vested in the County Board or the Court of County Commissioners.

In accordance with the provisions of the Illinois statutes, a meeting of the citizens of Chicago was held on August 5, 1833, to decide whether or not they would organize as an incorporated town. There were cast at this meeting twelve votes for incorporation, and one vote against incorporation. The one vote against incorporation was cast by Russell E. Heacock who lived at the time on the south branch of the river outside the proposed limits of the town. On what theory he was allowed to vote is not clear, unless it was that he owned property within the proposed limits of the town.

The first election of Town Trustees was held at the house of Mark Beaubien on August tenth, and there were twenty-eight votes cast, which it is believed comprised all the legal voters in Chicago. The following were elected trustees:

T. J. V. Owen, George W. Dole, Madore B. Beaubien, John Miller and Edward S. Kimberly. Benjamin Jones was appointed Street Commissioner, Isaac Harmon, Collector, George W. Snow, Assessor and John Dean Caton, Corporation Attorney.

The sale of the school lands occurred October 20, 21, 22, 23



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WOLF TAVERN

WOLF POINT—1833
Look at the Chicago River

MILLER & TVERN

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and 24, 1833. A petition, bearing ninety-five signatures embracing all of the principal citizens of the town, was presented to Colonel R. J. Hamilton, Commissioner of School Lands, and in compliance therewith he ordered the lands sold at auction. The property sold embraced the square mile bounded by Madison Street on the north, Twelfth Street on the south, State Street on the east, and Halsted Street on the west. The section was divided into one hundred and forty-four blocks, the area of each being about four acres, not including the streets. All but four of the lots were sold and produced the sum of \$38,865, or an average of \$67.50 per acre. This section at the present time includes the greater portion of the far-famed "loop," and contains the Board of Trade and the financial district of La Salle Street, as well as many of the great hotels, business blocks and railway stations.

If it could have been possible for the School Board to have retained this property to the present day and rented the ground on long time leases, as it has the lots which were not sold, the income would have staggered the imagination, and the school system, instead of being a heavy burden to the tax payers, could have paid its own way and been a big income producer besides.

Viewed in the light of present day knowledge, the sale of the school lands was a colossal blunder, but it must be remembered that the town Chicago straggled along the river banks in a thin fringe on either side, and the most enthusiastic booster probably did not visualize the time when the district south of Madison Street would be business property. Indeed, a year after this sale, on October 6, 1834, the

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last wild bear killed in Chicago was shot by Sam George, the village baker, in the timber at the corner of La Salle and Adams Streets. The streets had been laid out at that time, but the timber had been cleared only as far south as Madison Street. If Sam George were alive now, he would find plenty of bears of a different species in the same vicinity.

In 1833, the first public school was opened in Chicago, although it was maintained at private expense. Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Owen, the Indian agent, employed John Watkins to teach a small school which occupied a building owned by Colonel Hamilton and donated by him for the purpose.

The year 1833, which marks the beginning of the corporate life of Chicago, the centennial anniversary of which is to be celebrated by the great "Century of Progress" Exposition in 1933, found Chicago a town of about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. It comprised six lawyers, eight physicians, four taverns, or hotels, and several boarding houses where transients were fed and lodged, if they were not particular about the number and quality of other guests who were assigned to sleep with them either in the same bed or on the floor. In addition to these, there was a fair assortment of druggists, merchants, butchers and artisans of various kinds; also a liberal number of adventurers and speculators who could scarcely be classed as permanent residents.

Many of the emigrants who came in covered wagons lived in them, or in rude camps, doing their cooking in the open air. All about the outskirts of the settlement was a ring of these prairie schooners with horses tethered on the prairie,

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children playing in the dirt, and busy housewives bustling about the camp-fires. The village itself was strung along the south side of the river on the line of what is now Wacker Drive, extending westerly to the forks of the river. There were a few rough, unpainted buildings on the north side of the river. There were no bridges across the main stream, but a rude log bridge across the south branch near Randolph Street, over which teams could pass.

Judged by present day standards, Chicago presented a miserable appearance although, if judged by the character of its citizenry, it would rank high. That same wonderful year, 1833, saw the flowering of so many enterprises that it is evident these had been latent in the years just preceding and only needed organized effort to bring them out. It was in June, preceding incorporation by two months, that the First Presbyterian Church was organized in the carpenter shop of Fort Dearborn, and the same ship that brought the Reverend Jeremiah Porter to perform that ceremony brought lovely Elisa Chappel from New York to open the first "Infant School."

In November, John Calhoun, from Watertown, New York, established the *Democrat*, Chicago's first newspaper. Newberry & Dole shipped the first beef to an eastern market; Grenville Sproat, of Boston, opened his "English and Classical School for Boys," and the Tremont House built by Alanson Sweet was taken over by Ira and James Couch and became the finest hotel in the West.

Early in the spring of 1834, emigration from all parts of the East came in an irresistible tide. Everyone had heard of the Indian treaty which threw thousands of acres of rich

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land open to settlement, and everybody wanted to get there and secure a choice quarter section before they were gone. By the middle of April, the forefront of the army had reached Chicago, and by the middle of May, there was no room for the newcomers. Flimsy houses were rushed to completion, but many had to sleep in their wagons or in temporary shelters. Chicago found itself in the throes of a real estate boom, land agents opened offices or traded on the street corners. Everybody went into the business of buying and selling lots. Lots were bought for fifty dollars one day and sold for sixty or seventy-five dollars the next day, and for one hundred dollars the next week.

In the spring of 1835, the Government opened a Land Office in Chicago which added to the general excitement and enthusiasm. Sales at the Land Office were continued at intervals until the first of October and brought thousands of settlers who came to secure title to the lands they had already entered.

A great crowd of adventurers and speculators also came who had no thought of keeping the property they bought, but whose only thought was to sell it again as speedily as possible and at as large a profit as possible. The speculative craze spread to the surrounding country, and town sites were laid out everywhere.

Chicago became the great central market for land transactions all over the Northwest. Farm lands, timber lands, town lots, watersites, and every kind of land or land claim were bought and sold in great quantities, and at constantly increasing prices until the collapse of the boom. A writer in the *Chicago Sunday Times*, October 24,

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1875, tells the following story which shows how the speculative mania raged in New York and other eastern centers:

“Early in the spring of 1835, about the month of March, Gurdon S. Hubbard purchased, with two others, Messrs. Russell and Mather, what has since been known as Russell & Mather’s addition to Chicago. This tract comprised eighty acres, and was bounded on the south by Kinzie Street, on the east by the river, on the north by Chicago Avenue, and then ran west to Halsted Street and beyond. For these eighty acres they paid \$5,000. At that time, one section of the prospective city was as desirable as another, but time has developed that this particular eighty acres was one of the most undesirable within the entire territory now embraced within the city limits. A few months after the purchase, Mr. Hubbard had occasion to visit New York City, and to his surprise found the rage for Chicago real estate at a point where it might be called ‘wild.’ Having sought and received the consent of one of his partners, who lived in Connecticut, he looked up an engraver, gave him such a sketch of the lay of the land as he could call up from memory, had a plat prepared, and from this plat, without any actual subdivision of the land, sold half of it at public auction for the sum of \$80,000. This within three or four months after paying \$5,000. News of this transaction reached Chicago in the course of stagecoach time, but it was generally discredited until Mr. Hubbard returned with the positive confirmation; and then, every man who owned a garden patch stood on his head, imagined himself a millionaire, put up the corner lots to fabulous figures, and, what is strange, never

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could ask enough, which made him mad because he didn't ask more."

In a lecture delivered before the Chicago Lyceum, January 21, 1840, Joseph N. Balestier spoke as follows of the "land craze":

"The year 1835 found us just awakened to a sense of our own importance. A short time before, the price of the best lots did not exceed two or three hundred dollars; and the rise had been so rapid, that property could not, from the nature of things, have acquired an ascertained value. In our case, therefore, the inducements to speculation were particularly strong; and as no fixed value could be assigned to property, so no price could, by any established standard, be deemed extravagant. Moreover, nearly all who came to the place expected to amass fortunes by speculating. The wonder then is, not that we speculated so much, but rather that we did not rush more madly into the vortex of ruin. Well indeed would it have been had our wild speculations been confined to Chicago; here, at least, there was something received in exchange for the money of the purchaser. But the few miles that composed Chicago formed but a small item among the subjects of speculation. So utterly reckless had the community grown, that they chased every bubble which floated in the speculative atmosphere; madness increased in proportion to the foulness of its ailment; the more absurd the project, the more remote the object, the more madly were they pursued. The prairies of Illinois, the forests of Wisconsin and the sand-hills of Michigan presented a chain almost unbroken of supposititious villages and cities. The whole land seemed staked out and peopled on paper.

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If a man were reputed to be fortunate, his touch, like that of Midas, was supposed to turn everything into gold, and the crowd entered blindly into every project he might originate. These worthies would besiege the land offices and purchase town sites at a dollar and a quarter per acre, which in a few days appeared on paper, laid out in the most approved rectangular fashion, emblazoned in glaring colors and exhibiting the public spirit of the proprietor in the multitude of their public squares, church lots, and school lot reservations. Often was a fictitious streamlet seen to wind its romantic course through the heart of an ideal city, thus creating water lots and water privileges. But where a real stream, however diminutive, did find its way to the shore of the lake — no matter what was the character of the surrounding country — some wary operator would ride night and day until the place was secured at the Government price. Then the miserable waste of sand and fens which lay, unconscious of its glory, on the shore of the lake, was suddenly elevated into a mighty city, with a projected harbor and light-house, railroad and canals, and in a short time the circumjacent lands were sold in lots, fifty by one hundred feet, under the name of ‘additions.’ Not the puniest brook on the shore of Lake Michigan was suffered to remain without a city at its mouth, and whoever will travel around that lake shall find many a mighty mart staked out in spots suitable only for the habitations of wild beasts.”

The end of the boom came as suddenly as the end of the Florida land boom of 1925, and with equally disastrous results.

Congress passed a law June 23, 1836, regulating the de-

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posits of public money and making it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to discontinue the use and to discredit the issues of any banks that were unable or unwilling to redeem their issues in specie. This resulted in failure of most of the western banks which had been floating their issue of bills altogether on credit. Credit had been greatly extended, and prices were inflated far above the amount that could be covered by all the specie in the country. The process of deflation squeezed the water out of prices and brought values down to a specie basis. Lots in Chicago, which cost the buyer one thousand dollars in 1836, suddenly dropped to a specie value of fifty, and the unfortunate buyer found himself with a note of one thousand dollars to pay and an asset representing one-twentieth of the amount of his indebtedness.

The consequence was wide-spread ruin, and many of the inhabitants of Chicago who had considered themselves wealthy found themselves plunged into poverty, with nothing to remind them of their former affluence except the amount of their indebtedness.

A glimpse of the social life of the period is given in Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman's *Winter in the West*, published in New York in 1835. Mr. Hoffman reached Chicago on or about the last day of 1833.

"Chicago, Jan. 1, 1834.

"We had not been here an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers; and though my soiled and travel-worn riding-dress was not exactly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the fron-

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tier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given. It was a frame building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although one of the most ancient trading-posts on the Lakes, can only date its growth as a village since the Indian war, eighteen months since. When I add that the population has quintupled since last summer, and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodation; while scarcely a house in the place, however comfortable looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms. In the present instance, we were ushered into a tolerably sized dancing-room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine-branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the white washed ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readily dispensed with. An orchestra of unplanned boards was raised against the wall in the center of the room; the band consisting of a dandy Negro with his violin, a fine military-looking bass drummer from the fort, and a volunteer citizen, who alternately played an accompaniment upon the flute and triangle. Blackee, who flourished about with a great many airs and graces, was decidedly the king of the company, and it was amusing, while his head followed the direction of his fiddle-bow with pertinacious fidelity, to see the Captain Manual-like precision with which the soldier dressed to the

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front on one side, and the nonchalant air of importance which the cit attempted to preserve on the other. As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations from all parts of the world, and now for the first time brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarities. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago cotillons. Here you might see a veteran officer in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trousers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawney neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be dos a dos to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate-looking southern girl; and, in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would chassez across with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed a la Madonne, over eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue, mingling with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating away from eyes of heaven's own colour over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of 'England's born.' How

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piquantly do these trim and beaded leggins peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall, nut-brown wearer moves, as if unconsciously, through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like windsails from that little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel. But what boots all these incongruities, when a spirit of festive good-humour animates every one present? 'It takes all kinds of people to make a world,' (as I hear it judiciously observed this side the mountains), and why should not all these kinds of people be represented as well in a ballroom as in a legislature? At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favorable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the Union, than was afforded by this very ball. 'This is a scene of enchantment to me, sir,' observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. 'There were but a few traders around the fort when I last visited Chicago, and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well-dressed people have come from!' I referred him to an old resident of three months' standing, to whom I had just been introduced, but he could throw no light upon the subject, and we left the matter of peopling Chicago in the same place where philosophers have put the question of the original peopling of the Continent. I made several new acquaintances at this New Year's ball, and particularly with the

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officers of the garrison, from whose society I promise myself much pleasure during my stay. The geographical position of Chicago is so important that I must give you a more minute description of the place in my next. Would that, in folding this, I could enclose you half the warm wishes for your welfare which the season awakens in my bosom."

The canal project which had been a subject of discussion ever since the days of La Salle, emerged from the realm of speculation and became an apparent certainty. Both the National and State Governments had enacted favorable legislation and on July 4, 1836, ground was broken at the Chicago terminus. The citizens made the affair a gala occasion, and, to the accompaniment of fireworks and oratory, the first spadeful of earth was dug by Gurdon S. Hubbard, one of the three Canal Commissioners. Colonel Richard J. Hamilton was orator of the day, and in the course of his speech made the stupendous prediction that there were men living who would live to see Chicago a city of fifty thousand inhabitants. This prophecy was greeted with jeers and cries of "Town lots," the Colonel being reputed to be the largest landholder in the state.



TRAILS AND TAVERNS

*"Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn."*

MACBETH

The first need of civilized man, when he seeks to tame the wilderness, is means of communication, and his second need is means of sustenance as he travels from place to place.

The forest trail of the Indian is not a suitable pathway for the white man with his bulky impedimenta, so the early Jesuit fathers who came to Chicago in the latter part of the seventeenth century used the waterways and made their way around the shores of Lake Michigan by canoe or pirogue, camping where night overtook them, carrying their own means of subsistence, to be supplemented by such game as their followers might kill and such food supplies as the Indians might furnish.

For those who traveled to St. Louis and the lower country, the Desplaines, Illinois and Mississippi Rivers provided a practicable water route subject only to the labor and difficulty of accomplishing the short portage from Lake Michigan to the Desplaines River. In 1673, Marquette's companion Joliet, with statesmanlike vision, suggested that a canal be dug from Lake Michigan to the Desplaines River. It was nearly two centuries before Joliet's vision was realized. And for one hundred and fifty years the hardy adventurers and fur traders pursued the route of the early fathers.

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For more than a generation before Chicago had any practical avenue of approach except the water route, a great tide of emigration from Pennsylvania and the southern colonies poured over the Allegheny Mountains and down the Ohio River into Kentucky and Indiana, with a considerable overflow into southern Illinois.

From 1816 to 1825, while Chicago was standing still, great numbers of these emigrants made their way up the Wabash and other southward flowing rivers and settled southern Indiana.

On July 4, 1800, Indiana Territory was organized, with Vincennes as its capital. It included, besides the present state of Indiana, all of Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

From Vincennes, an ancient trail led to the salt springs of the Vermilion where the present city of Danville is located. From this point, the trace or trail known as Hubbard's Trail led to Chicago.

The restless emigrants, ever seeking a new Eldorado, worked their way along these trails and commenced to seep into the Chicago area, settling in the valleys of the Kankakee, Desplaines and Fox Rivers. From this source, too, Chicago drew some of its early inhabitants, giving the city somewhat of a southern flavor. Over this route came the Hoosier farmers in the early thirties. Their great Conestoga wagons, patterned after those that their fathers had used in their migration over the Alleghanies, were heaped with the produce of the Wabash valley farms. These wagons were dished in the center and sloped upwards to the ends, the original purpose being to keep the contents of the box from rolling out on

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mountain roads. The traditional shape was retained long after removal to a prairie country destroyed its utility. The wagons were usually topped by a cotton cover and drawn by two yoke of oxen or four massive black horses whose gaily decorated harness and jingling bells made a gallant show. The Hoosiers camped on the lake front and conducted a profitable traffic with residents and the throngs of emigrants passing through to the rich lands beyond. They spent their money freely in the stores and in visiting the somewhat questionable amusements of the frontier town, and were a picturesque and valuable contribution to the life of the community. An observer counted one hundred and fifty of these schooners of the prairie, "parked," to use a modern term, at one time along the lake front. The memory of these Hoosier visitors and their old camping grounds is perpetuated in Chicago by the names Wabash Avenue and Indiana Avenue.

It was not until the early thirties that there was any considerable movement of settlers from New England and New York to Chicago and the Chicago District. The opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 and the advertising given the Chicago District by soldiers returned from the Black Hawk War induced hundreds of families to leave their stony New England farms and the little villages where opportunity was small and embark for the flowery prairies of Illinois. The route pursued from Boston or Providence was by ship to New York City, by steamboat to Albany and by canal boat from Albany to Buffalo. From Buffalo one might go around the lakes to Chicago by water, or to Detroit, and from there

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over the Chicago road by stage. It is probable that whichever route the traveler took he wished that he had taken the other.

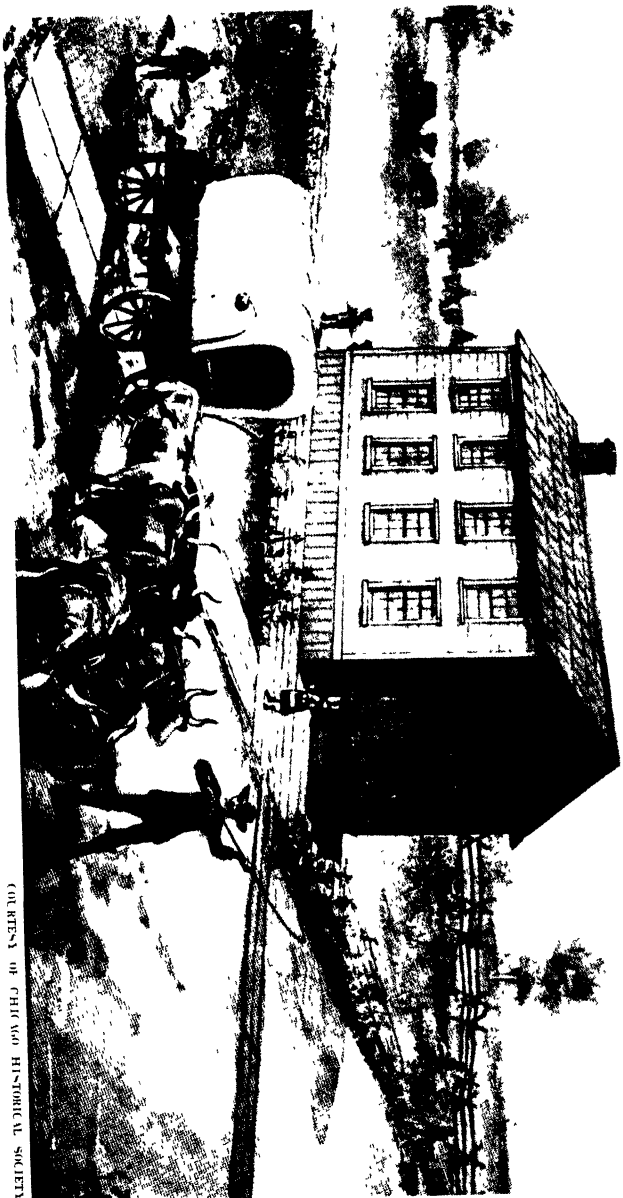
The writer has in his possession some old family letters, not hitherto published, which describe the trip, in the summer of 1831, of two young men from Massachusetts to St. Louis by way of Chicago.

The writer is Roland Tinkham, who afterwards married my grandmother's sister, Paulina Hubbard, after whom Paulina Street in Chicago was named, and the "Henry" who was his traveling companion is Henry G. Hubbard, my grandmother's brother, and cousin of Gurdon S. Hubbard. His daughter, Harriet Hubbard Ayer, became a leader of Chicago society during the seventies and, after her husband had lost his money, built up a large business on "Recamier Cream Balm," and became nationally celebrated through the use of advertising methods which were novel at the time.

The journey from New England to Chicago, described in two of these letters, is no doubt typical of the experiences of other travelers. The first letter, written from Buffalo, tells of the trip from New England to that city. It is rather long, so I shall merely give an outline of it.

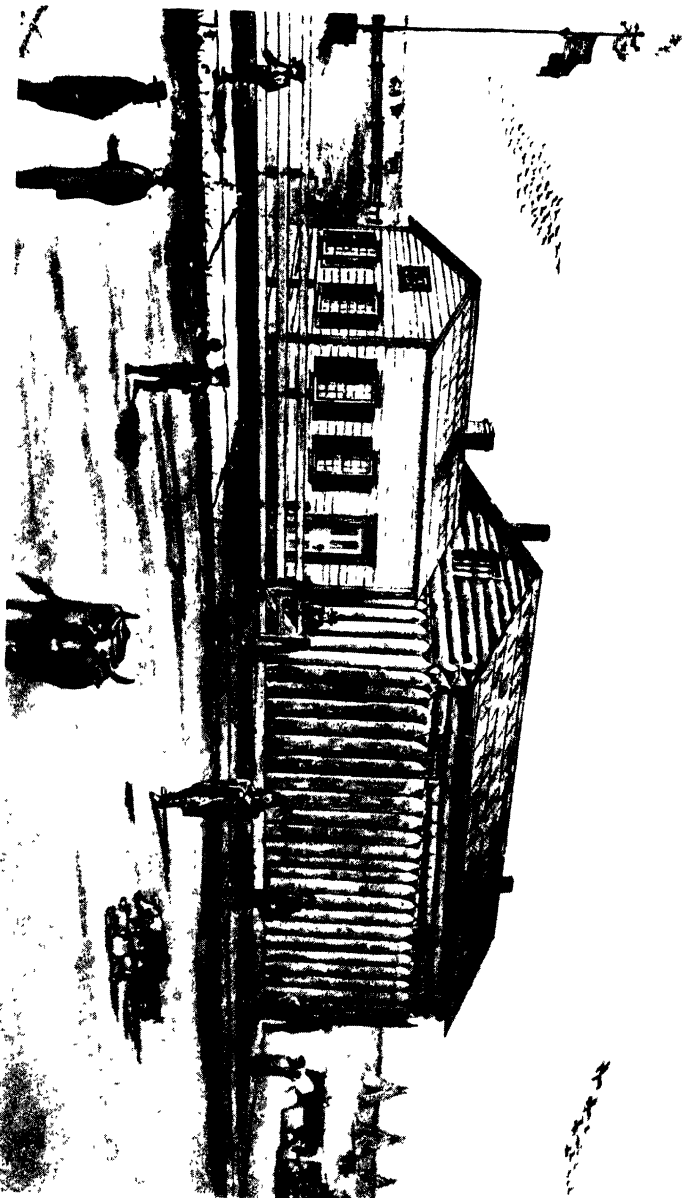
The travelers went by stage to Providence, from there by boat to New York, from New York to Albany by boat, from Albany to Schenectady, sixteen miles, by stage. Schenectady was the starting point of the "Grand Canal," and from here they traveled by "Canal packet" to Lockport, New York.

The trip was leisurely, and they had plenty of time to in-



FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY TOWN OF CHICAGO — 1836
Southeast corner, Madison and Dearborn Streets

COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY



CHICAGO'S FIRST JAIL — 1836
Southeast corner Randolph and La Salle Streets

COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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spect the cities and villages through which the "Grand Canal" passed. They were especially impressed with Utica and Rochester. Mr. Tinkham says in his letter: "Select the best buildings in Plymouth, Taunton and New Bedford, arrange them in what order you please, and you could not make a village equal to this same Utica, and yet one-half of our population could not tell what state it is in." Of Rochester he says: "It must rival the largest towns in the Union before many years. Their water power, which they seem disposed to improve, is the whole Genesee River, head and fall 104 feet, and water enough. The canal navigation is no bad substitute for the waters of the ocean itself."

Of Buffalo he writes: "We arrived here Monday evening, July 27, and stopped at the far famed Eagle Tavern; this is the best public house I ever saw. There is an immense concourse of travelers constantly arriving and leaving. I should think from two to three hundred persons arrive here every day. It is stated that no less than one thousand travelers arrive and leave Buffalo daily. It is a very flourishing town and contains from seven to eight thousand inhabitants. It was burned by the British in the last war and only one building spared. There are many, very many, handsome blocks of buildings on the principal streets, ten fair taverns and some not so fair. This is the best in *this*, and I don't know but what I may say in any place. A good steam boat leaves here for Detroit every morning. The distance is three hundred and forty miles, and they make it in a little over two days."

Having arrived at St. Louis, after a trip of forty-six days from Detroit, eleven of which were spent in Chicago, and

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thirty-five on the road, Mr. Tinkham gives an account of the journey and of his impression of Chicago in the following letter:

“ On the 7th July, 1831, we took seats in the stage at Detroit to go west as far as they would carry us. Went into a country of log houses and did not get fairly out again till we arrived here, 46 days. We found the country near Detroit low land, wet, sod clayey, and a heavily timbered road which was built, or is building, at the expense of the U. S. We traveled from 25 to 40 miles per day and the country is much better after going about 20 miles from Detroit. There is a monstrous immigration to this territory, but no part has been settled back of Detroit more than about six or seven years and by far the greater part not over two or three. We were carried 5 miles off from the direct road and had to wait two days in a little two-year-old village called Tecumseh. The only reason I know for this is that they wanted to show and praise their land to all travelers, and a certain little knavish wight hight, Jesse Button (a Connecticut singing master retired from business), who keeps a publick house there, wanted to *accomodate* us a couple of days at the New York price and get our stage fare, 10 miles more than the common route, but good-by to Jesse, and may the devil catch him. The inhabitants of this country feel very rich in prospect, and this is the best kind of riches, for I have noticed that such as are really rich are unhappy, while such as expect to be are the happiest people in the world.

“ The houses, except in villages which, small as they are, are few and far between, are all Taverns or Cake and Beer Houses, or Post Offices. The names assumed by these Tav-

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erns are amusing enough — for instance, a building of good orthodox logs 6 feet high in the walls, as large as a good N. E. Corn House, and sometimes larger too, will elevate a board inscribed, “Western Exchange” by R. Doddle, or, “Van Punke’s Mansion House,” or “Jonesville Stage House.” By-the-by, this last is called a village. One, Mr. Jones, Esq., lives here himself and not only keeps the stage house but he has a barn and a corn house, too; yes, by the mass, and a Fig Sty, and his oven stands on legs like a milking stool, — backside of the heap of manure, the stage house. Imagine us in a clumsy wagon sometimes with, and sometimes without an oilcloth cover, and two old crow defying horses racking and jerking and trying to make speed under the lashes and curses of a shabby driver, wending our weary way up to one of these big named Hotels. We enter weary, bruised and hungry as famine. On examination, we find the door performs on wooden hinges; the floor is logs split and laid flat side up; crevices in the walls filled with mud; chimney on the cob house principle, plastered with the same kind of mortar. Fronting the door at which you enter is the bar, a very essential appurtenance, filled to overflowing with the frowsy landlord and two bottles, one of which contains whiskey, and the other, if it is not empty, contains whiskey too. To prepare supper a strapping girl appears with bare feet, places the table in the dining room, for the bar-room now assumes that name, sets on the viands, — fried pork, flour bread, very light colored butter, sugar and perhaps a pitcher of sour milk. This with the appetite traveling creates makes a good meal enough. Then walk out, and after the mosquitoes out of doors have been to supper, go in and re-

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tire to your room (same one) and when the mosquitoes have done singing, the dogs have done barking, the fleas have done biting, and the brats have done squalling, you might sleep were it not for the driver's horn announcing that the stage is ready. But this is not meant as a disparagement to the country, — 'tis no doubt as good as any of its age, and it is destined to flourish in a very few years.

“ We went as far as the stage would carry us, *viz*, to Niles, an incipient village on the banks of the River St. Joseph in the country of that name, celebrated among all immigrants for the richness of its soil. We passed three prairies of considerable size in Michigan, besides many smaller ones, namely Cold Water, P-Sturgis's, & White Pigeon — this last is about six miles by four, or thereabouts, level and very rich. Here are two or three stores and a decent Tavern.

“ At Niles, we're at the end of the road, nothing but an Indian trail or accidental cart path goes further. We shipped in a river boat and went down to Saranac at the mouth of the St. Joseph's, a small village of small houses. Opposite Niles, on the southwest side of the river, is some land reserved for the Ottawa Indians. Here is a Missionary Station, and School. We saw many Indians about here and on our voyage down the river 55 miles. They were dressed in primitive costumes, generally, though some wore articles of English clothing. The voyage was quite romantic, the banks lined with immense forests. Occasionally we saw Indians on shore or met or passed them in canoes. We expected to find a vessel at the mouth of the river and get a passage across Lake Michigan to Chicago, on the opposite shore. Waited in vain three or four days for one, at a log Tavern.

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You will look in vain for the above named place on the map; little of the geography of these parts has been known till recently. Here I saw the most beautiful sunset imaginable. The place is so situated as to afford a most magnificent spectacle as the sun sinks on the broad bosom of the lake.

“After mature consideration as to the manner of escaping from this place, we employed a mongrel Frenchman and his lady to paddle us and our baggage round the south end of the lake to Chicago. By the way, the people here are more than half French, and they are as much as half Indian. The vessel in which this voyage was made is called a pirogue, which, being interpreted, is a big canoe.

“Started Sunday morning — sailors always prefer that day, and the religious scruples of Arquet, our canoe man, could not possibly be in the way of anything. Our route lay in a semi-circle of 100 miles round the end of the lake. It is almost a perfect circle, no bays, outlets, capes, promontories or islands interrupt its regularity; only now and then a small river enters, and so sandy and fluctuating is the beach that it is nothing uncommon for the mouths of the streams to be completely stopped by sand thrown up by the surf and remain so till the accumulated waters force their way into the lake again. We came to one stream which had just broken through the beach; the trees and driftwood, being wet, indicated the height of the water, and the sand each side of the mouth formed a perpendicular bank and continued to fall into the stream after we arrived. All the streams form an extensive shoal at a considerable distance from the mouth; this is the reason there is not a single good

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harbor even for the smallest craft anywhere in the southerly part of the lake.

“But to return, after paddling about 15 miles, (Arquet with an oar forward and his better half with a paddle aft) there came up a huge black cloud. As there are no harbors, it is necessary to anticipate the winds, and our Frenchman was not overstocked with courage. Landed. A heavy tempest ensued. We turned over the pirogue on our baggage and had no shelter ourselves but trees, and the lightning threatened to punish us for taking that shelter. It rained till 9 o'clock. Here was fun, by Jove. Arquet, however, succeeded in getting fire (he and his wife were perfectly at their ease); we ate a bit of dried beef and heavy bread for supper, and lay down on an Indian rush mat, on the sand, very wet, covered with Henry's cloak, wet through. Another shower in the night kept us moist. Now you may look on it as you please, but I know that it is fun to go to sleep with your head under a wet cloak, wake in the night for a clap of thunder, pop out your head and find yourself in such a big bedroom and withal confounded leaky.

“The next morning was pleasant, but the lake was so agitated that we could not proceed till past noon; then went 15 miles to the mouth of the River Galine, went ashore at 10 o'clock, wind rising, and lay down on the sand. Here the mosquitoes, which I do not mention unless their number is over a million, made a tremendous attack, and, were it not for a heavy shower during the night, I am inclined to think they would have picked our last bone before morning. We waxed cross in the morning, and said, or swore, I forget which, that we would not camp out another night on the

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shore. Mrs. Arquet boiled some pork for our breakfast, and for condiments she boiled some flat pieces of flour dough with it. A common N. E. hog would turn up his nose and whistle at such a dish. Hungry as you may well suppose we were, we could eat but little of this. So leaving all our baggage in the care of this precious couple, we started on foot, determined to reach the cabin of an old French trader which Arquet gave us to understand we should find by traveling 18 miles on shore and then taking a trail which he described, and traveling 3 miles further.

“Having listened to his directions, part words and part marks in the sand, we traveled on; about noon came to the mouth of the river Deshma’. It was as honest a 12 miles as I ever walked. Here we found an encampment of Ottawa Indians, — they could not speak a syllable of English, and we knew no Indian except “Bushaw Nicon” (how do you do my friend). Their wigwams were covered with rush mats and bark; all the young ones *bound in boards*, in durance vile, either to keep them still, or make them grow straight. This I believe is invariably practiced by all the tribes. They seemed perfectly friendly, and a big chief, almost naked, took me by the arm and led me down to their bark canoes to convince me that they were not in a condition to take us across the river. We waded on the bar across the mouth; and traveled as much further (as the Indians had given us to understand we must) before we came to the trail that led to the trader’s; took the trail, found *honest measure*, and just at sunset arrived at Bailey’s or Bayee’s, trading post. I never was weary nor hungry or had my feet sore before. We had walked 27 miles. The old trader was not at home,

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but his daughters were. Fine girls, indeed, for this or any other country, tho' their Father is an ugly, illiterate man, and their Mother a full blooded Ottawa, yet he is rich and has given three of his daughters a good English education. They speak English, French and Indian with correctness and fluency; dress in the English fashion, and are quite accomplished and genteel in their manner. Henry says they are the first girls that ever made an impression on him, and as each of them has a section of prime land reserved in the treaties with U. S. by virtue of their Indian mother, he thinks he shall take at least two of them. We fared sumptuously; some mosquitoes, too. It was after noon the next day before Arquet arrived, and it rained fast all the morning. We began to feel very uneasy about our baggage, and I have no doubt, had the fellow known how much value was in our trunks we should never have seen them again.

"We went down to the lake, found it smooth, went all night fast as possible and scarcely suffered the pirogue to stop a moment until about 4 P.M. Arrived at Chicago, having been nearly 5 days making the journey, from St. Joseph. For three or four days I was near being sick in consequence of fatigue and exposure. Chicago is a very small place compared to what I expected; it was the fort and garrison that gave it importance, but since the troops have been removed to Green Bay it is rather a dull place. Here we saw two Indians to one white man. They are almost all Pottawatomies and still own a very extensive tract of country, from Michigan to the Mississippi. Peres La Clerc is here, — the brave, as he is called, who fired the first shot at the massacre of Fort Dearborn, at Chicago. His manhood is nearly de-

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parted. His proud spirit was not tamed by his foes, but by his whiskey.

“Chicago is on three points where the river forks, about one half mile from the lake. The country on every side is low land prairie, and while we were there it was very wet all around. There is not a frame building in the place, tho’ several are covered with clapboards. Cottonwood, which is only a species of Balm-of-Gilead, grows on the streams and wet places about Chicago. There is no road from this place except such as follow Indian trails. We began to cast about for some way to get from here to Danville, Henry’s destination, when he received a letter from his cousin, G. S. Hubbard, saying that we had better wait till he and Henry’s father should arrive in a two horse wagon, and as he was going on to Michilimackinac (pron mack in aw) we might all return to Danville in the wagon.

“We spent 11 days in Chicago, — hunted, fished, walked about, looked at Indians and squaws and French; went to one court, a curious affair, but the story is long, and I have not time to tell it.

“G. S. Hubbard is quite a gentleman, speaks good English and French, and knows every Indian tongue, and almost every Indian person in this 200 miles, and in some directions much further. He has been in the Indian trade since he was 16 years old; he is now about 30. His influence among them is great; they all know him and appear to love and fear him. He is quite rich. I have not room for a detailed account of our journey from Chicago to St. Louis. The distance as we traveled was about 370 miles. You can judge how we

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found the traveling from the fact that we traveled 15 days and rested 5 to get here. Of the whole distance, there was not 20 miles of wood land, only skirting the streams now and then on the ridge. Prairies of unbounded extent make almost the whole of the country, but they are generally as rich as it is possible for land to be.

“From Chicago, 80 miles, we found it very wet, streams swimming. We swam our horses over four creeks, two of them with currents, from four to five miles an hour, camped on the prairie four nights, killed dozens of rattle snakes; worked in the water up to our hips three hours at one time and five at another, and some days got ahead not over 10 miles. The richness of the soil no one can doubt who has seen it, or the crops that grow on it. Timber will be scarce, but mineral coal, which is abundant, and bricks, which are easily made, will amply supply the deficiency, but still the fact cannot be controverted that on the streams and wet places the water and air are unwholesome, and the people are sickly. In the villages and thickly settled places, it is not so bad, but it is a fact that in the country which we traveled the last 200 miles, more than one half the people are sick; this I know for I have seen it. We called at almost every house, as they are not very near together, but still there is no doubt that this is an uncommonly sickly season. The sickness is not often fatal; ague and fever, chill and fever, as they term it, and in some cases bilious fever are the prevailing diseases. They say the last winter was the longest ever known in the West, and though we came through a corn country we could not half the time procure enough for our horse.

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"Springfield is a very flourishing place, growing fast. The prairie about it is rich as can be and generally level."

If the roads by which travelers reached Chicago from the East were poor, those by which they made their way to the interior settlements were worse.

In the summer time when the ground was dry, one might ride or drive a horse anywhere over the level prairie and proceed at a good rate of speed. The spring and fall, however, were a different story. Mr. E. O. Gale, in *Reminiscences of Early Chicago*, tells of the roads as follows:

"Our roads outside the town varied more than those within it. The Whiskey Point road,* leading to the farm, over which I traveled so much, was a fair sample of them all. When our summer birds were singing in southern skies, when the frosts had come and the flowers gone, when the rains had filled the ground with moisture and the waters covered the face of the earth, making every depression a slough, without a ditch anywhere to carry off the accumulated floods; then the wheels sank to the hubs, and the hearts of the drivers sank correspondingly; then blows and coaxings were alike unavailing to start the tired teams and the settling loads. It was at such times that the discouraged farmers, wet, cold, hungry and disconsolate, lost in mud and darkness, would cast their eyes longingly towards Whiskey Point,† as the weather beaten mariner longs for a friendly port. For the farmer knew that "Old Rowley" had something for him in keeping with the name of "The Point," if he could only manage to get there.

* Now Grand Avenue.

† The corner of Grand and Armitage Avenues.

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"The spring was worse, if possible, than the fall. The snow melted while yet the ground was frozen, and during that time, as far as the eye could see, the whole outlook was a shallow, dismal, cheerless lake, without a house, from the ridge to the engulfed city, and from Whiskey Point to the Widow Berry Point, six miles to the south of it. Nothing arrested the vision but a dismal waste of water, with the road submerged, and so cut up that, whereas it had been almost impassable before, it was now utterly abandoned. Woe to the farmer then who should presume to transport anything without a caravan of neighbors to assist with extra teams, to 'pack' the bags of grain from one stalled wagon to another."

It was essential to the prosperity and future growth of Chicago that good roads should be provided to bring the produce of the farms to the city and to bring the merchandise of the city to the farmer; and many were the expedients resorted to, to improve the roads.

The era of turnpikes set in. When a road was turnpiked, or called a turnpike, it was supposed to have some advantage over other roads. That this advantage was not very real is shown by the following from Mr. Gale's book:

"But the turnpike was never a success. The mud, when in its normal plastic condition, always seemed to be several feet deeper than on the prairie. The clay of which it was composed appeared to have a grudge against every living thing, horse, ox or man, and threw its tenacious tentacles around all things, to draw them down to its infernal level. Human ingenuity could invent no rougher or more detestable roads to travel over than was the pike at such times.

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Once on it there was no escape to the side, save at the peril of your life.

“Even when some of our courageous citizens tried in their desperate moments to ‘improve it,’ and made a toll road of it, they found, alas, the task too much for them; the ruts were too deep, the mud too bottomless. Huge stones were hauled on from year to year at a great expense to the disgruntled tax payers, and it was hoped that these would form a good foundation for the improvement. But they only stuck out at every point, sad monoliths of the little ones buried among the broken wheels and axles of defunct wagons. There they stood in stubborn stateliness, while the largest of them defied the best efforts of the corporation to reduce them to cobbles. The curses heaped upon the pike for so many years, and which the brute seemed to enjoy, were now divided between the road and the citizens who had the preposterous audacity to try to reform that which was not meant to be reformed. The band of presumptuous men were finally glad to relinquish their hopeless charge to the anathemas of the teamsters and the public, who had no alternative but to continue to drive their sad, galled, prematurely old, broken-down teams over its ever changing surface.”

The first plank road in the United States was built in New York in 1846, and from there the plank road craze spread over the country. The first plank road built out of Chicago was in 1848. It consisted of a single track, eight feet wide, made by laying down two stringers, and covering them with three-inch plank, the stringers being bedded in the earth, so that the weight of the plank rested directly upon them. These plank roads were constructed by private enterprise,

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and tolls were collected at toll gates erected at intervals along the road. A four-horse vehicle paid thirty-seven and a half cents for use of the ten-mile road, a single team twenty-five cents, and a horse and rider twelve and a half cents.

The first plank road was followed by others, until there was a network of plank roads extending in every direction from Chicago. The plank roads at first were very successful, and paid large dividends to stockholders, but, owing to the fact that the life of the roads was overestimated and proper provision was not made for repairs and maintenance, they gradually fell into decay and disrepute, so that the public would no longer use them.

The extravagant ideas entertained as to the great utility of the plank roads is shown by the following communication printed in the *Chicago Democrat* of February 16, 1848:

“Will you be so kind as to allow me to say a few words through your paper, showing the very many advantages our country will derive by the introduction of plank roads over that of railroad communication? The former can be brought into every street and alley, to every warehouse and manufactory in our city — in the country all sections are alike benefitted by them. They do not enhance one man’s property and depress that of another. The farmer can take his produce to market when his time is of little value. When a sudden advance in the staples of the country takes place, there is no railroad directory to reap the benefits of it by refusing to carry only that which they may be interested in. Such has been the operations in a neighboring state. . . . Do railroads give the same facilities for traveling that plank roads do, even to those living by the side of them? Their stations are gen-

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crally ten and twelve miles apart. They will only take in and put out passengers at these places. Our plank road passengers travel at the rate of ten miles an hour, which is as fast as they are conveyed (and with ten times the safety) on the Michigan Central Railroad. The charges made by the railroad for the transportation of produce are more than it would cost the farmer by plank roads and very little less than common roads. On the Michigan Central Railroad they charge sixty-two and one half cents per barrel for flour, and fifty cents per hundred pounds for merchandise between Kalamazoo and Detroit, 140 miles. On a plank road, a two-horse team will haul three and one-half tons two and one-half miles an hour for ten hours out of fourteen: which experience has proven to be the most economical rate of speed teams with heavy burdens ought to travel. From an examination of the statistics it would appear that the whole number of teams arriving in our city during the past year was not far from seventy thousand. Now, in place of the railroad now agitated, construct three hundred miles of plank road, divided to the best advantage, say northwest and southwest. This will not cost more than \$500,000, and about what it will cost to build a good railroad to the Fox River, for which the annual receipts for the next ten years could not be less than \$200,000, supposing the average number of teams arriving per annum to be 130,000 (a calculation not large, as the population of northern Illinois doubles in about six years), which at \$1.50 per team would give that sum — sufficient to keep the roads in repair, divide thirty per cent dividends, and when the road is worn out (ten years hence) we would have a city containing seventy thousand inhabitants. Then we might

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talk of a railroad. One of the reasons most argued by those in favor of the proposed railroad to Fox River is that if we don't build one, Milwaukee will. The people of that city are not able to build a railroad of any length; if they were, they are not so simple."

The arguments in favor of plank roads as against railroads sound something like the arguments in favor of motor truck transportation, and one wonders if the railroads will be able to dispose of the motor truck competition as easily as they did that of the plank roads.

Intimately associated with the development of the highways, were the stage-coaches and taverns. The first stage line to reach Chicago was the one from Detroit in 1833, which was followed the next winter by a line to St. Louis, and thereafter lines were established to Ottawa, Peru, Peoria, Galena, Milwaukee and other points, so that, before Chicago became a railroad center, it was a stage center, with routes radiating in every direction.

Travel by stage-coach was more romantic and interesting in retrospect than it was in actual experience; mud holes in the road, streams out of their banks and broken bridges were common experiences. The stages on the principal lines ran twenty-four hours a day, stopping every twelve or fifteen miles to change horses. The passenger of today who claims that he cannot sleep in Mr. Pullman's cars would have found his inability to sleep an asset on a stage-coach trip, because if under stress of weariness one dozed for a moment, he was likely to be rudely awakened by the banging of his head against the side of the coach, as the vehicle lurched into some chuck hole.

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The trip to Peoria, 175 miles, could be made in two days, Providence permitting or aiding, and the fare was \$10.00 in the winter and \$8.00 in the summer. Only persons with a strong constitution and in perfect health should have undertaken this trip, and, however strong their constitutions might have been at the beginning of the trip, they were sure to be weaker at the end of it.

The trip from Chicago to Milwaukee, 97 miles, took a day and a half, the stage remaining overnight at Kenosha. Fare in the summer time, \$3.00; in the winter, \$5.00.

The taverns provided for the accommodation of travelers were primitive in the extreme, in many cases being merely the log cabin of some settler who shared his one room with such travelers as came. To travelers lately arrived from the effete East, the most distressing feature of the case was the lack of privacy. Not only did entire strangers sleep in the same room, but often, and in fact, generally, in the same bed.

Where ladies were among the guests, an effort at privacy was sometimes made by stretching a line across the end of the room, and hanging petticoats or other garments on it so as to provide a private room. Dr. Milo M. Quaife in his book *Chicago's Highways, Old and New*, gives a most interesting picture of the development of the highways and stage routes around Chicago, and of the trials and vicissitudes which beset the traveler.

The modern concrete roadways follow the old historic trails and highways, and the person who drives his car for a holiday outing along any of these roads would find his interest and pleasure much increased by reading this book.

THE BIRTH OF THE CITY

*Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.*

DAVID EVERETT

The town had now outgrown its swaddling clothes, at least in the estimation of its citizens, and on the first Tuesday in May, 1837, acting under a charter granted by the State Legislature March 4, of that year, an election was held, and thus was born the city which has proved to be the most wonderful city that has ever existed on the face of the earth since man began to build cities. William B. Ogden, who came to Chicago in 1835 to represent the American Land Company, was elected the city's first mayor. He was one of the great men who came to Chicago in the middle thirties and has left the impress of his character and genius on many of the city's institutions.

In spite of the collapse of the boom, Chicago had had a most marvelous growth since its incorporation as a town in 1833. Its population had increased at a rate never before known in any land or clime. According to the law it required a population of one hundred and fifty to incorporate and it is quite certain that Chicago at the time of its incorporation as a town contained no more inhabitants than the legal limit. Indeed, it was strongly suspected that in order

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to make up the required number not a few transients and occasional visitors were counted.

From the fact that, at the time of the first election in August 1833, the total number of voters was twenty-eight, it would seem that the estimate of one hundred and fifty inhabitants was somewhat optimistic. This would particularly seem to be the case when one remembers that the population was largely composed of men of voting age.

In the spring and summer of 1834 there were eight hundred inhabitants, and by the fall of that year the number had grown to between sixteen hundred and two thousand. The school census, taken in 1835, showed a population of 3,279, and in 1836 the population varied from 3,500 to 4,000.

July 1, 1837, the first census taken after Chicago became a city disclosed a total white population of 3,989, blacks 77, and sailors belonging to vessels owned in Chicago 104, an imposing total of 4,170, a gain of fourteen hundred percent during its four years of existence as a town.

Under the head of Improvements in 1836, the *Chicago American* published the following on December 10, 1836:

"Most prominent are Steele's block of four story brick stores on Lake Street; Harmon and Loomis' block of four story brick stores on Water Street; the Episcopal Church of brick, which when finished will vie with many of the best in the East; some ten to twenty, two to four story brick stores in various parts of the town; about twenty large, two to three story wooden buildings, a steam flouring mill and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dwellings."

The "mushroom village" which Charles Joseph Latrobe

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saw four years before had certainly justified his characterization in point of growth.

The Common Council of the new city immediately passed "Laws and Ordinances" for its government, and the following extracts are interesting in the light of today:

FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND LIMB

Section 2. No person shall ride or drive any horse or horses in any Avenue, Street or Lane within this city faster than a moderate trot.

OF THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF FIRES

Section 30. The Citizens and inhabitants shall respectively, if the fire happens at night, place a lighted candle or lamp at the front door or windows of their respective dwellings, there to remain during the night, unless the fire be sooner extinguished.

Section 34. Every dwelling house or other building containing one fireplace or stove, shall have one good, painted leathern fire-bucket, with the initials of the owner's name printed there on.

Section 35. Every able bodied inhabitant shall, upon an alarm of fire, report to the place of the fire with his fire-bucket or buckets, if he shall have any.

Section 36. Every occupant of any building shall keep the aforesaid fire-buckets in the front hall of said building.

CONCERNING BILLIARD TABLES AND BALL ALLEYS

Section 1. There shall be no billiard table or tables set up or used, in the said City of Chicago from and after the fifteenth day of May next.

Section 2. There shall be no nine pin alleys or any ball alley where pins are used; set up or used in the said City of Chicago from and after the fifteenth day of May next.

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One wonders in what spasm of virtue the young metropolis which tolerated drinking, horse racing, and other forms of gaming passed these ordinances so suggestive of the New England blue laws.

By placing the license fee at the exorbitant sum of \$100 theatres were kept out until, in October, 1837, Messrs. Isherwood and McKenzie opened for six weeks in the dining room of the old Sauganash Hotel. So that the famous inn that had served as the Town Hall when Chicago became a town was also the cradle of the first theatre.

This year also saw the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute and of Rush Medical College.

Having followed the fortunes of the little settlement at the forks of the Chicago River until it attained the dignity of being a city, although a small one, our self-appointed task is almost finished. The events of subsequent years were important and historic, but they were scarcely what might be called romantic.

Like the "Emerald Peach" in the orchard in the ballad of little Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue, Chicago simply grew and grew. In the twenty years after its incorporation as a city, its population increased at the most marvelous rate hitherto known to the history of man. From a population of four thousand, liberally estimated, in 1837, it reached a population of over ninety thousand in 1857, and by the Federal Census of 1860 was given a population of 109,263.

For the statistically minded, the following table of population for the first twenty years of Chicago's existence as a city is appended:

THE EPIC OF CHICAGO

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| 1838 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 4,000* |
| 1839 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 4,200* |
| 1840 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 4,470 |
| 1841 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 5,500* |
| 1842 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 6,590* |
| 1843 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 7,580 |
| 1844 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 8,000* |
| 1845 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 12,088 |
| 1846 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 14,169 |
| 1847 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 16,859 |
| 1848 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 20,023 |
| 1849 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 23,047 |
| 1850 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 28,269 |
| 1851 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 34,000* |
| 1852 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 38,734 |
| 1853 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 60,662 |
| 1854 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 65,872 |
| 1855 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 80,023 |
| 1856 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 86,000* |
| 1857 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 93,000* |

A history of this period would involve a recital of increasing shipments of grain and live-stock, the growth of shipping interests, the establishment of business concerns, the arrival of many men whose names have become household words, the founding of schools and churches and many other details, no doubt interesting in themselves, but scarcely within the purview of the present work. The increasing population may serve as an index to the growth of Chicago in other respects.

It may be well to mention briefly some of the high spots of this period. Of personal interest is the fact that, in 1835, Colonel Richard J. Hamilton, then a widower, married Har-

* Estimates.

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riette L. Hubbard, thus providing the writer with grandparents, a prerequisite to the writing of this book; and, in 1843, Gurdon S. Hubbard, also a widower, married my grandmother's sister and his own cousin, Mary Ann Hubbard, thus becoming my great-uncle, by marriage, as well as my first cousin twice removed, by blood. This latter circumstance has furnished much of the material for the book.

1838

It will be noted that during its first year of corporate life, Chicago diminished in population. This was caused partly by hard times which gripped the whole country as an aftermath to the era of excessive internal improvement and riotous speculation, and partly to disease which carried off many of the inhabitants and kept other prospective inhabitants away.

During the summer months of 1838, work on the canal, the principal source of revenue for the young city, was almost completely stopped by a mysterious malady, similar in its symptoms to Asiatic cholera and equally fatal to its victims, mostly workers on the canal. During this summer no rain fell from the nineteenth of July until November. The streams dried up, and the springs furnished only polluted water. A malarial fever became epidemic, and its ravages brought death to many a household in the city.

In spite of the sorrow and depression, the second theatre was established during this year. It was housed in an auction room on Dearborn Street and was christened "The Rialto." Its first season was fairly successful.

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1839

The *Daily American*, Chicago's first daily newspaper, made its appearance April 9, 1839, having been founded as a weekly in 1835.

1840

This was a presidential year and General William Henry Harrison was elected on November 3.

Political slanders were quite as common in that day as in the present, and some of the General's opponents started a story to the effect that, instead of being the hero he was reported to be, he was a coward and was not entitled to any credit for the victory at the battle of the Thames. Our old friends, Shaub-e-nee and Billy Caldwell, the "Sauganash," at this time were at the Pottawatomic reservation at Council Bluffs and took up the cudgels in behalf of their old antagonist in the following letter which was published in the Chicago *Daily American* of June 9, 1840:

"Council Bluffs, 23d March, 1840.

"To General Harrison's Friends:

"The other day, several newspapers were brought to us; and, peeping over them, to our astonishment, we found the hero of the late war called a coward. This would have surprised the tall Braves, Tecumseh, of the Shawnees, and Round Head and Walk-in-the-Water of the Wyandotts. If the departed could rise again, they would say to the white men that Gen. Harrison was the terror of the late tomahawkers. The first time we got acquainted with Gen. Harrison, it was at the Council Fire of the late old Tempest, Gen. Wayne, on the headwaters of the Wabash, at Greenville, 1795, from that time until 1811, we had many friendly smokes with him; but from 1812 we changed our tobacco smoke into powder smoke. Then we found Gen. Harrison was a brave warrior, and humane to his prisoners, as

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reported to us by two of Tecumseh's young men who were taken in the fleet with Capt. Barclay on the 10th of September, 1813; and on the Thames, where he routed both the red men and the British; and where he showed his courage, and his humanity to his prisoners, both white and red. [Probably the word "Read" or "See" omitted here]. Report of Adam Brown and family, taken on the morning of the battle, 5th Oct., 1813. We are the only two surviving of that day in this country. We hope the good white men will protect the name of Gen. Harrison.

We remain your friends forever,
SHAUB-E-NEE, AID TO TECUMSEH.
B. CALDWELL, CAPTAIN."

1841

This year was notable for the great temperance revival and for the establishment of cultural organizations, the most enterprising of which was the Young Men's Association for the promotion of literary interests, and the gathering of a library. By the time of the Great Fire, 18,000 volumes had been collected.

1842

On May 24th of this year, the Chicago Hydraulic Company, of which Gurdon Hubbard was one of the incorporators in 1836, commenced operation. The *Daily American* announced: "Pure water is now flowing in abundance through our streets." The water pipes were made of logs with holes bored through their centers. Prior to this installation, the only public water supply aside from the lake and the river, was the town well. This was situated at the intersection of Kinzie and Cass Streets. It was a large well with balanced buckets attached to a rope which passed over a pulley and had a trough from which animals might drink.

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Many of the residences had wells, but these were insani-
tary, and were rarely used for domestic purposes. Water
for ordinary household use was obtained from cisterns or by
hauling from the river. Each family was provided with a
water barrel in which the supply of drinking water was kept,
and these barrels were kept filled by "Waterman" who
hauled the water from the lake for a stipend of twenty-five
cents per barrel.

The *Western Citizen* was established by Zebina Eastman
in the anti-slavery interest, and the Abolitionist state conven-
tion was held in Chicago. Three militia regiments were
organized.

1843

On April 21st of this year, an ordinance was passed which
prohibited hogs from running at large in the streets of the
city. The animals had become so numerous that they were
an unmitigated nuisance and a hazard to life and limb.

1844

The depression ended in this year, and good times were
again established. September 10, a meeting was held in the
Council Chambers for the purpose of electing delegates to
attend a meeting at Elgin in the interest of building a mac-
adamized or plank road from the Fox and Rock Rivers to
Chicago. It was there resolved "that the commercial pros-
perity of Chicago mainly depends upon the improvement of
the roads leading from it to the heart of the rich agricultural
region by which it is surrounded."

In April, the *Chicago Journal* was founded, and May saw
the establishment of the *Gem of the Prairie*.

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1845

December 5, a meeting was held at the Court House, and delegates were appointed to attend a convention to be held at Rockford to devise means for completing the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. This was the beginning of the Chicago and Northwestern. The Dearborn School, the first permanent public school building, was opened.

1846-47

Great excitement over the Mexican War. Several full companies recruited and sent to the front. Colonel Hamilton raised a company and equipped it at his own expense. In the latter year, the great River and Harbor convention, to which Abraham Lincoln was a delegate, was held in Chicago. Rice's Theatre was opened, the McCormick reaper factory was opened, and the first issue of the Chicago *Tribune* appeared.

1848

January 15, the first message by electric telegraph was received over the line completed from Milwaukee to Chicago.

March 13, the initial steps were taken to found the Board of Trade.

October 25, a locomotive and tender with two cars made its first run, a distance of about five miles, on the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad.

On November 13, the Market Building, just erected in State Street, was used for the first time as Chicago's first City Hall.

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1849

Year of the California gold rush, wagon makers busy making emigrant wagons; firearms up in price fifty per cent; market sold out on blankets and salt provisions. Many early residents join exodus and are permanently lost to Chicago. Great cholera epidemic.

1850

February 1, Chicago and Galena Union Railroad opened to Elgin.

September 4, gas was turned on in Chicago for the first time.

1851

City took over water works, and adopted expansion program.

1852

February 20, the first through train from the East, via the Michigan Southern Railway, entered Chicago.

1853

July 22, a meeting was held at which the feasibility of connecting the north and south sides by a tunnel under the river was discussed and recommended. The first labor strike occurred in August. The demand, reduction of two hours' time on Saturdays without reduction of pay, was not granted.

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1854

The Rock Island Railroad was completed to Chicago, marking the first railroad connection between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River.

1855

May 30, the railroad to Burlington, Iowa, was opened.

June 4, the vote on prohibition of liquor was taken: For prohibition, 2,784; against, 4,093.

1856

By this time, it was realized that Chicago was to be a great city, and the commercial capital of the Northwest.

The natural level of the streets was decided to be too low for efficient drainage, and accordingly a level several feet above that of the old streets was established. This involved the raising of all the structures in the city and the filling in of the streets to the established grade. This monumental program was completed in two years, and Chicago had pulled itself out of the mud by its boot-straps.

1857

This was a year of universal financial distress, several banks suspended, and a number of the leading merchants were forced into bankruptcy.

At the close of the year, Chicago was the largest city in the Northwest and the acknowledged metropolis of an area larger than that of the thirteen original states.

TROUBLOUS TIMES

*And ye shall hear of wars and
rumors of wars.*

MATTHEW XXIV-6

The contest as to freedom or slavery in the territories which was to culminate in the great Civil War was now raging all over the land. The foremost champions of the opposing forces were from Illinois, and during the summer of 1858 the series of debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln focused the attention of the country upon Illinois and its metropolis, Chicago.

My grandfather was a southerner and a Democrat, and Senator Douglas was a frequent visitor at his house. Here as a boy my father met him, fell under the charm of his personality, and became his devoted political follower, although not old enough to vote. Abraham Lincoln was the intimate friend of Gurdon Hubbard and often stopped at his house when he was in Chicago, and here the boy became well acquainted with him.

So it happened that when Lincoln and Douglas traveled through the state, holding their series of joint debates, my father and a lad his own age went with them and peddled Republican and Democratic emblems to the crowds who attended the debates. The details of these meetings were carefully arranged and each side undertook to have a large representation of its own partisans. These partisans formed

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themselves into great processions, sometimes more than a mile in length, and headed by bands marched to the place of meeting, shouting for "Honest Old Abe," or for the "Little Giant," as the case might be.

The Democratic processions carried banners, upon which were inscribed "Squatter Sovereignty!" "Popular Sovereignty!" "Let the People Rule!" "No Nigger Equality!" "This is a White Man's Government!" "Hurrah for the Little Giant!"

The Republican processions carried banners inscribed "Hurrah for Honest Old Abe!" "Lincoln the Rail-splitter!" "Abe the Giant Killer!" "Free Territories!" "Freedom and Equality!" "Down with Compromise!"

Each party had chariots filled with girls representing the states of the Union. Over the Douglas chariot was a banner inscribed: "Protect us from negro husbands!"

Upon the stage were a chairman, secretary, and time-keepers. The speakers alternated in opening and closing the debates, the opening speaker taking an hour, his competitor following with an hour and a half, when the first speaker was allowed half an hour in which to close.

At the time of these debates, Douglas was the much more prominent man of the two, and was esteemed by the great majority of the people of the country as far superior to Lincoln in ability.

In view of Lincoln's subsequent career and his world-wide fame, it seems strange to hear him, at the opening of the debates, speak as follows:

"Twenty-two years ago, Judge Douglas and I became acquainted. We were both young then, he a trifle younger

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than I. Even then we were both ambitious. I perhaps quite as much as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure — a flat failure; with him it has been one of splendid success; his name fills the nation, and is not unknown even in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. I would rather stand upon that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow. The Judge means to keep me down, put me down I should not say, for I have never been up."

The contest was for the senatorship. Douglas won the legislature and was elected senator, but Lincoln got a majority of the popular vote, and was brought so prominently before the people of the country that two years later he was nominated as the Republican candidate for President.

In 1860, Chicago staged the first of the great political conventions which have since given her the name "convention city," and Abraham Lincoln received the Republican nomination for President which he had really won during the Douglas debates of 1858.

The new President was inaugurated March 4, 1861, and on the fourteenth of April Fort Sumter fell. Immediately the North was ablaze with enthusiasm for the war and recruiting of troops went on apace. The story of Chicago's part in the conflict would make a large volume, and there is no purpose of telling it here. The State of Illinois, in proportion to its population, furnished more soldiers by far than any other state in the Union, and Chicago was abreast of the remainder of the state in this respect. Chicago's total vote in 1860 was only 18,747, yet she furnished approximately 15,000 men to the Union forces.

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The first Union officer to fall in the war was the brilliant young Chicagoan, Elmer E. Ellsworth. In 1859 Ellsworth organized a Chicago company under the name of United States Zouave Cadets. He exacted total abstinence from liquor and regular attendance at drill three times a week. By such means, he brought his command to a high degree of efficiency in a very short time. The Zouaves went on an exhibition tour, which included all the larger cities of the East, and were everywhere hailed as the model military company of the country, while the popularity of their young commander reached extravagant heights.

In October, 1860, Ellsworth disbanded his Cadets in order to continue the study of law in the office of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, and he accompanied the President-elect to Washington for the inauguration and was still in the East when the call for troops was issued. On account of his great reputation, the New York Fire Zouaves elected him their colonel, and this regiment was the first full regiment to be sworn into the service. It was also among the first regiments to arrive at Washington for the defense of the Capital.

While passing through Alexandria at the head of his regiment Colonel Ellsworth caught sight of a rebel flag flying from the roof of a hotel. Enraged by this display of disloyalty, he rushed up the stairs, tore down the flag, and, in descending, was met at the second story landing by the proprietor of the hotel who shot and killed him, being in turn shot by one of Ellsworth's soldiers.

I have heard my father say that Ellsworth's death was caused by his own rashness, and that he should have detailed a sergeant and file of soldiers to take down the flag, instead

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of leaving the head of the column himself. In this connection the following hitherto unpublished story from my father's memoirs may be of interest:

"During the summer of 1858, I became quite intimate with Elmer E. Ellsworth, who was then commander of the Ellsworth Zouaves, the crack military company of the day. He was engaged to Miss Carrie Stafford who was a student at Rockford Seminary, and as my intended wife, Caroline Raymond, was also a student at the same institution we decided to go to the commencement exercises of the seminary and visit our sweethearts.

"We left the city on a night train, and, as there were then no Pullman sleepers, we arrived at Rockford in the early morning, very tired and sleepy and immediately went to the hotel and retired. We did not awaken as early as we intended, and when we reached the seminary, the commencement exercises had begun and it was impossible to gain admission to the hall. So we passed our time on the front steps, and in wandering around the grounds. During our wanderings we came in contact with a couple of village loafers. Ellsworth, who was of an impetuous disposition and had a quick temper, got into an altercation with them for some trivial reason, but they went on their way and we thought nothing more of it. Shortly afterwards, we were approached by a man, who said that he was a constable and had a warrant for our arrest, and that we were to go before a Justice of the Peace at once. Asking with what we were charged, he replied "picking pockets." On our way to the Justice Court, the officer expressed his sympathy and told us that our accuser was a disreputable loafer, who was hoping to get money

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from us, and told us to fight the case ourselves without the aid of a lawyer.

“ Arriving at the Court, the case was promptly called for trial, the Justice first asking our names and residence. After we had entered a plea of ‘ not guilty,’ our accuser was sworn to testify, and the case was fairly on. He testified that he and his friend were walking in the seminary grounds and that we followed him and pushed up against him. That Ellsworth took his watch and passed it to me. His friend was then sworn and corroborated the other’s testimony. The case looked rather serious for us. After the testimony for the prosecution was all in, and we had denied it under oath, the Justice ordered the constable to take us into an adjoining room and search us, which he did. On our return to the Court room the officer reported that we had been searched and nothing found that did not belong to us. We then asked that the accuser and his friend be searched, which the Court ordered done. The constable found the fellow’s watch hidden away in his boot leg, and so reported to the Court.

“ We were, of course, promptly acquitted and were told by the Justice that we could have a warrant issued for the two fellows on the charge of perjury, but we declined to do so as that would necessitate our remaining in town to prosecute the case, Ellsworth remarking that he preferred to settle with them outside the Court. I knew that meant more trouble and hurried him from the Court room.

“ When we reached the seminary, the exercises were over, and our two disappointed girls were seated in the parlor condoling with each other. After greeting us, they told us that two fellows from Chicago had been arrested on the campus,

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and we pleaded guilty to that charge and related to them our experiences.

"In the afternoon there was some kind of a service to be held in the public hall down town. This we attended, expecting to meet the girls there.

"When we came out from the meeting, we saw our accuser of the morning standing on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairway. Before I realized who he was, Ellsworth had knocked him down and kicked him into the gutter, where he laid as though dead. The constable rode up on a pony, and jumping off ran to where the crowd was gathering. He spoke to Ellsworth, told him to take the pony, ride over the state line into Wisconsin and remain there until the next day, or until the result was known, as he thought the fellow was seriously injured. Ellsworth accordingly left, while I stood around in the crowd until the fellow was carried into a drug store and revived."

Chicago not only furnished its full complement of troops to the war, but the material and moral aid given by its citizens was not less important.

The war songs of George F. Root were sung by hundreds of thousands of people and rigors of war were forgotten in many a camp and bivouac as the soldiers joined in the chorus of the "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching," or "Marching through Georgia." Jules and Frank Lumbard and the Lumbard quartette sang these songs and others nightly. They gave their whole time to the work and traveled all over the country singing at rallies and patriotic meetings, greatly stimulating enlistments and public morale.

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The favorite song with the people was "Ole Shady," and they sang it everywhere they went. No one who ever heard Frank Lumbard's mellow tenor voice ring forth the refrain, "Hail mighty day," can ever forget the thrill of the moment. Strangers might miss most of the sights of the city, but they did not miss hearing and seeing "Ole Shady," as Frank was called, if possible. The song can never mean to the present generation what it meant to the generation of the Civil War, but here is the song which thrilled your grandfathers:

OLD SHADY

"Oh! yah! yah! darkies, laugh wid me!
For de white folks says ole Shady's free.
So don't you see dat de Jubilee
Is a comin' comin' — Hail mighty day!

Chorus —

"Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer;
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home!
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer;
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home!

"Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his lady;
Dis chile breaks for ole Uncle Aby,
Open de gates, for here's ole Shady
A comin', comin' — Hail mighty day!

Chorus —

"Good-by, Mass' Jeff, good-by, Misses Stephens,
'Scuse dis niggah for takin' his leavins;
'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's
Comin', comin' — Hail mighty day!

Chorus —

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“ Good-by, hard work, wid never any pay;
I’s a gwine up North where the good folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Are comin’, comin’ — Hail mighty day!

Chorus —

“ Oh, I’ve got a wife and I’ve got a baby
Livin’ up yonder in Lower Canady;
Won’t dey laugh when dey see ole Shady
A comin’, comin’ — Hail mighty day! ”

Chorus —

During the war the environs of Chicago were dotted with camps provided for the accommodation of Federal recruits, whose rendezvous was Chicago. One of these, Camp Douglas, first used for Federal soldiers, became famous as the principal northern prison for captured Confederates. Camp Douglas comprised about sixty acres fronting on Cottage Grove Avenue at about the present location of Thirty-fourth Street. The population of this camp ebbed and flowed with the fortunes of war, but from the first year of the war there were many prisoners, and at times there were enough to make a whole army corps.

The citizens of Chicago felt that these prisoners were dangerous neighbors, and rumors of plots to escape and conspiracies to burn the city were frequent. There were many Kentuckians resident in the city, and among the prisoners from Kentucky were relatives and friends. The discipline among the guards was rather poor, and it was a comparatively easy matter for these men to communicate with their friends, and on frequent occasions, by connivance with the guards, get temporary leave to visit their relatives of

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an evening, or to enjoy such pleasures as the city might afford.

An experience of my father's will serve to show the very loose manner in which the prisoners were guarded. One evening in company with his brother-in-law, a Major in the Union Army, at the time in full uniform, he called at the house of Judge Buckner S. Morris, at that time living on Michigan Avenue between Washington and Madison Streets. Judge Morris was one of Chicago's most respected citizens and had been the city's second mayor. Mrs. Morris, a distant connection of my father's, was a member of the famous Blackburn family of Kentucky, and her brother Breckenridge Blackburn was the husband of my father's sister, Diana. She was a charming woman, but a rebel to the core like her brothers, and for that matter like my Aunt Diana, who adopted Confederate principles after she was married and went to Kentucky to live. Mrs. Morris had charge of the distribution of clothing sent to prisoners by their friends in the South, and through this connection she was a frequent visitor at the camp and made many acquaintances. No doubt her charming personality and winning ways had something to do with getting the officers of the camp to grant her friends a temporary furlough on occasion.

On the particular evening of the visit of my father and his brother-in-law, their ring was answered by an old darkey, who was obviously badly frightened by sight of a Union officer. In response to their inquiry for the Judge, the darkey left them standing in the hall and said that he would see if the Judge was in. As they stood in the hall they became aware of considerable commotion within, but the darkey

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finally reappeared and ushered them by way of the hall into the back parlor. The Judge, himself, seemed ill at ease, but managed to give them the information which they had come to seek. As they were about to take their leave, Mrs. Morris entered the room from the hall, greeted them cordially and said that she felt highly flattered to meet so distinguished an officer. She said that she would like to introduce him to some gentlemen of his own calling and with that, to her husband's obvious discomfiture, she pushed back the folding doors and revealed a group of men in the front parlor whom she introduced as Confederate officers from Camp Douglas, absent for a time on furlough.

This reckless freak brought about an embarrassing situation for all of the men in the party, although Mrs. Morris appeared quite at ease. As my father and his companion made their exit, the Federal Major exclaimed: "My God, Henry! Do you realize that unless I inform on these men and have them arrested I may be shot for this myself?" My father did the best he could to make light of the adventure and persuaded his brother-in-law to take an early train back to Milwaukee where he was stationed.

Poor old Judge Morris was brought to ruin, both personal and financial, by his wife's questionable activities. He was arrested, charged with treason and confined in jail at Cincinnati. While he was awaiting trial, his daughter died at his Chicago home. He was given permission to attend the funeral, and under military escort entered his own home, to look for the last time on the face of his beloved child.

Judge Morris was finally acquitted, but the expense of his defense in a distant city ruined him financially, and he re-

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turned to his home a broken man. No one in Chicago believed that he was guilty of the charges, and the belief became general, that he was incapable of treason. The only thing of which he was guilty was having too much confidence in his wife.

In October, 1863, the Chicago Sanitary Fair was organized by the women of the city and netted over \$86,000 for the invalid soldiers.

In 1864 Chicago entertained its second national political convention. The Democratic party held its convention in August and adopted a platform which declared the war to be a failure. In order to secure northern votes, it was necessary to nominate a soldier, and in logical keeping with its platform the convention nominated General George B. McClellan, the most conspicuous failure of the war. The city was full to overflowing with delegates and visitors to the convention, and crowds surged through the hotels, calling for speeches from the party leaders. Lincoln had been re-nominated by the Republicans at Baltimore in June, and most of these speeches were denunciations of him and of his policies.

In view of the veneration in which Lincoln is now held by men of all parties, extracts from some of these speeches may be interesting. The following are taken from the *Chicago Times*, the Democratic organ in Chicago:

Honorable John J. Van Alen: "We do not want a candidate with the smell of war on his garments. The great Democratic Party should have resisted the war from the beginning."

Honorable S. S. Cox of Ohio (later of New York): "Abra-

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ham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood, created a debt of four thousand million dollars, and sacrificed two millions of human lives. At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy. Even Jefferson Davis is no greater enemy of the Constitution."

Honorable W. W. O'Brien of Peoria: "We want to try Lincoln as Charles I of England was tried, and if found guilty will carry out the law."

Honorable John Fuller of Michigan: "Are you willing to follow in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, the perjured wretch who has violated the oath he took before high heaven to support the Constitution and preserve the liberties of the people?"

Stambaugh of Ohio: "If I am called upon to elect between the freedom of the nigger and disunion and separation, I shall choose the latter. You might search hell over and find none worse than Abraham Lincoln."

Honorable and Reverend Henry Clay Dean of Iowa: "The American people are ruled by felons. With all his vast armies, Lincoln has failed! failed! Failed! FAILED! And still the monster usurper wants more victims for his slaughter pens. I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him. Ever since the usurper, traitor and tyrant has occupied the presidential chair, the Republican party has shouted war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. Blood has flowed in torrents, and yet the thirst of the old monster is not quenched. His cry is ever for more blood."

As a partial extenuation of the extravagant language of these speeches, we may remember that party feeling was

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much more violent than it is in these luke-warm days and the language used by both parties could hardly be called parliamentary.

Lincoln was elected, the war came to an end at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, and less than a week thereafter the country was shocked by the news that the President had been assassinated.

The day Lincoln's body was borne through the streets of Chicago, on its way to its last resting place, was the saddest day in the annals of the city. A child of four years, I was taken down town by my parents, where we occupied a second story window on the route of the funeral procession. This occasion with its solemn impressiveness marks my earliest recollection. What it was all about, of course, I did not know at the time, but I remember the buildings all draped in black, the great catafalque preceded by girls dressed in white, the horses with their nodding black plumes, each horse led by a soldier, the marching soldiers, the beat of the muffled drums, and especially "Old Abe" the War Eagle, carried at the head of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment. As he passed our post he stretched himself on his perch, flapped his wings and screamed. All these things were indelibly impressed upon my mind, and after sixty-seven years they are still vivid.

THE CHICAGO FIRE

*Men said at vespers: "All is well."
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The next thing of importance which I remember is the Chicago fire. The fire was an important land-mark in the history of Chicago. The city had continued its rapid growth and now had three hundred and thirty-four thousand inhabitants. Most of the buildings in the residence districts were frame and even in the business district many of the buildings were of the most flimsy construction. The sidewalks were wooden and the paved streets were of cedar blocks. The popular theory with reference to the origin of the fire has been that it was caused by Mrs. O'Leary's cow, which kicked over a kerosene lamp, thus setting fire to the stable, the flames spreading to the frame buildings in the vicinity with such rapidity that it was beyond control when the firemen reached the scene.

This story seemed to have dramatic possibilities and was much exploited by the newspaper writers of the period. It is still the popular conception of the origin of the fire, but there is no conclusive evidence of the truth of the story.

The cause of the fire has been thoroughly investigated, and about the only tangible facts secured are the following.

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The O'Learys lived at 137 DeKoven Street; they had a wooden barn sixteen by twenty feet in size and fourteen feet high. In this barn they had several cows, a calf and a horse, and the loft was filled with hay. The fire was first discovered in this barn at eight-forty-five P.M. Sunday, October 8. The day after the fire someone discovered a broken kerosene lamp in the ruins. Mrs. O'Leary testified that she milked the cow at five o'clock and went to bed herself at eight-thirty. There was no lighted lamp in the stable, unless the cow lighted it after Mrs. O'Leary finished milking. The name of the man who started the cow story has been lost to posterity, but it was a good story and Chicago ought to erect a statue to the cow, as it is difficult to see how the splendid city which rose from the ruins could have been built if the way had not been cleared by the fire.

The area burned over was 2,124 acres; the number of buildings destroyed, 13,500; the number of people made homeless, 92,000. Property loss was \$200,000,000. The loss of life in the fire was relatively small, not over two hundred victims being reported, although there were doubtless others not reported.

The writer was ten years old at the time of the fire and the following account of his experiences is taken from "Footprints," a book published by him in 1927.

October 9, 1871, is a date that no old Chicagoan can ever forget. For many years thereafter, all Chicago chronology split at this date. There were only two periods of time, "Before the fire" and "After the fire." The day was Monday. For weeks there had been no rain, and the wooden city was as dry as tinder. All day Sunday, the eighth, a southwest

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gale swept clouds of dust across the parched city. In the evening an insignificant blaze started over on the West Side. My father had been at home that Sunday and left in the evening for his coal mine in the western part of the state. As he sat on the rear platform of the sleeper, he heard the fire bells and saw the light of the fire, but of course had no reason to believe that it was anything but an ordinary fire. My mother had the front bedroom in our house fronting on LaSalle Street, and I slept in a back bedroom. At two o'clock in the morning she awakened me and said: "Harry, get up and dress as quickly as you can and come into my room." When I went into the front room, I was amazed to find that, although the gas was not lit, the room was as bright as day. Looking out of the window, I saw that LaSalle Street was jammed from one side to the other with a pushing, struggling mob. Some of them were carrying children, and some were wheeling babies; others carried great bundles wrapped in sheets, or two or three chickens tied by the legs. There were canary birds and parrots in the procession, as well as dogs and goats. Here a couple of husky sons supported their aged father, and there a sick woman was borne on a hastily improvised litter. They were all pressing northward, and it looked as if a whole population was fleeing the wrath of the invader, which was indeed the case. Far to the south, the sky blazed with the radiance of noon-day, and, although the fire had not yet crossed the river and was more than a mile away, the air above was full of embers, blazing sheets of tar paper and even burning boards, hurrying on the wings of the southwest gale, like scouts ahead of the main army, carrying terror to the ever increas-

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ing crowds in the streets and scattering destruction where'er they fell. So it was that the waterworks at Chicago Avenue and the lake caught fire before the fire ever reached there, and the water supply was cut off.

The air became hotter and hotter as the gale grew in fury, and, from the distant battlefield where policemen and firemen still fought a losing battle with the flames, came the sullen boom of explosions and the crash of falling walls, as they blew up great buildings in the hope that so they might stay the onrush of the fire.

My uncle, Gurdon Hubbard, lived two blocks north of us at the northwest corner of LaSalle and Locust Streets. He had a large square house which, with the grounds, occupied practically the entire block. Diagonally across from his house, and occupying the whole block between LaSalle, Clark, Locust and Chestnut Streets, were the residence and grounds of Mr. E. B. McCagg. My mother sent me to my uncle to ask him what she should do. I found the family up and dressed, and uncle was surrounded by a group of people, some of whom had already been burned out and others who had fled from their homes because they expected to be. Some of the women were crying, and some of the children were wailing. They had come to him because they had always gone to him for help and did not know where else to go. Calm and unruffled, as if he were the host at a garden party, he was comforting the women and directing the men to tear up the carpets in the house, wet them in the cistern and spread them on the mansard roof. He had a light station wagon and he directed his man to harness one of the horses and go back to our house with me and bring whatever of our house-

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hold effects we could. His idea was that, his grounds being large and surrounded by other large grounds, goods piled up in the garden might escape the fire. We made our way back through the press not without difficulty, and my mother gave us a load of the most necessary and portable articles, such as clothing, books, pictures, etc., which we took back with us. Our hopes of saving them were vain, however. They all burned except a few articles which were buried in a hole in the garden.

When I got back to our house, the fire had jumped the river and was perceptibly nearer. Mrs. Barclay, our next door neighbor, a charming young woman, the mother of my friend Alex Barclay, had come out to the sidewalk, and Mr. Kelly, who owned a large mansion next to her, had also come out. Mr. Kelly was an Irishman who became rich in the whiskey business and was hardly in the same social set as Mrs. Barclay. She had never spoken to him before, but moved by a common peril she said: "Oh, Mr. Kelly, do you think that the fire will come here?" He replied: "H—l yes, madam, we'll all burn up." He was right, albeit somewhat inelegant.

At about seven in the morning, Alex Barclay and I, standing at the corner of Chestnut and LaSalle, saw the cornice of the Ogden School burst into flames, and we clapped each other on the back and shouted with glee. We began to think that the fire was almost worth while. Our house burned about eight o'clock, and Mother stayed in it until the back of the house was in flames. Friends of my father, knowing that he was away, had procured a wagon and had come to Mother's assistance earlier in the morning. They came into



RUSH STREET BRIDGE — 1860

Showing the Lake House Chicago's first real hotel, erected in 1836



RANDOLPH STREET IN 1865
Looking East from Court Street

ON BEHEST OF THE CITY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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the house and ripped the carpets up without stopping to pull the tacks. (Everybody had carpets then.) They carried out the big square piano and loaded it and the carpets and whatever else they could put on and took them two miles north. We afterwards salvaged some of the things. The piano was found buried in a ditch on Grant Place. Two of the legs were charred beyond recognition and two were rescued. Father had new legs made to match those that were saved, and the piano was in use for some time after the fire, but the hardship and exposure had been too much for it, and it was wheezy and asthmatic ever after.

One of the results of the fire was that people's belongings became hopelessly mixed. For two or three years after the fire, we were engaged in reclaiming some of our own goods and chattels and trying to find owners for other articles which had come to us in the shuffle. I have books in my library now that came to us at the time of the fire.

When our house took fire, we joined the northward-moving throng and trekked to the home of Doctor Williams on Center Street near Lincoln Park, where some of our household effects had preceded us. This was a mile and a half north of our house, and we did not dream that the fire would reach that far. Here we spent the day, and the doctor and I employed our time in digging a pit in the back yard. The pit was about ten feet long, six feet wide and six feet deep, and as the fire drew nearer we put as many of our effects into it as we could, covering them with a carpet and throwing the dirt back. These things, including our table silverware, came through the fire unharmed. We had plenty of food, but scarcely any water. What little water we did

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have was far too precious to use for washing purposes, and everybody got black and grimy.

Along toward nightfall, it became evident that we were to be burned out again. Mother took my brother Richard, who was five years old, and went to try and find a wagon. Before she returned, the fire got so close that we had to leave. Doctor Williams had somehow managed to get a truck, and we hastily threw some of the furniture and carpets on it, climbed aboard ourselves and departed. When my mother returned she found the house burning and my sister Harriet and myself gone.

We made a wide detour and crossed the north branch of the river at North Avenue. All the portion of the North Side between Halsted Street and the river and between Center Street and Fullerton Avenue was unbroken prairie at this time, and it was covered with thousands of families camping out. In some places they had erected rude shelters of carpets or table cloths, draped over chairs, and in others, they were camped on the bare ground without shelter. Here and there a camp-fire flickered where the men had torn up the wooden sidewalks for fuel. All kinds and conditions of people, rich and poor, white and black, native and foreign were reduced to a common level of misery. The Irish laborer who had salvaged the family goat was better off than his employer, because, perhaps, he had a little milk for the babies.

There were some wells in this vicinity, and there was a scanty supply of water. Food there was none, except where a prudent housewife had snatched a loaf of bread from the oven, or made a few sandwiches before she fled from her home.

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To the south and east the fire still blazed and lit the heavens with a sullen glow, and the flickering camp-fires and the thousands of campers made a spectacle never to be forgotten. Making a wide circle around the fire, we came about midnight to a place on West Randolph Street across the street from Union Park. The park was full of refugees, but we were so fortunate as to get a place to sleep under roof. We all shared the same room. Doctor Williams and Aunt Frances had the bed. Harriet slept on a couch and I cast myself on the floor without so much as taking off my shoes. I had been up for twenty-two hours, engaged in hard labor most of the time, with not much to eat and less to drink. I was a very tired little boy and fell asleep as soon as I touched the floor.

That night the fire burned itself out, the wind having blown it to the lake shore, where it ran out of fuel. I think that the last house burned was Judge Peck's house on the northeast corner of Clark Street and Fullerton Avenue. There were no buildings between this house and the lake.

The next day we went back to the North Side and were reunited with our parents. My father's friend, Jerome Smith, had a little cottage on Grant Place between Hurlbut and Larabee Streets. The fire had sheered off towards the lake, and had narrowly missed this section. Here we stayed for some days, perhaps a week. The cottage was very small, and there were perhaps a dozen families in it. At night the women and children slept in rows on the floor, while the men, with such firearms as they could muster, patrolled the streets. The streets and vacant lots were littered with furniture, clothing and valuables of various kinds, and midnight

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prowlers were busy in an endeavor to steal as much as they could.

Inside of twelve hours, food, clothing and money began to pour into the city. The whole civilized world arose to the emergency, and trains came rolling in from every direction loaded with food and hastily packed boxes of cast-off clothing. The Methodist Church at the corner of Grant Place and Larrabee Street was converted into a supply depot, and here people stood in long lines and drew rations and clothes without money and without price. My mother dressed me in short trousers and shirtwaists, the trousers buttoned to the waist. I had rebelled against this style of garb, greatly desiring long trousers and real shirts such as men tucked inside them. I went to the church and stood in line, and when the man behind the counter asked me what I needed I told him that I needed a pair of trousers and some shirts. He gave me a pair of long trousers, two calico shirts and a pair of suspenders. I was greatly elated and correspondingly depressed, when my mother would not let me wear them and made me take them back.

For several days after the fire, there was great excitement over alleged fire bugs, who were supposed to be trying to set fire to what remained of the city. Every day the hue and cry was raised, and some suspect, probably innocent, was beaten by a mob, or was rescued by the police from a mob determined to hang him to a lamp post. President Grant, in the meantime, had sent a detachment of regulars to Chicago, and they aided greatly in controlling mobs and patrolling streets. The Webster Avenue police station was immediately behind the Smith cottage. One day, the police became

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alarmed at the threatening attitude of a large mob which surrounded the station and demanded that a suspect be turned over to them. The police sent for reinforcements, and they came in the person of one lone soldier. He was young and slim and did not look like much, but he was enough. He backed the mob away from the door of the station, jabbing some of the more eager with his bayonet, and then paced back and forth in front of the mob with his bayonet ready for action, occasionally pricking some of those who stepped or were pushed over the dead line. I was in the front ranks of the mob, of course, and was greatly impressed with the prowess of this soldier. I had intended to be a policeman, but I now decided to be a soldier.

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The purification of politics is an iridescent dream.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

In these weak, piping times when the donkey and the elephant lie down together, and even the most orthodox Republicans admit that there are some Democrats who do not deserve to be in jail, it is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the enthusiasm and rancor with which political campaigns were carried on by the generation which fought the Civil War and the next generation after the war. Military students say that the next great war will be fought not merely by soldiers, but by whole populations, and so it was with the political campaigns of the seventies and eighties.

My father was a Democrat, and his father had been the friend and associate of the great Stephen A. Douglas, the leader of the northern Democrats. Thus it was that I inherited my politics and accepted the tenets of Democracy as unquestionably as I did the Congregational Church, the supremacy of the "Grover and Baker" sewing machine, the superiority of Americans over all foreigners and all other axiomatic facts of existence.

To be a Democrat in Chicago was to be an object of suspicion. Here and there some family with southern affiliations maintained a precarious footing in good society in spite of Democratic politics but, generally speaking, the "nice

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people " were all Republicans. Practically all of the boys with whom I played were Republicans for the same reason that I was a Democrat, and they did not hesitate to apply to me and my father the opinion of Democrats which they heard at home. I was continually fighting a lone battle for myself, my father, and the Democratic party, and on the same principle that "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church " I became more and more devoted to my party.

The first political campaign of which I have any recollection was the election of 1868, when Grant and Colfax ran against Seymour and Blair. I was only seven years old and, of course, knew nothing about any of the candidates or the principles for which they stood, but I knew that Seymour and Blair were Democrats and I was enthusiastically for them and shrilly cheered the Democratic processions and squabbled with my playmates in childish fashion over the respective merits of Grant and Seymour. Four years later, in 1872, I should have taken more interest in the campaign, but as a matter of fact, I remember very little about it. I rather think that the Democrats let this election go by default.

The Democratic nominee was Horace Greeley who had just been nominated by the liberal faction of the Republican party. Horace Greeley was the founder of the *New York Tribune*, and was its editor for more than a quarter of a century. This paper was recognized as the organ of the extreme or radical wing of the Republican party and Horace Greeley, himself, was the arch enemy of the Democrats and had bitterly denounced everything for which the Democratic party stood.

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The idea of marching under the banner of this traditional enemy and wolf in sheep's clothing as they regarded him, did not appeal to the Democrats, and they were very lukewarm in his support. He carried none of the northern states which he had expected to bring into the Democratic column and could not even poll the party vote in the south. When the returns came in, he was found to have carried only Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and Texas. He survived the election by less than a month, his death being ascribed to overwork and mortification at his overwhelming defeat.

By the time that the election of 1876 came around, the Democrats had plucked up courage. Grant was a great soldier and a popular idol, but a poor executive, and his administration was marred by political scandals in which some of his appointees were involved. The Union Pacific Railroad had received from the Government, in land grants and loans, far more than the cost of the roads and certain stockholders of the road formed a construction company called "Credit Mobilier." This construction company secured contracts for construction of the railroad at extravagant prices and the profits were divided between the "inside" stockholders and Government officials, thus creating one of the greatest scandals in American political history. The resentment of the voters was so great that in the Congressional elections of 1874, the Democrats gained control of Congress.

The Democrats had reasonable hopes that this popular resentment and disaffection among Republicans would enable them to elect a Democratic president. They nominated Samuel J. Tilden of New York who was Democratic leader

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of the state, and as such had attacked and assisted in destroying the Tweed ring in New York City and who had been elected Governor of New York state in 1874. It was thought that his honesty and the determination with which he had attacked a powerful ring of criminals in his own party and sent the chief of them to the penitentiary would appeal to the disaffected Republican voters.

The Republicans nominated Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, who had fought on the Union side during the war and was a brevet Major General. True to the policy which they maintained for twenty-five years after the Civil War, they made their campaign chiefly by waving the "bloody shirt," abusing all Democrats, whom they styled "traitors" and "rebels," quite ignoring the fact that it was Andrew Jackson, a Democratic President, who said, "The Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved" and that John A. Dix, Winfield Scott Hancock, Stephen A. Douglas, John A. Logan, John M. Palmer, and many other Democrats had repudiated secession and had fought for the Union.

Tilden received a popular majority of 250,000 and on a fair return would probably have received a majority of the electoral votes. The Republicans, however, succeeded in getting the election returns thrown into Congress, which referred them to an electoral commission composed of eight Republicans and seven Democrats. The result was a foregone conclusion and the commission by a vote of eight to seven awarded 185 electoral votes to Hayes and 184 to Tilden. The strange spectacle was presented of Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina in the Republican column, while the

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Democratic candidates for state offices at the same election were declared elected.

In 1880 the Republican convention met in the Exposition Building at Chicago, and I was fortunate enough to attend several sessions. I suppose that this was the greatest convention which the Republicans ever held. Perhaps the Republican convention of 1860 which nominated Lincoln was greater so far as the momentous consequences involved were concerned, but in point of great men, sparkling debate and brilliant oratory, certainly no convention of either party held since can compare with the Republican Convention of 1880. The great figures of the Civil War and the Reconstruction era were still upon the scene of action, and the bitter strife between the Blaine and Grant forces, evidenced by fifty contests before the Committee on credentials, was a sufficient reason to bring all the big guns into action.

Grant, the great silent soldier who had won the war, had just returned from a trip around the world, during which he had everywhere been received with an enthusiasm and acclaim never before accorded to any human being. As Roscoe Conkling said in his nominating speech, "Never defeated — in peace or in war — his name is the most illustrious borne by living man." If it had not been for the third term tradition, he would have been nominated without question. Indeed, except for the widespread feeling against a third term, he would have been nominated by acclamation.

Blaine, the "magnetic" statesman, had more adherents and was worshipped with a fanatic devotion by more followers than any statesman since Henry Clay. Robert G. Ingersoll had dubbed him the "Plumed Knight" in his nomi-

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nating speech before the Cincinnati Convention of 1876, and Blaine's admirers had confirmed the title.

The Grant forces were commanded by Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York, ably seconded by Gen. John A. Logan (Black Jack), senator from Illinois. Conkling was handsome and a great orator, but proud and arrogant. He had the fatal gift of sarcasm, which never made a friend nor conciliated an enemy. Blaine had once referred to him in debate as the "turkey cock of the Senate," and this slight he never forgot nor forgave. It was a sure thing that, as long as Conkling was in command, none of the Grant strength would be thrown to Blaine, even though Grant might be hopelessly out of the race. Logan was tall and massive, with a mane of raven hair and long, black mustache. He was a redoubtable foeman on the "tented field" or in the forum, but the battle-axe, rather than the rapier, was his favorite weapon.

The Blaine forces were captained by Senators Hale and Frye of Maine. Not as great orators as Conkling, not as forceful as Logan, they were shrewd capable men with great political and legislative experience. They were better politicians than either Conkling or Logan and, at every encounter with Conkling, they never failed to pierce his armor and leave a smarting wound. To the man on the street, it seemed as if the battle was between Grant and Blaine. Chicago was filled with the battle cries of their partisans, and the lobbies of the hotels seethed with excited crowds cheering for their favorites and calling for speeches from different distinguished visitors. The thoughtful man, however, who looked beneath the surface, perceived that the very strength of these two candidates was their weakness. Neither one

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of the two would go into the convention with sufficient votes to nominate, but either one probably had sufficient votes to prevent the nomination of the other.

The feeling between the two factions was so intense that there was very little chance that any great number of votes could be won from one standard to the other. In this situation, the wise observers picked a "dark horse" to win; and among the "dark horses," John Sherman seemed to have the best chance. Sherman, at this time, was fifty-seven years old, and at the height of his powers. He was one of the founders of the Republican party and was the acknowledged leader of the Republicans in the House during the troublous days of 1856 to 1861. Representing Ohio in the senate from 1861 to 1877, he was prominently identified with all measures for the prosecution of the Civil War, and after the war was active in all the post war legislation, taking a leading part in reconstruction measures, restoration of specie payments and re-funding the national debt.

He was at the time of which we are speaking, Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of President Hayes and was hailed by all Republicans as the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. He was, perhaps, better fitted by ability and experience for the Presidential office than any of the other candidates. He was cold and austere in manner, however, and lacked the personal magnetism of Blaine or the military glamour which surrounded Grant. He had the support of three-fourths of the Ohio delegation, and his cohorts were captained by the sagacious Garfield, a host in himself.

James A. Garfield at this time was forty-nine years old, magnificent in physique and in mental equipment; his elo-

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quence was spontaneous and unstudied. The peer of Roscoe Conkling as an orator, he never stooped to Conkling's use of satire and sarcasm. Dignified and sincere in his utterances, he made no enemies for himself or for his cause.

The other candidates before the convention were rank outsiders with very little chance to win the nomination. Elihu B. Washburn, of Illinois, was handicapped by the fact that Grant, also a son of Illinois, had three times as many votes in the Illinois delegation as he; William Windom, favorite son of Minnesota, had the ten votes of his own state and no others. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, another favorite son had the ten votes from his own state and twenty from Massachusetts and not much besides.

The convention was called to order at noon on Wednesday, June 2nd and, as I had tickets for the first two sessions, I was on hand bright and early. I was fortunate enough to have a seat in the gallery next to a member of Congress from Iowa, who kept me informed as to the identity of the notables as they arrived. "That tall, distinguished looking man, strutting down the aisle, is Roscoe Conkling. He is the boss of New York state, and thinks that he owns this convention, but he is going to find out different. The large handsome man with side whiskers, walking with him, is Chester A. Arthur. If the convention nominates a western man for President, it is likely to nominate Arthur for Vice-President. New York is a doubtful state and besides, it would be good politics to give the Grant crowd something, if they lose out on Grant as they will. The big colored man is Blanche K. Bruce, senator from Mississippi; he is one of the vice-presidents of the convention and they are going to let him hold the gavel and pre-

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side over the convention for a few minutes so as to show the colored man and brother who his friends are.

“The short, stocky man with long whiskers coming in with the Indiana delegation is Benjamin Harrison. His great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence and his grandfather was President. He stands a good chance of being nominated for President by this convention after the leaders kill each other off. Indiana is a doubtful state, and Harrison is its favorite son. The two men walking in front of the Maine delegation are Senators Hale and Frye; Conkling hates them worse than the devil does holy water, and he will hate them more before the convention adjourns.

“That good looking man coming in with the California delegation is Frank Pixley. He is to second Blaine’s nomination on behalf of the solid delegations of the Territories of Washington, Idaho and Arizona and the States of California, Nevada and Oregon. If you are here then, you will hear all about how California sits with her feet in the golden waters of the western sea and her head in the clouds, and how the pine-clad Sierras nod their tassels to the bending plumes of Maine.

“Ah, there comes General Garfield at the head of the Ohio delegation; the man to whom he is talking is ‘Calico Charley Foster’ of Fostoria. That Ohio bunch is a smooth lot of politicians. If they had come here instructed for Garfield, they would have carried home the bacon without any trouble, but they will never get Sherman across; he is too frosty. Garfield is the man who, speaking from the steps of the Sub-treasury Building in New York during the war, quelled a

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riotous mob and ended his speech with the words, 'God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives.' "

I was able to point out some of the Illinois celebrities to my friend. Emory Storrs, our most eloquent spell binder, was chatting with General Logan, perhaps giving an outline of what he intended to say in his speech seconding the nomination of General Grant. Storrs was brilliant and erratic; capable of earning large fees at the bar, he was always broke and pursued by creditors. It was told of him that at the dinner which he gave to the Lord Chief Justice of England, a constable levied an execution on the viands and table decorations just before the assembled party went to the banquet hall. Some of the guests contributed money enough to pay off the execution and release the food. Storrs' only comment was, "This is the first time in history that anyone ever levied an execution on the Lord's supper."

"Long John Wentworth" was among the distinguished guests on the speaker's platform. He was engaged in conversation with General Philip H. Sheridan. They presented a study in contrasts and looked as if they might be an allegorical group representing the long and the short of it.

An amusing story was told of Mr. Wentworth. He had a farm near Bloom and he sold a bull to a German farmer. He wrote a note to the German, and rather patronizingly informed him that the name of the bull was "Quercus," that Quercus was Latin for Oak, and that the bull was so named on account of his sturdy qualities. Shortly afterwards, he received a letter from the German, which read as follows: "Dear Mr. Wentworth: I received your note with reference to the name of the bull and thank you for it. However,

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'Quercus' is a noun of the fourth declension, feminine gender, and a singularly inappropriate name for a bull. If you will permit me, I shall change his name to 'Long John,' in memory of the bull which was made in naming him."

The delegates were now all assembled and the convention was called to order by J. Donald Cameron, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Cameron was a son of old Simon Cameron, Lincoln's first Secretary of War. He was senator from Pennsylvania, having succeeded his father in 1877. He was the "boss of Pennsylvania politics" and together with Conkling and Logan completed the triumvirate of senators who were determined to nominate General Grant for a third term.

After a prayer by the Rev. Doctor Kittredge, Cameron introduced the Hon. George F. Hoar, senator from Massachusetts, who had been chosen by the committee as temporary chairman of the convention. This choice was confirmed by the convention, and Mr. Hoar was made permanent president. After selecting vice-presidents and secretaries and listening to the "key note" speech of the president, the convention adjourned until the next day to await the reports of the committees on credentials and rules. The convention spent all of the next three days in wrangling over the report of the committee on credentials and did not get to the nominating speeches until Saturday evening, the time that the convention had originally scheduled its close. There were fifty contests and in nearly every case the committee made a majority and a minority report. These reports were vigorously debated and bitterness waxed apace between the Grant and Blaine forces.



THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, 1873-1891
Site now occupied by Art Institute

COURTESY OF CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY



KAUFMANN & FABRY PHOTO

LONDON GUARANTEE BUILDING — 1932

Site of old Fort Dearborn at Michigan Boulevard and Wacker Drive

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I will give a few instances from the stenographer's report, merely to illustrate the styles of Conkling and Hale and Frye, the leading protagonists for Grant and Blaine. On Thursday morning, finding that the committee on credentials and contested seats was not yet ready to report, Conkling moved for adjournment until the committee was ready to report.

Fearing, I suppose, that this was some plot on the part of the Grant crowd to seduce some of their delegates, Senator Hale opposed the motion, making a speech in which he gave his reasons and cited precedents. To which . . . Mr. Conkling: "I find, Mr. Chairman, that I have been able to establish an unexpected claim to the gratitude of the convention. But for the little motion which I had the honor to submit, the convention and the country would have been deprived of the eloquent speech of my distinguished friend from Maine. The motion was one of mere convenience, and I beg to assure my honorable and amiable friend that he need not be at all timid in respect of any possible effect it will have upon the cause in which he is so strenuously zealous." A little later in his speech, he referred to Maine as "a region peopled chiefly by orators."

In order to appreciate the irony and covert insult conveyed by Conkling's words, one needed to hear him and watch his facial expressions. In replying to this speech, Senator Hale finished his remarks as follows: "Now, one thing more, Mr. Chairman. I shall not enter with the gentleman the field of irony and sarcasm in which he is so expert. The little power that I have is cultivated in other directions. I leave that to him, only saying that if I am less raspish than he this morn-

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ing, and more amiable than he, this vast audience knows why it is so."

Conkling's motion to adjourn was lost, and a little later without having accomplished anything of consequence, Senator Frye made a motion to adjourn until five o'clock. Upon which Mr. Conkling — "Mr. President, as one member of the Convention, I intend to vote for this motion, but my conscience will not be quiet in doing so until after I make some acknowledgment to our friends from Maine. I have not the heart, I say, to part with the society of my honorable friends until five o'clock — until after I have congratulated them on this happy issue out of all our afflictions. It is a matter which must stir the patriotism and gratitude of every delegate, that this Convention in its unorganized state, sublimely rising in its might and grandeur, has been able to achieve the momentous, the critical, the portentous results which have been assured since my motion for a recess was made."

Mr. Frye:— "Mr. President. The delegates from Maine desire me humbly to return thanks to the distinguished gentleman from New York for his kindly congratulations, and they desire me to say further that they will be delighted, at the close of this convention, once more to see the gentleman rise and congratulate the gentlemen from Maine."

Garfield took no part in the acrimonious discussions of the first three days of the convention, except once in a while to pour oil on the troubled waters. Once he entered the lists in behalf of some Blaine delegates whom Conkling wished to have thrown out of the convention and on this occasion he unhorsed the distinguished gentleman from New York so easily, that Conkling hardly knew what had happened to

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him until he was carried out of the ring. By this action, Garfield won the friendship of the gallery and of all of the delegates, except the Grant delegates, as everyone was getting fed up with Conkling's overbearing tactics. After the first day's session, Garfield was met by a ripple of applause each time that he marched in at the head of the Ohio delegation.

Tickets for the Saturday night session, when the nominating speeches were to be made, were in great demand, and I was unable to secure one. However, I went down to the Convention Hall and hung around, hoping that something might happen which would gain me admittance. I finally picked up a used ticket which had been punched at a former session, and was no longer good. I handed this to the door-keeper and, while he was examining it, pushed past him and mingled with the crowd.

The seats for spectators were arranged in the shape of an amphitheatre surrounding the main floor where the delegates sat. These seats were pierced at intervals by tunnels leading to the various sections and I soon found myself struggling with a dense crowd in one of these ports of entry. I pushed my way up the stairs as far as I could. The nominating speeches had begun, but I could see nothing and hear nothing except the roar of applause which greeted the nomination of James G. Blaine and its seconding by Frank Pixley. Rendered desperate by the thought of what I was missing, I made a flying leap for the railing above my head, and managed to draw my feet out of reach of a policeman who clutched at my ankles. Drawing myself up with some effort, I found myself in the space reserved for distinguished guests, immediately behind the speaker's stand. Being now a distinguished

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guest, I had no further trouble and heard and saw everything that transpired.

New York had just been reached in the call of states and Roscoe Conkling was advancing to the rostrum to place the name of Ulysses S. Grant in nomination. Sarcasm and irony were forgotten now; he began his speech with the couplet

“ And when asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree.”

This speech was a simple, earnest plea for the old warrior who had served his country so well, and who was enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. Delivered with all the grace of the great orator, it set the convention on fire. The galleries were packed with Grant partisans. There were three hundred and six delegates on the floor of the convention pledged to Grant and all of the other delegates and spectators, even those opposed to his nomination, were carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment and the magic of Grant's name.

After Conkling finished and an eloquent speech by Bradley of Kentucky seconding Grant's nomination was made, pandemonium broke loose. The convention went wild, men cheered until they were hoarse, women stood on chairs and waved their bonnets and umbrellas; it seemed that everyone had gone mad. Three times President Hoar signalled to the leader of the military band, and one could see the slide trombones moving back and forth and the bass drummer banging his instrument, but the tumult was so great that not a note could be heard.

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Finally, after thirty minutes, the chairman got the convention under control, and the call of states was resumed. On the call of the State of Ohio, James A. Garfield advanced to the rostrum. I confess to a feeling of sympathy and sorrow for Garfield. In the face of the magnificent demonstration which we had just witnessed, and the evident temper of the galleries, it looked like a forlorn hope to evoke any enthusiasm for the chilly John Sherman. Calm and unruffled he took his place and, as he raised his hand, the remnants of the late tumult died away. He spoke, and his deep voice rolled over the vast assemblage to the most remote corners of the galleries. I have listened to Henry Ward Beecher, Bourke Cockran, William J. Bryan, and all the great orators of a generation of orators, but I never heard anything so magnificent as this speech of Garfield's. Far from being dismayed by the great demonstration which greeted the nomination of Grant, he used it to the advantage of his candidate.

The speech was so extraordinary in its fitness to the occasion and in its appeal to reason, that I cannot refrain from quoting its opening periods. "Mr. President, I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. Nothing touches my heart more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character; but as I sat in my seat and witnessed this demonstration, this assemblage seemed to me a human ocean in tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury, and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured.

"When the storm has passed, and the hour of calm settles

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on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When your enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find below the storm and passion that calm level of public opinion from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined.

“Not here in this brilliant circle, where 15,000 men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed for the next four years. Not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of 756 delegates, waiting to cast their ballots into the urn and determine the choice of the Republic; but by four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, burning in their hearts — *there* God prepares the verdict which will determine the wisdom of our work tonight. Not in Chicago in the heat of June, but at the ballot boxes of the Republic in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will this question be settled.”

I do not apologize for quoting so at length from this speech, because it is a classic, and whether judged on its own merits or on the consequences which flowed from it, it is one of the great speeches in the history of the nation. This speech

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made Garfield president of the United States as surely as Bryan's speech in the Democratic Convention of 1896 made him the nominee of the Democrats. Made as a sincere effort to secure the nomination of John Sherman, it secured the nomination of James Abram Garfield. Before the speech was made, he was not recognized as a candidate for the nomination. After it was made, all eyes turned towards him and when it became evident that the convention was deadlocked, the anti-Grant forces turned to him as the Moses who should lead them out of the wilderness.

The nominating speeches were finished at midnight, and the convention adjourned until Monday, June 7th. All day long from ten o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, the monotonous business of calling the roll on successive ballots continued with scarcely any change in the number of votes cast for each candidate.

On the first ballot, Grant had 304 votes, Blaine 284 and Sherman 93. On the twenty-eighth ballot, Grant had 307, Blaine 279, and Sherman 91. The convention adjourned until Tuesday, June 8th, and the break came on the thirty-sixth ballot when the delegates, worn out by the heat and loss of sleep, became convinced that none of the leaders could be nominated and turned to Garfield. The result of the final ballot was Grant 306, Blaine 42, and Garfield 399. Grant had 304 votes on the first ballot and 306 on the thirty-sixth. His supporters adopted as their slogan, "The old guard dies but never surrenders." After nominating Chester A. Arthur of New York for Vice-President, the convention adjourned.

The Democrats nominated General Winfield Scott Hancock of Pennsylvania. Hancock was a gallant soldier, a vet-

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eran of the Mexican and Civil wars, having been wounded at Gettysburg. This did not prevent the Republicans from waving the bloody shirt and calling all Democrats rebels and traitors. Hancock made a speech early in the campaign in which he referred to the tariff as a local issue. What he meant was that each locality had its own interest in the tariff: the cotton mill owners of New England wanted a high tariff on cotton goods; the iron masters of Pittsburgh wanted a high tariff on iron and steel; the wheat growers wanted wheat protected, etc., each locality having its own pet industry. The Republicans hit upon this remark and heralded far and near the tidings that Hancock did not have sense enough to know that the tariff was a national issue but thought that it was some state law or city ordinance.

Garfield was elected only to be shot by a disappointed office seeker, four months after his inauguration, so that his great speech not only brought him the Presidency, but led him to his death.

In 1884 Blaine so far achieved his cherished ambition as to receive the Republican nomination for President. The Democrats nominated Grover Cleveland, the governor of New York State. Cleveland was forty-seven years old, a bachelor, and had a creditable political record. He had been sheriff of Erie County and Mayor of Buffalo. His painstaking devotion to duty, and his veto of extravagant appropriations, led to his nomination and election as Governor in 1883. His courage and honesty were undoubted, and he was a strong advocate of civil service reform. It was necessary for the Democrats to carry New York State if they were to elect their candidate President and it was thought that Cleveland,

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with his great popularity with the rank and file of the voters, could do this.

The "Credit Mobilier" scandal, the "Whiskey Ring" scandal during Grant's administration, and the "Star Route" scandal during the administration of Hayes had alienated many Republican voters and Blaine himself was feared and hated by many of the best men in the party. The celebrated "Mulligan" letters which were written by him to his business associate, Warren Fisher, were alleged to prove Blaine's share in some corrupt railroad transactions. These letters were presented to a Congressional committee by James Mulligan, a clerk employed by Fisher. Blaine obtained possession of the letters and in a dramatic defense before the House of Representatives read parts of them. He did not read the complete letters, however, and defied the committee to compel him to give them up. One or more of these letters ended with the injunction "Burn this letter." This phrase was made use of by the Democrats during the campaign as shall be related later.

The Republicans who seceded from Blaine and espoused the cause of Cleveland were called "Mugwumps." This word was derived from an Indian word meaning "Big Chief" or superior person and was at first used as a term of derision, but was promptly adopted by the rebels and so came into American politics as a name for those who bolted the party nominee.

There were many of the best men in the Republican party among the "Mugwumps." Perhaps the chief of them in point of standing and influence was George William Curtis, editor of Harper's Weekly. The defection of this magazine

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was a sad blow to the Blaine forces; it had a wide circulation and had always been Republican in its politics. Its cartoons, drawn by Thomas Nast, the dean of American cartoonists, exerted a powerful influence and cost Blaine many thousands of votes. He represented Blaine as a tattooed man in a circus; he was shown wearing a loin cloth and with his body tattooed with the various scandals and corrupt transactions with which it was alleged that he was connected.

The Republicans turned loose upon Cleveland a torrent of abuse, which has never since been equaled for volume and intensity. Not being able to find any weak spots in his political armor, this abuse was mostly of a personal nature. They cartooned him as a great beefy individual with a thick neck and a very small head. The small head was supposed to indicate that he was deficient in brains, and it was said that he put his collar on over his head. He was also said to have hanged a man when he was sheriff of Erie County, and to be no better than a common hangman.

The most scandalous allegation made against him, was that he was the father of an illegitimate son named Oscar Halpin, whose mother was one Maria Halpin. The Republicans used this story as the basis for a marching cry, and the absurd spectacle was presented of thousands of men in great parades, bleating in measured cadence, "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?" the while they kept step with this oft repeated inquiry. The Democrats retaliated by adopting as their marching cry a quotation from the famous "Mulligan letters" and thousands of Democrats tramped the streets to the measured beat of "Burn! Burn! Burn this letter."

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The campaign was waged with great ferocity and the candidates drew near to election day on nearly even terms, with the chances perhaps slightly favoring Blaine, when an unexpected occurrence upset the apple cart and gave Cleveland the verdict. Shortly before election day, a great Republican meeting was held in New York. The Reverend Mr. Burchard was one of the speakers and the fact that his enthusiasm outran his discretion proved Blaine's undoing. Being schooled in the belief that abuse of the Democrats was the proper means of electing a Republican President, the Reverend Burchard had fashioned a rhetorical weapon which he thought was a bomb, but which turned out to be a boomerang. He denounced the Democratic party as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

Blaine was present at the meeting but unfortunately did not understand the Reverend gentleman's remarks until it was too late to repudiate them. There were many thousand Irish Catholic Republicans in New York State and they, naturally, resented the idea of having their religion coupled with Rum and Rebellion. A change of less than a thousand votes in New York State would have put the state in the Republican column and made Blaine President. The Reverend Mr. Burchard's speech undoubtedly changed many thousand votes from the Republican to the Democratic column and put Mr. Burchard himself in the same category with "the youth who fired the Ephesian dome." He outlives, in history, many a wiser man.

When the evening of election day came, I ate a hasty dinner and hurried downtown. Very few householders had telephones and the only way to get the election returns was to

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go downtown and watch the bulletin boards at the newspaper offices. I stood with a dense crowd in front of the *Tribune* office. The *Tribune* was throwing the returns with a lantern on a big square of canvas fastened to a building on the opposite side of the street. For the first two or three hours they showed returns from the Republican strongholds, but about 11 o'clock the returns from New York and Indiana came in and Cleveland's election seemed assured.

The Republicans all went home and the Democrats took possession of the town. They built a big bonfire at the intersection of Dearborn and Madison in front of the *Tribune* office and danced around it while they fed the fire with boxes and barrels and with Republican banners and hangers which they stripped from the buildings. They formed long processions and tramped through the streets chanting, "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa? Gone to the White House, Ha, Ha, Ha." In view of the fact that the saloons were all open and that it was the first time in twenty-eight years that the Democrats had had a chance to celebrate, there was surprisingly little drunkenness. I did see a couple of inebriated individuals on South Clark Street. They had captured a Chinaman and had him between them in lock-step formation and were roaring out the "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?" chant while the Chinaman was feebly chirping, "Moll, Moll, where's my Poll?"

The Democrats not only elected their candidate for President but gave him a Democratic Congress also. Cleveland was a hard working, honest President, who soon won the respect of good men of all parties by his evident intention to do the right thing against any opposition whatever. Under

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cover of the country's gratitude to the old soldiers, Congress passed a multitude of private pension bills, many of them without any merit whatever. Cleveland painstakingly examined them all personally and vetoed many of them in spite of all influences brought to bear in their favor. He also greatly extended the scope of the Classified Civil Service in the face of determined opposition within his own party. He also opposed the extravagance of Congress in appropriating large sums for public buildings and harbor improvements. In short, he gave the country an economical and businesslike administration which appealed to thoughtful men everywhere, but which brought him into disfavor with the Democratic politicians and spoilsmen.

During this administration, he married Frances Folsom of Buffalo, a young woman whose charm and grace won the hearts of the American people and greatly enhanced Cleveland's popularity. He was renominated in 1888, and ran against Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, the Republican nominee. Cleveland received lukewarm support from the politicians of his own party, especially from Tammany Hall which completely controlled the Democratic vote in New York City and exercised a strong influence in New York State. The Tammany chieftains traded Presidential votes for local offices and openly admitted that they preferred a Republican President rather than another dose of Cleveland and his crazy ideas on Civil Service Reform.

Harrison was elected, and the Republicans were given control of both houses of Congress. Appropriations for pensions were greatly enlarged, as were expenditures for new public buildings. The Republicans were committed to a high tariff

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policy and were anxious to spend the surplus so as to have an excuse for increased tariff duties. In 1890 they passed the McKinley tariff bill which raised the average duty on imports to 49 per cent.

In the election of 1892 the Republicans nominated Harrison for another term and the Democrats nominated Cleveland for the third time, although most of the Democratic leaders were opposed to him. As Mr. Dooley phrased it, "Nobody is for Grover — on'y the people."

In the convention, the Tammany delegates opposed his nomination and the silver tongued Tammany orator, Bourke Cockran, made an impassioned speech against him. In his reply, General Bragg of Wisconsin enumerated the reasons why the Democrats loved Cleveland and wound up his speech by shaking his fist at the Tammany delegates and shouting, "And we love him for the enemies he has made."

These two campaigns of 1888 and 1892 were practically the last which were fought under the old rules which called for torch-light processions, marching clubs, and topical songs of the crudest variety. Two of these choice effusions sung in these campaigns were as follows:

" Harrison is a wise man
Cleveland is a fool,
Harrison rides a white horse
Old Grover rides a mule."

This ought to convince any hesitant voter that Harrison should be his choice, but for those who wished to be sure of being with the winning side there was this one:

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"The train is coming around the bend;
Good-bye old Grover, good-bye.
It's loaded down with Harrison men;
Good-bye old Grover, good-bye."

Cleveland's second administration was an era of hard times. Government revenues dropped and there were many commercial failures. Due to the popular unrest, a movement for the free coinage of silver arose in the West. This was advanced as a cure-all for the ills of the body politic. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska made himself the chief exponent of this heresy and stumped the Missouri Valley, preaching the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, which meant that the Government was to take all the silver offered from whatever source and maintain a constant ratio of value of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. A more idiotic programme could hardly be imagined, but the free silver men controlled the Democratic convention and Bryan, by means of a brilliant oratorical effort, won the Democratic nomination for President. Bryan, although known to his admirers as the "Boy orator of the Platte," was scarcely a boy in years although he was in judgment and reasoning powers; he was thirty-six years old, of pleasing address, with a melodious voice which had great carrying power.

He was a great natural orator with an unmatched genius in the use of words. He appealed to the senses rather than to the reason, but it was difficult to resist the charm of his oratory and to realize the shallowness of his arguments. In speaking of his title, "Boy orator of the Platte," Senator

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Foraker of Ohio made the following witty comment on the Platte River: "Six inches deep and six miles wide at the mouth." There is no doubt that Bryan's speech before the convention was one of the great orations of modern times and it is frequently referred to as a classic example of extemporaneous oratory.

It can hardly be called this, however, as Bryan had made use of all the phrases in this speech during his speech-making campaigns throughout the Middle West. The arrangement may not have been exactly the same, but he had had repeated practice in the delivery of these glittering periods and there is no doubt but what he went to the convention primed and cocked to make a speech at the opportune time which should stampede the convention and make him the leader of the Democrats. His speech is quoted and referred to constantly, whereas the speech of Garfield before the Republican convention of 1880 is practically forgotten. I think, however, that Garfield's speech is the greater speech and a much better example of spontaneous oratory.

Garfield did not go to the convention of 1880 with the idea of securing the nomination for himself. He went for the purpose of securing the nomination for John Sherman, and there is no question but that he was loyal to his purpose. His speech was made under adverse circumstances; he made use of the unparalleled demonstration which followed Conkling's speech nominating Grant and, with a magnificent burst of spontaneous eloquence, he painted a picture which appealed to the imagination of every hearer both on account of its beauty and its appeal to reason. If there was ever any chance of Grant's nomination, it was forever lost

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after Garfield's speech and, while he did not secure the nomination for John Sherman by this speech, he did make himself President. Having already quoted from Garfield's speech, I think it is only fair to give Bryan a chance to be heard for himself, and I will quote the peroration of his celebrated "Crown of Thorns," "Cross of Gold" speech:

"You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.'"

This speech delivered with Bryan's powerful melodious voice with oratorical emphasis and appropriate gestures, stampeded the convention and set his twenty thousand auditors wild. But — you will notice that his reference to the farms and cities, merely states a self-evident fact and that there is no argument to show that the gold standard will destroy the farms. Also, the crown of thorns and cross of gold rest upon pure assumption. Magnificent, but it doesn't mean anything.

I have given more space to Mr. Bryan than I otherwise should, because he is the man who converted me from Democracy to Republicanism. I suppose that no Republican

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could have done this. I was schooled in the belief that everything in the Republican papers was false and that the Democratic faith was the only true faith. I did not understand the free silver doctrine very well, especially the "God given ratio of sixteen to one," and I read all of Bryan's speeches and listened to him whenever I could. I was anxious to believe, but the more I listened to Bryan, the more ridiculous the whole thing seemed.

It was also apparent that Bryan was unable or unwilling to state his opponents' arguments fairly. One argument of the Republicans was that every great commercial nation of the world used the gold standard, and that by going over to the double standard, we should place ourselves in the class with Mexico and China. The argument was a good one, and referred to expediency only, as anyone with a grain of sense might see, but Bryan represented it as being subserviency to foreign governments. In every speech he demanded the immediate free and unlimited coinage of silver in the ratio of sixteen to one, *without asking* the aid or *consent of any other nation*. He charged that his opponent McKinley was willing to surrender the right of self-government and place the legislative control of our affairs in the hands of foreign potentates and powers. I think that it was the manifest unfairness towards his opponents as much as the shallowness of his reasoning that turned me against Bryan and the Democratic party. Anyway, I voted for McKinley and have voted for every Republican candidate since.



THE LAST OF THE PIONEERS

*Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, . . .
Come when it will, is equal to the need . . .
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Captain Andreas, in his monumental "History of Chicago," has said that of all the men engaged in the trade with the Indians, which centered around Chicago in its early days, only a single man, Gurdon Hubbard, became prominently identified with the commerce of the modern city.

When one reviews the history of the city, he cannot fail to be amazed at the great number of enterprises, which were to make Chicago great, in which Gurdon Hubbard was the pioneer. The sagacity with which this man who, prior to his thirtieth year, had no business experience save such as he acquired in the rude barter with the Indians, foresaw the potentialities of Chicago and its business opportunities, is little short of marvelous.

The mammoth meat packing business of Chicago which today reaches the whole world claims him as its originator.

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As early as the winter of 1828-29, he collected hogs from all directions, and bringing them to Chicago, he piled their carcasses on the river front, where they froze and remained unmolested during the winter.

At the corner of La Salle and South Water Streets he built the first brick building in Chicago. The building was christened "Hubbard's Folly" because it was too far west for convenience, and too large for any possible use. The first use to which the building was put was as a packing house. It was so used in 1834, but the five thousand hogs killed, in consequence of the lack of barrels, had to be stored in bulk until the following spring, when barrels were brought from Cleveland at a cost of \$1.00 each.

Here again the scoffers raised their voices. What on earth could a man do with five thousand hogs in a community of only five hundred people? However, the pork found a ready market. It seemed as if Gurdon Hubbard was always a few steps ahead of the procession.

In 1837, he built a packing house on Kinzie Street, near Rush Street, where he carried on business until 1840, when he built a house on South Water Street between Clark and La Salle Streets. There he continued the packing business until 1848, when he removed to the north branch of the river.

The following appeared in the *Gem of the Prairie*, Nov. 16, 1850. "The slaughtering and packing house of Gurdon S. Hubbard is situated upon the north branch of the river on East Water Street between Michigan and Illinois. Number slaughtered per day, one hundred and five. Hands employed, seventy-five." Compared with

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present day figures this is, of course, a mere nothing. But Chicago had only 28,000 inhabitants in 1850; and any establishment employing "seventy-five hands" was a large establishment. The annual review of the *Chicago Press and Tribune* for 1858 gives the daily output of the Hubbard Packing House as 200 cattle and 1,000 hogs. The population of Chicago in 1858 was about 100,000, so that while the city had increased its population about three and one-half times, the Hubbard Packing House had increased its business fourteen times. Mr. Hubbard continued operating this packing house until 1868, when it was destroyed by fire and was not rebuilt. The packing business naturally brought Mr. Hubbard into contact with the Board of Trade and he was one of the organizers of this institution in 1848 and a member of its first board of directors. For many years, he continued active in the affairs of the Board and was a member of many important committees.

The Insurance fraternity recognizes Gurdon Hubbard as the first underwriter in Chicago. In 1834, he wrote for the Aetna Company of Hartford, Connecticut, the first insurance policy ever written in Chicago. In addition to the Aetna Company, he represented the Howard Insurance Company of New York, the Protection Fire Insurance Company and the Phoenix Mutual, both of Hartford, and the Provincial Insurance Company and the British American Insurance Company, of Toronto. In February, 1854, he took Charles H. Hunt, formerly his clerk, into partnership, and the insurance business was carried on under the name of Hubbard and Hunt until 1868. Mr. Hunt's daughter, Mrs. Moses J. Wentworth, still lives in Chicago.

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In 1856, Mr. Hubbard was elected the first president of the Chicago Board of Underwriters.

Gurdon Hubbard was really the first banker in Chicago. Back in the old fur-trading days, he established credit at several points in the East and drew his bills of exchange which were honored by a number of Eastern banks. When Chicago's first regular bank was established in 1835, he was one of the directors, and the bank was housed in a building owned by him. In 1855, after legalized banking was resumed in Illinois following the financial troubles of the thirties and forties, the Illinois Savings Institution, long considered one of the soundest financial institutions of the city, was established, and Mr. Hubbard became one of its permanent trustees.

In 1836, the State Legislature passed a law incorporating the Chicago Hydraulic Company, and an organization was effected of which Gurdon Hubbard was one of the directors. Owing to the financial troubles of 1837, this first waterworks system was not completed until the spring of 1842. The *American* of June 10, 1842, gives the following interesting details. "The whole outlay of the company has been about \$24,000. A large two-story brick building has been erected with a pier running into the lake. The steam engine is of 25 horse-power. The working barrel of the pump is fourteen inches in diameter and forty-four inches stroke, double action. The suction pipe by which the water is drawn from the lake is also fourteen inches in diameter and three hundred and twenty feet in length. The pump raises upward of twenty-five barrels of water per minute, thirty-five feet above the level of the lake. There are two reservoirs, each of a ca-

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capacity of one thousand two hundred and fifty barrels, one only of which is completed. A space of about fifty minutes is required to fill each of the reservoirs, equivalent, of course, to raising one thousand two hundred and fifty barrels in fifty minutes. The reservoir is of sufficient elevation to throw the water into the second story of any building in the city."

The pipes, of which there were several miles before the abandonment of the system, were made of logs with holes bored through the centers. In making excavations these old pipes have been unearthed in recent times and found to be in a good state of preservation.

In 1835, Gurdon Hubbard and his associates built Chicago's first real hotel. This was the Lake House which was opened to the public in the fall of 1836. The building stood at the corners of Rush, Kinzie and Michigan Streets, fronting on Michigan. It was built of brick, three stories and basement, was elegantly furnished throughout and cost about \$100,000. A French cook was introduced, printed bills of fare were adopted and other innovations were made. When one considers that Chicago at this time was a frontier town of between three and four thousand inhabitants, the faith of the builders seems marvelous.

In 1836, Mr. Hubbard built a warehouse fronting on Kinzie Street and the river, and organized the firm of Hubbard & Co. Hubbard & Co., in connection with Pratt, Taylor & Company of Buffalo, established the Eagle line of vessels and steamers, the first line to give regular service between Chicago, Buffalo, and the upper lakes.

Mr. E. O. Gale in his *Reminiscences of Early Chicago*

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gives the following picture of Mr. Hubbard at this period: "As soon as we arrived at the warehouse, we noticed a rather large man, put up in fine shape for an athlete, with dark hair and eyes, prominent nose, high cheek bones, large firm mouth and strong face, showing great force of character, but withal a voice and smile so pleasing that we took to him at once as a child to his mother."

" 'Who is he?' we asked a bystander.

" 'Why, that is the proprietor of the warehouse, Gurdon S. Hubbard. He is just as nature labeled him. He can out-run or out-walk any Indian, takes difficulties as you would dessert after dinner, seems to hanker after them, is as true as steel, with a heart as tender as any woman's. He is worth five hundred ordinary men to any town.' "

Fifteen years later, in connection with A. T. Spencer, Mr. Hubbard established a line of steamers to Lake Superior. Conspicuous among these ships were the Superior and the Lady Elgin, both of which were lost. The Lady Elgin was the finest boat on the Great Lakes. She was a side-wheeler of 1000 tons, 300 feet long and magnificently outfitted. She was engaged in carrying freight and passengers between Chicago and Bayfield, Wisconsin, and on the night of September 7, 1860, she left Chicago on her regular run. She carried three hundred and forty-eight passengers and forty-five officers and crew. At midnight, it commenced to rain, and a howling northeast gale blew in the face of the look-out. At two A.M., the lumber hooker, Augusta, three hundred and fifty tons and heavily loaded, loomed out of the dark and, striking the Lady Elgin just aft of her wheel-house, crashed halfway through her hull, below the water line. The

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Augusta, which was very little damaged, pulled her nose out of the wreck and proceeded on her way to Chicago, the captain apparently being unaware of the damage which he had inflicted. Thirty minutes after the collision, the boilers and engines of the stricken ship fell through the riven bottom, and a few minutes afterwards the hull of the ship sank, leaving the passengers and crew clinging to rafts and such bits of wreckage as remained afloat. Fred Rice, the steward, with some of the crew, had been out in a life-boat, trying to stop the gap in the side of the Lady Elgin and this yawl rode the breakers to the shore near Waukegan. He and his men awakened the town and telegraphed the news to Chicago. Special trains were hastily made ready, and by dawn there were hundreds of rescuers waiting on the shore. The unfortunate passengers came drifting ashore on rafts, cabin doors, pieces of furniture and other portions of the wreck. Many of them were washed from their places as the waves broke over the sand-bars, within a few feet of safety and almost within reach of the grasping hands of the rescuers.

From Waukegan to Evanston, they came to the shore, the dead and the living — mostly the dead.

In Chicago, the church bells rang, the business houses closed and the whole city went into mourning.

Two hundred and ninety-three lives were lost and the wreck of the Lady Elgin passed into history as one of the great marine disasters of all time.

Mr. Hubbard was elected a town trustee in 1834, and that he took his responsibilities seriously may be inferred from the following item in the *Chicago American* of October 10, 1835. "We understand that G. S. Hubbard has ordered, on

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his own responsibility, a fire engine with the necessary apparatus to be sent to Chicago immediately from the East. Individual responsibility being the only means offered for obtaining this important instrument of protection, we trust our citizens will avail themselves of this convenience by establishing a fire company without delay." The Volunteer Fire Department was organized, and Gurdon Hubbard became its chief. This first fire engine, Fire King No. 1, is now on exhibition at the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society.

In this same year, 1834, Mr. Hubbard, in company with ten others, organized St. James Episcopal Church and was elected vestryman. For some time, services were held in a building afterwards called "Tippecanoe Hall," and in 1837 the first church building of the society was erected at the southeast corner of Cass and Illinois Streets. This was the first brick church built in Chicago, and while quite a modest structure, measuring forty-four by sixty-four feet in size, it was thought to be very imposing for a frontier town. The entire cost of the building, furnished with organ, bell, carpet and lamps, was \$15,500. The feature of the church which was the especial pride of the congregation was the large mahogany pulpit, eighteen feet wide, six feet deep and fifteen feet high. The rector, Reverend Isaac W. Hallam, was almost lost in this vast structure, and Henry Hubbard said that he looked like a mouse peeping over the edge of a flour barrel.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kinzie were active members of this church, Mr. Kinzie being one of the vestrymen who had especial charge of the interior furnishing and decorating.

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The genial Dr. W. B. Egan was also one of the vestrymen, although he was more noted for his wit than his piety. Over the pulpit, on the wall, were painted the initials I.H.S., which in the dim light of the interior looked not unlike the initials of Mr. Kinzie's name. It is said that Mrs. Kinzie invited the doctor to an inspection of the church after it was finished and asked him how he liked it. "Very much," he replied, "but won't people think it a little egotistical for John to put his initials so conspicuously over the pulpit?" The church grew and prospered and, in 1857, completed a handsome edifice at the southeast corner of Cass and Huron Streets at a cost of \$60,000. The present St. James Episcopal Church, a beautiful building, occupies this same site.

As representative of Vermilion County in the Illinois General Assembly of 1832-33, Gurdon Hubbard introduced a bill for the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. The bill failed of passage, but every session of the legislature thereafter found him present to urge its passage, until in the session of 1835-6 it was finally passed, and Mr. Hubbard was named treasurer and one of the three members of the first Board of Canal Commissioners, succeeding the reorganization. However, February of 1837 found him still in Vandalia, fighting the party that opposed the completion of the canal.

The canal was not finished until 1848, and to the present generation the old ditch does not look like much of a canal, but its importance, not only to the Chicago of that day but to all of Illinois, was inestimable. It diverted the traffic of the lower Mississippi Valley, which had previously sought an outlet at New Orleans, and made Chicago the central market of the rapidly growing West.

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Not everyone was in favor of Chicago for the northern terminus of the canal, as the following remarks of Judge Blodgett indicate:

"I may be allowed to mention a debt which the State of Illinois owes to Mr. Hubbard, which, I think, has never been duly accredited to him. Mr. Hubbard was in the Legislature of this state when the question of locating the terminus of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was before it. The Governor of the state had sent some commissioners to examine the territory through which it was proposed to construct the canal, and some of them seemed strongly inclined to recommend the mouth of the Calumet River as its northern terminus, as it was thought it would be cheaper to follow up the Calumet to what is known as the Sag, and thence down the valley of the Des Plaines River, than to cut through the hard ground between the south branch of the Chicago River and the Des Plaines.

"After hearing the arguments upon this point, Mr. Hubbard took a map and called the attention of the members to the fact that the mouth of the Calumet River is within a few hundred yards of the Indiana state line, and suggested that it was expected that wherever the canal terminated a great city would grow up, and pertinently asked whether it was desirable that the coming city, at the terminus of the canal, should be as much of it in the State of Indiana as in Illinois, when the entire expense of constructing the canal would devolve upon Illinois. This practical business view of the question settled it, and the mouth of the Chicago was made the terminus instead of the mouth of the Calumet.

"So you will see that the State of Illinois is indebted to the

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sagacity of Gurdon S. Hubbard for locating this great city where Illinois gets the principal benefit of it."

In 1860, Mr. Hubbard was elected alderman for the seventh ward, John Wentworth being elected mayor. In 1861, he was again elected to represent the seventh ward, Julian S. Rumsey being elected mayor. He was one of the earliest members of the Republican party and had long been a personal friend and admirer of Lincoln. He was a member of the committee which raised the money and built the "Wigwam" at the corner of Lake and Market Streets, in which building Lincoln was nominated. From the beginning of the War until its end, in spite of his many business activities, he gave his time and strength and much of his money to war work. In 1861, he was appointed a member of the first war finance committee. At a mass meeting held at Bryan Hall, April 17, 1861, the Union Defense Committee, composed of Gurdon S. Hubbard, C. G. Walker, J. L. Hancock and P. Conley was appointed. On February 17, 1862, Mr. Hubbard was appointed by the Board of Trade as member of a relief committee. On August 27, 1862, the Second Chicago Board of Trade regiment, the 88th Illinois, was mustered into service. Gurdon S. Hubbard was captain of "G" Company, known as "Hubbard Guards." So, after a lapse of thirty years, the young captain who had drawn up his Company of Rangers in front of the stockade of Fort Dearborn, found himself again at the head of a company of very different soldiers in a vastly different environment. After the War was over and peace settled upon the land, Mr. Hubbard returned to his business interests; gradually, however, retiring from them.

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After his packing house burned in 1868, he organized a company for the direct importation of tea from China. But this enterprise along with many others was wiped out by the Chicago Fire in 1871.

After the death of Gurdon S. Hubbard, Judge Grant Goodrich delivered a eulogy at the Chicago Historical Society which closed as follows: "There are few of the numerous veins of commerce and wealth-producing industries, that draw to this pulsating heart of the great West that boundless agricultural and mineral wealth, which through iron arteries and watercraft is distributed to half a world, that have not felt the inspiration of his genius and been quickened by his enterprise and energy. Those who believe that in the world's coming history, its crowned heroes and benefactors are to be those who win the bloodless victories of Peace, and by acts of self-sacrifice and beneficence, scatter widest the blessings of Christian civilization, will hold these men, and Gurdon S. Hubbard as a prince among them, in highest honor and esteem."

In spite of his far-flung business activities, Mr. Hubbard never ranked as one of Chicago's wealthiest citizens. Generous to a fault, he seemed ever ready to let others reap where he had sowed, and the joy of constructive work meant more to him than the accumulation of wealth.

Up to the time of the Chicago fire, however, he was possessed of a comfortable fortune, and his house which, together with the stables, greenhouse and gardens, occupied a whole square at the corner of La Salle and Locust Streets on the north side, was considered one of the finest in the city.

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He lost a great many buildings in the fire, and the widespread failure of insurance companies caused by the calamity financially crippled him, so that he never resumed active business after the fire, although he lived for fifteen years after that event.

When I first met Gurdon Hubbard, I cannot tell any more than I can tell when I first met my father and mother. From my earliest recollections until his death, Uncle Gurdon was an intimate portion of my life.

During the last twelve years of his life, we lived in the same row of houses with him, and almost next door. He was now well past seventy years of age, and while still vigorous had relinquished active business cares. He came to our house daily, being glad, I think, to exchange, for a brief time, the somewhat puritanical rigors of his own establishment for the more liberal atmosphere of ours. He and Aunt Ann were devoted to each other and in the main had the same ideals and beliefs, although they went their separate ways to church every Sunday, she being a Presbyterian and he an Episcopalian. They were both Hubbards, being cousins, and had both been trained in the same school, but his early life had been spent among fur traders and Indians, and he had drifted away from many of the more rigid beliefs to which his wife still adhered. Not that his beliefs were at all radical or startling; he always conducted family prayers in the morning before breakfast, and the only bad habit that he had was the use of chewing tobacco. Aunt Ann kept his tobacco pouch filled with camomile flowers which were supposed to be a cure for the tobacco habit. I suppose that the theory was that the camomile flowers were so bitter and distasteful that

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the victim lost all desire to chew anything after he had tasted them.

My father also chewed tobacco, as did most Americans of his generation; Uncle Gurdon came to our house every Sunday morning, before he went to church, to look over the Sunday paper, which was taboo in his house, and he would absentmindedly pull out his own tobacco pouch and extract a pinch of the distasteful camomile flowers, and then put them back and extend his hand for father's pouch.

Playing-cards were also anathema to Aunt Ann, so Uncle came over to our house nearly every week day and mother dropped her household duties and played interminable games of "seven-up" with him. He always called mother "Old Lady" which was, of course, a playful term, as she was a young woman. He called his own wife "Wifey" and she called him "Mr. Hubbard."

In the evenings, my brother and sister and I often went into their house and got out the "Indian Books." These were two great volumes about eighteen inches wide and two feet long which had been published by the Government fifty years before. They contained hand-colored portraits of the western Indians of the time; the tribes represented being as nearly as I can remember Sacs, Foxes, Pottawatomies, Kickapoos and Iowas. Uncle knew most of these Indians and many had been personal friends of his. The pictures furnished the text for many an "Indian story," and we never tired of listening to them.

Of his own exploits in the early days he never spoke, although the old settlers told many stories, some of them epic in their proportions. I remember I went into his house one

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day and found him conversing with a visitor. The visitor was the queerest looking little old gentleman I ever saw. He was dressed in the costume of fifty years before, with a stock and a great ruffled shirt bosom. Uncle introduced him as Colonel Dick Taylor, and I have since seen his name mentioned in histories of Lincoln as a central Illinois celebrity and friend of Lincoln's. The little gentleman arose and shook hands with me punctiliously. He had resumed his seat when Uncle said: "The young man is the grandson of our old friend, Dick Hamilton."

The little old gentleman sprang from his seat with the agility of a cricket and ejaculated, "God bless my soul, sir, I must shake hands with you again." Having performed this ceremony, he resumed his seat and addressing me said: "Did your uncle ever tell you what he did to the ruffian at the Fireman's ball?" I answered him that he had not, and Uncle Gurdon interrupted to say, "Now, Dick, I don't want you to tell the boy any of those old stories, they are much better forgotten." However, Colonel Dick persisted.

The story as told by the Colonel was as follows:

The Volunteer Fire Department gave a grand ball on the second floor of some building, and to this ball all reputable citizens were invited. A certain gambler and leader of the tough element was excluded on account of his unsavory reputation. Being exceedingly wroth at this social discrimination, he got together some of his followers on the night of the ball and started for the building where the ball was held, with the avowed intention of breaking up the party.

The grand march had just started when the raiders came trooping up the stairs, shouting and cursing and discharging

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their firearms. Hubbard left his position at the head of the marchers and, rushing to the door, reached it just as the leader of the party appeared. Without wasting words in parley, he grasped the man about his middle, swung him off his feet, and threw him over the heads of his followers so that he fell to the landing below, quite senseless and with blood gushing from his mouth and ears. His followers were so much dismayed by the fate of their leader that they picked him up and made off without further ado.

Uncle Gurdon was visibly discomposed during the progress of this tale, and at its close he said, "Dick, that story is very much exaggerated. I didn't throw the man all the way down stairs. I only threw him part way, he fell the rest of the way, and I didn't throw him over the heads of his gang, they got out of the way."

The little Colonel, nothing daunted, started a still more sanguinary tale about a street encounter with some noted desperado, but Uncle Gurdon peremptorily hushed him up, and I never did hear the outcome of this encounter.

It never seemed real to me that the gentle old man with whom I played croquet long summer afternoons, when the other boys were playing baseball, could be the same man about whom so many stories were told. He never used an expletive or a slang word, and I never heard him speak a harsh or unkind word.

I never saw him angry but once. The street that we lived on was unpaved, as were all of the side streets of that time, and one day a street foreman came around with two or three wagons loaded with ashes mixed with tin cans and other debris. Uncle Gurdon came out to see what it was all about,

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and the foreman told him that he was going to dump the rubbish in the street to fill up the ruts. Uncle expostulated with him, but to no purpose, and the fellow started to let down the tail gate of one of the wagons. The old gentleman grasped his cane more firmly, and in a tone devoid of excitement, but which sounded as if he meant it, said: "If you dump any of that rubbish in this street, I shall thrash you." It hardly seemed possible to me that an old man over eighty could thrash the husky young Irishman. I don't know what the foreman thought about it, but he put up the tail gate of the wagon and ordered the wagons off while he went down to headquarters to report.

De Witt C. Cregier, himself an old resident, was Commissioner of Public Works and to him the foreman made his plaint. "That old man," he said, "who lives in the big brick house at the end of the street told me that he would thrash me if I dumped any rubbish in the street." Cregier's reply was, "That old man is Gurdon S. Hubbard, and he has the reputation of doing exactly what he promises. If you had dumped your wagons there, you would have been in the hospital now. Find some other place to dump your rubbish and don't ever dump anything in that street without Mr. Hubbard's permission." This was merely a sample of the respect and veneration which was shown him by all the old residents of the city.

When I was about nineteen or twenty years old my sister and I went to Mackinaw with my uncle and aunt. We went by steamer, or propeller as we used to call them, in those days, and as we came within sight of "Michilimackinac," "The Great Turtle," he pointed out to me, while it was yet a blue

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shadow on the horizon, the head and tail and legs, and, as we drew nearer, we could perceive the high arched back, where the trees sloped sharply upwards from the shore to the highlands in the interior. We landed in the late afternoon, and after dinner Uncle and I went out for a little walk. We met a party of Indians, who had come over from the mainland to sell mococks of maple sugar and little birch bark canoes. One of them was very old, and his face was so seamed with wrinkles that it looked like a withered old apple. When he and Uncle saw each other, they embraced and commenced a rapid discourse in the Indian tongue. They had not seen each other since they were boys and roved the woods together sixty years before.

I knew, of course, that my uncle had lived among the Indians and spoke their language, but I had never heard him speak it before, and it seemed strange that the great merchant and business man, who had been foremost in all the enterprises which went to make Chicago great, should have anything in common with this primeval savage. And so the years slipped away, and the sturdy figure became a little more bent and the step, once so light and elastic, became slow and feeble. In May, 1883, he lost the sight of his left eye, from which time he suffered from blood poisoning and from almost constant pain in his eyes and neck.

In April, 1884, his left eye was removed and, true to his Indian training, he resolutely refused to take an anesthetic or to let anyone hold his hands. He simply lay down and without a murmur or a tremor let the doctors cut out his eye. In 1885, the sight of his remaining eye was extinguished, and that eye was removed, greatly relieving him from tor-

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turing pains. During all this time of rayless darkness and wasting pain, he was never heard to murmur or complain, and as those of us who loved him came into his room and he recognized our voices, he would ever give us a cheery greeting and ask as to our welfare.

On the fourteenth day of September, 1886, at the age of eighty-four, he heard the voice of the Great Spirit, whom the white man calls God, calling, and, unafraid, he launched his bark on the Sea of Eternity, at the further side of which is the golden shore, which the white man calls Heaven. Perhaps sometimes the feet of Pa-pa-ma-ta-be, "The Swift Walker" may have found the path which leads to the Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the Evening Star; perhaps in those green aisles he may have held converse with the noble Keo-kuk, the impetuous Black Hawk, and the true-hearted Shaub-e-nee, and perhaps—the Heaven of the white man and the Happy Hunting Grounds of the red man are one and the same place.



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